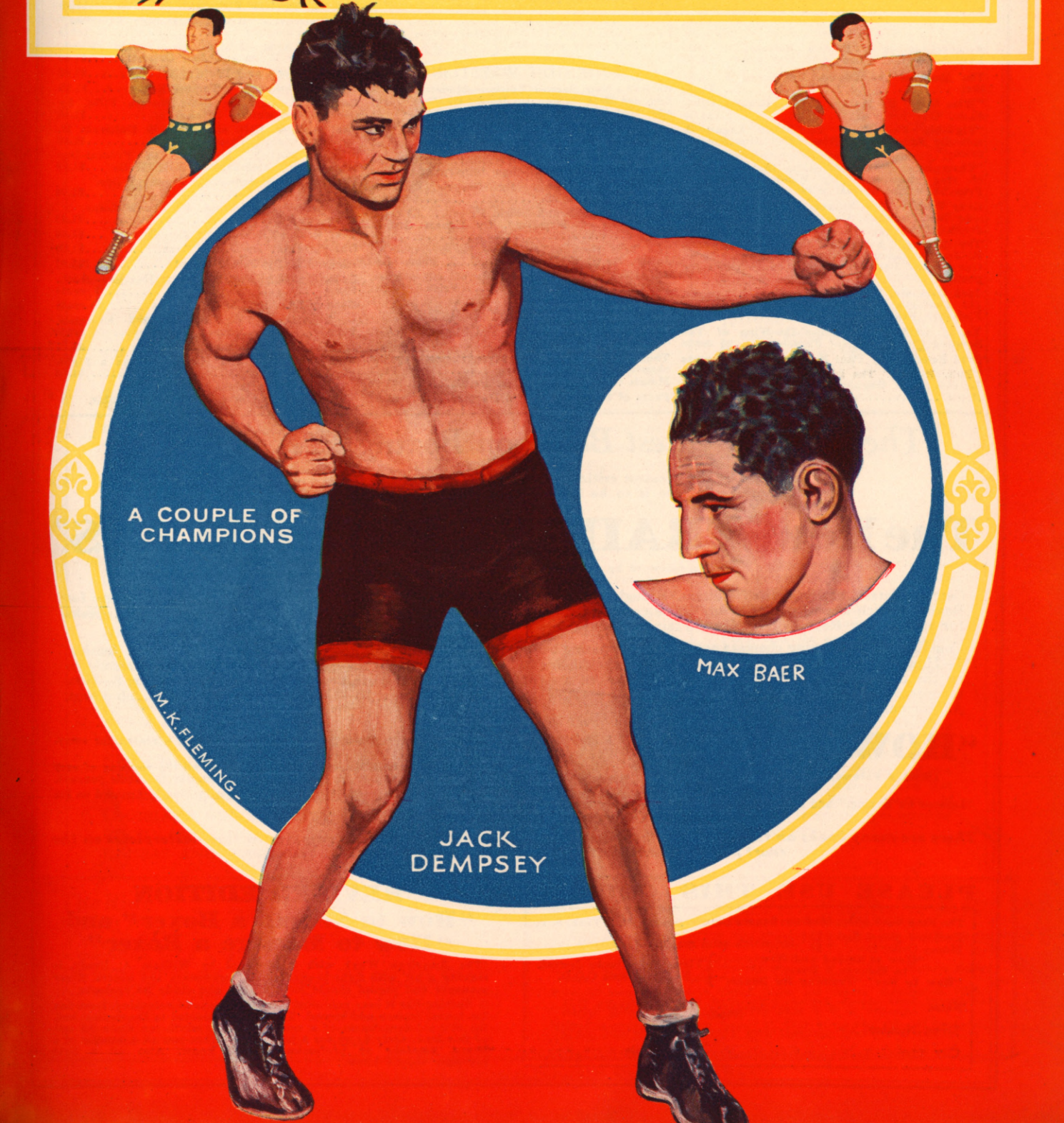
25 CENTS

MAY

The RING



The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from old Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book. Price $1.00
and 10 cents extra for postage.

Recollections of a Boxing Referee. By Joe Palmer. Regular price $5.00. Our price ..$2.50

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

The "Set-up." A thrilling fight story in verse. By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Regular Price $2.50. Our Special Price 75 cents. Add 10 cents for postage.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.25

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring.....69 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price $1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

1935 Everlast Record Book. Price 30 cents by mail.

Post Boxing Record for 1935. By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $8.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price $1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—by George Hackenschmidt $1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special chapters on Weight Lifting .....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price $1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

Simple Strength Tests ..... 75 cents

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated....$1.00

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum.....$1.50

BOXING BOOKS

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Navy Drills. By Tom Sharkey. Price 25 cents.

Army Exercises. By Frank Idone. Price 25 cents.

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Nat Fleischer's "Height Increasing Exercises." By Nat Fleischer .....75 cents

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics $1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells ...$1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll ...$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Scientific Bag Punching. By Harry Seeback. Price .....25 cents

Bowery Life. By Chuck Connors.....20 cents

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier $1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Get this latest, newly revised Edition. Brought up-to-date. Contains many improvements over the original "Training for Boxers" which is now out of print. 42,000 copies of the first seven editions sold in less than two years. A record that speaks for itself. Now Ready—The New "Training for Boxers"—The Eighth Revised Edition. Price $1.00.

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates, with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's
Money Order for

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"
"How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

} Please mark books desired.
No books sent C.O.D.

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

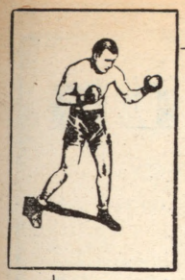
City ..... State.....

REVISED EDITION

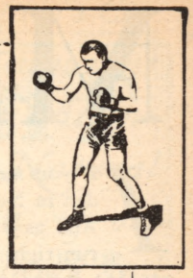
"How to Second a Boxer" and "How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1935—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. XIV **MAY, 1935** **No. 4**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

MINE HOST, THE BIFFER!	By Daniel M. Daniel	2
SCRAPPY SONS OF THE DIAMOND	T. W. McNiel	4
JACK BRITTON, EX-WELTER KING	George T. Pardy	6
ARE FIGHTERS SISSIES?	Daniel M. Daniel	10
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial)		12
JOE LOUIS, THE BLACK MENACE	Nat Fleischer	14
SNAPPED IN RECENT BOUTS (Photographs)		16
COLORFUL YOUNG FIGHTING TALENT (Photographs)		17
BOXING'S "TWENTY-YEAR" MEN	Frank Dunn	18
FOREIGNERS MAKING THE GRADE (Photographs)		20
RING'S STORMY PETREL FLIES AGAIN	Ed. W. Smith	21
HERCULES STUBS HIS TOE	Stanley Foss Bartlett	22
CHIEF LITTLE WOLF	Ed. W. Smith	24
BISIGNANO FORGING TO THE FRONT	Alex Sullivan	25
FROM MILO TO LONDOS (Chapter XXXI)	A. D. Phillips	26
CRADLE FOR BABY HIPPOS	The Veteran Referee	28
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Edward Merrill	30
A VERSATILE MEDICO	Bernice Sandboe	32
FABLES OF THE RING	The Sportsman	33
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Emery Clarke	34
THE FIGHT MUST GO ON	The Referee	36
WRESTLER, BOXER, ACTOR	The Hollywood Guide	37
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		38
THE RING'S ALBUM—NO 1—BARNEY ROSS		40
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	Nat Fleischer	49

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	50
CANADIAN TOPICS, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA		51
NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES, CONN. NEWS AND PITTSBURGH CHATTER		53
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	54
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON, HOLYOKE NEWS		55
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	56
SIOUX CITY	Bill Hawkins	57
IN SYRACUSE RINGS, BUFFALO, AND SOUTHERN OHIO JABS		58
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN	Mickey McIntire	59
CALIFORNIA	Gene Vinassa	60
AUSTRALIAN BOXING, ONTARIO NEWS AND BOXING IN CUBA		61
LOUISIANA AND VICINITY AND NEWS OF TEXAS		62
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, BILLINGS, MONT.		63
KANSAS AND VICINITY, MINNESOTA FLASHES		64

In Our Next Issue

THREE of the heavyweight elimination bouts to decide Max Baer's opponent in the first defense of his crown, already have been staged. If you were among those who were unable to see those bouts, you will find a pictorial review of the Schmeling-Hamas, Carnera-Impellitiere and Lasky-Braddock bouts in the June issue of "The Ring." This souvenir issue will be worth saving. Place your order now for the June number.

FIFTEEN years of service in the roped square is a long time for a boxer. The average fighter doesn't last more than eight years, but we'll have to admit that Tommy Loughran is far above the average. If you don't think so, you'll change your mind after reading George Pardy's excellent story on Loughran's career, — the next chapter in the series on "Fighting Irishmen.',

DOWN in the little city of St Albans, West Virginia, is a tall athletic figure, with a somewhat battered countenance and halting step, but with pride written all over his face. He was the king of the Doughboys during the world war but to-day he is the owner of a little gas station. Fighting Bob Martin is his name and you'll find the story of this great fistic character, written by T. W. McNiel, chock full of human interest.

THEN you will also find "The Ring Globe Trotter," which will be resumed by that king of sports writers, Daniel M. Daniel; reviews of the current scraps of importance by Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden, in addition to twelve pages of wrestling news and photos.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass., or Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Office of publication, The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1923, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

MINE HOST, *the* BIFFER!

IF you step across the street from Madison Square Garden in New York, you walk right into a huge restaurant. And as you walk into this bailiwick of the epicure, you run right into a man by the name of Jack Dempsey. You see, it's Jack Dempsey's restaurant.

It's a natural double play—from right crosses to retirement to roast beef. It has been a natural for fighters from away back, but not always has the transition been so marked and so stressed as it is in the case of Dempsey.

On the West Side of Eighth Avenue is the huge arena which Dempsey helped to build. For it was Dempsey who made Tex Rickard and Rickard who made Dempsey. And it was Rickard who built the Garden. On the East side of Eighth Avenue is the steak emporium over which Dempsey presides. Once he met all comers for Tex, now he meets all comers as they troop in to see Jack and glimpse him in his new environment.

Mine Host, the Biffer! Many a great fighter has gone from clouting to catering, from bruises to beans and from socks to steaks. The list includes such worthies as John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett, who, like Dempsey, settled in New York after their fistic heydays, and instead of catering to the physical side of life, decided that the way to a man's heart perhaps really was by way of his stomach. However, the analogy between Sullivan and Corbett on one side, and Dempsey on the other, perhaps is not exactly a true one.

The time was when a great fighter was expected to open a saloon—or, as it was called, a café. The idea apparently originated back in the days of Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey. Jacob Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion to gain recognition as such, went from the ring into the leather tanning line near the Battery in New York. He tried to rear his son Tom as a tanner, but the life did not appeal to him.

In fact, neither did the ring have an overpowering allure for Tom, for boxing in those days was a sport of tough characters, brawls in bar rooms, fights on docks—a surreptitious pastime loaded with pluguglies, murderers and just plain gangsters.

* * *

WHEN Tom found that he had no more worlds to conquer in the fight game he opened a saloon on Broadway, down near the City Hall. His place became the gathering place for the Know Nothings, or Native American political party. The men who gathered around Tom were opposed to the rising tide of immigration which was creating a labor problem—particularly the tremendous exodus from Ireland into the United States.

As it turned out, this rush from the other side was the biggest factor in the upbuilding of the United States. But Hyer and his gang did not like it. On the other side of the picture was John Morrissey, who had come from Ireland and was one of the standard bearers of the Tammany Hall faction.

This is not the time and the place for going into all that. Suffice it to say that Tom Hyer was the leader of the ring-to-roast-beef movement. Even though Tom did sell more rye than beef, more hard liquor than lamb chops, Tom really set the style. Morrissey had a saloon, too.

Cafés became the meeting-ground for the fistic mob, which specialized in political intrigue as a No. 1 activity and used the ring merely as a place for settling political rivalries.

It's a far cry, indeed, from Tom Hyer's saloon on lower Broadway to Jack Dempsey's restaurant on Upper Eighth Avenue, on tight little, old little Manhattan Island.

The Dempsey place is done in the latest style. It has a high, vaulting ceiling, there is an air of spacious ease and absolute comfort. And while we do not want to make this sound like a press agent's boost, the food certainly is right up to the best New York standards. It is New York's sportsmen's rendezvous, the place where the newspapermen, the theatrical folk, sporting celebrities from all over the world, are gathering to pay homage to the King of Pugilism.

THOSE who attended the preview of the Dempsey restaurant never will forget it. When Jack first took up the proposition, he decided to invite a couple of hundred newspaper friends and a few other intimates to have dinner with Hannah and him—Hannah Williams, once of the musical comedy stage, now is Mrs. Jack—and give the spot the right sort of shove on its journey toward the goal of financial success.

Dempsey called in S. Jay Kaufman, and Murray Lewin of the New York *Mirror,* his press representative. They got three hundred names down on paper. "Why, we haven't even started," exclaimed Dempsey. "I want my friends to be there. Now, let me see. Take these two hundred more."

And so it went, for days, and when the big night arrived, about 2,500 persons attended the Dempsey levee. Something like $7,000 was spent entertaining these non-paying guests, in the most lavish affair of its kind in the history of lavish and opulent New York.

It went from caviar to Cook's Imperial, from cocktails to strawberry tarts. The steak was delicious, the company was hilarious, and Dempsey was in his element. "Too bad Tex Rickard could not have lived to be here with me tonight," said Jack, as he stood off and watched the grandest "free load" ever seen on this or any other continent.

The preview was on the true Dempsey scale. It was the way Rickard would have run it had he been there and had he had anything to do with it. And if he were alive, he certainly would have seen to it that he had a financial interest in this Dempsey undertaking.

* * *

DEMPSEY'S restaurant venture is interesting because it marks his first real effort to capitalize on his name outside of the fistic game. He has been fighter, referee, promoter, manager. He has cashed in handsomely in these pursuits. But he has loaned his name to other ventures from which he never got a dime—ventures which made money for others and in which he helped friends, and some who were not exactly friends.

"The time has come for me to turn over a new leaf and stop letting other folks make money on the Dempsey name," said Jack the other day. "I've got Hannah and the kid to look after now, and anybody who wants to use the Dempsey name from now on will have to pay me. I am off the charity line."

When Jack says he is off the charity line, he isn't telling the exact truth. Hardly ever does he turn down some broken down fighter who needs a "fin" for coffee and sinker, and his rent. He's the John McGraw of the ring. McGraw never turned down an old ball player and his contributions in that direction ate up perhaps a quarter of his annual income.

Dempsey has a certain amount of business acumen, and he knows enough to place himself in the hands of able lawyers, who will see to it that he does not land in the pitfalls which broke so many other great fighters who tried to run places that catered to the food and drink appetites of John Public.

* * *

OLD-timers will recollect how John L. Sullivan came into New York and opened a saloon. It doesn't matter now to locate it geographically. Suffice it to say that John L. was not the proper type for running a business on a profitable scale. Sullivan drank up most of the profits, and gave away the rest, so that the venture soon went on the rocks.

It was "Have a drink on the champion," and fifty or a hundred men crowding to the bar to accept of the Sullivan largesse.

Or Sullivan got tanked up himself, sometimes on champagne. Then he had to be put into a bathtub full of iced water and brought back to his senses.

Always John L. promised to reform. His friends remonstrated with him. But in the end it was no go.

There is no possibility of Dempsey's failing for a similar reason. Jack is a mild drinker and not a voracious eater. And

Jack Dempsey and his charming wife, Hannah Williams, as they appeared at the opening of Dempsey's spacious restaurant opposite Madison Square Garden. Jack's eating place is rapidly becoming the Sportsmen's Rendezvous of New York. He caters to thousands weekly, many of whom are visitors to the "Big City."

Jack Dempsey's Entry into Restaurant Line Calls Attention to Natural Transition from Socks to Steaks and from Right Crosses to Roast Beef, Since the Days of Tom Hyer

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

the New York of today is built along lines that are quite different from those of Manhattan of the early '90s.

Jim Corbett also went into the saloon business in New York—at 34th Street and Broadway—after he had lost the heavyweight championship to Bob Fitzsimmons. It was from this life of ease that Corbett went back into the ring and came within an ace of taking the title back from Jim Jeffries at Coney Island. In the twenty-third round Corbett didn't duck in time, and he was knocked out. He had outpointed Jeffries by twenty to one.

Corbett was a moderate in drink and in food. But he disliked the atmosphere of the café—even the big, glittering Broadway café in big, glittering New York. Rather did Gentleman Jim hanker after the life of the theatre. And it was into that he gravitated when his fighting days were over.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS also fancied himself something of an actor. He was pretty bad, was Bob. But how he could swing that sledge in the "Honest Blacksmith."

Jack Johnson has gone from one thing to another since the defeat by Jess Willard and is not in very easy financial circumstances. Willard also has been something of a financial lummox since he lost the title to Dempsey.

Gene Tunney, who took the championship from Dempsey, has become the litterateur, the country squire, the husband of an heiress. More power to Gene, disciple of Shaw and Shakespeare. He never would have fitted into the role of Mine Host at the 1935 tavern.

Jack Sharkey has ventured into the food and drink line. Max Schmeling still is fighting. Primo Carnera also is doing some ring work. As for Max Baer—well, it's hard to say just what he will do tomorrow without trying to predict what he will do after his fighting days are over.

Mine Host, the Biffer! Jack Dempsey fits right into this new picture. He has the geniality of a host, the manner that makes you feel at home. So, on with the steaks!

* * *

THE popularity of Jack Dempsey is simply amazing. Three weeks after he opened his restaurant, I chanced to pass by and walked in on Jack. There he stood, at the entrance of his spacious dining room, the Official Greeter. For more than three hours, without a let-up, there was one continuous flow of men, women and children shaking the hand of the most-talked-of fighter since the days of the popular John L. Sullivan. It was simply amazing.

"May I have an autographed menu, Mr. Dempsey?" came the request of a charming young lady who, by way of introduction, opened the conversation with Jack as follows:

"Do you remember me, Mr. Dempsey?"

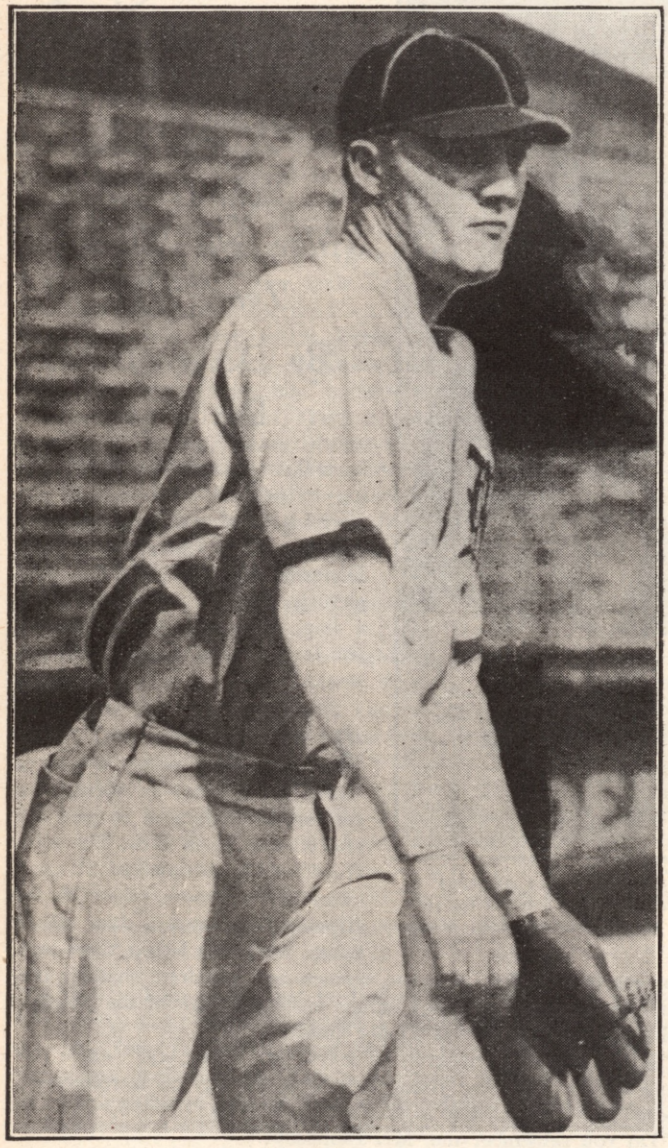
"I think I do," replied Jack. "I met you and your folks in Santa Monica a few years ago."

"That's right, you were the guest of honor at a charity show of which Ma was in charge."

"I'm Mrs. Findlay of Oregon," says another woman, "and I want to send a few gifts to my boys back home. May I trouble you for three autographed menus, and won't you please autograph these dollar bills?" she pleads. And poor Jack, his fingers almost numb from writing his name on everything from menus to silk handkerchiefs and money—kindly obliges.

Such is the new life of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler. The biggest and best attraction Dempsey has in his restaurant is a complete set of photographs of every important fight in which he took part. His pal and friend, Nat Fleischer, the editor of THE RING, surprised Jack with thirty-eight photos which tell the history of the King of Clouters from his fight with Johnny Sudenberg at Tonopah, Nevada, in 1915, up through his battles with Willie Meehan, Fred Fulton, Jess Willard, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Tommy Gibbons, Luis Firpo, Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey. With those, as an added attraction, are photos of all the world heavyweight kings from John L. Sullivan's time to the present, and it is in front of those pictures that you will find Dempsey's admirers, each telling a different story about the fighters on the wall, all furnished by THE RING.

SCRAPPY SONS



Pat Malone, portly right-handed hurler of the Cubs, who had thirty fights under the name of "Kid Williams" before throwing baseballs in preference to leather.

WHEN your pugilistic manager goes out on a tour of the country in search of prospective fistic timber, possibly the last place he looks is in the dugout at the baseball field. Principally, I suppose, because your ball-hawk is already making as much dough, or more, than an embryo pug can demand. If that's the reason ball players don't turn to the ring, it's certainly a legitimate one, for collecting the coin of the realm is the paramount issue in today's world of sport.

But don't think for an instant that there haven't been diamond artists with a pugnacious turn of mind. Don't think that there haven't been fellows who wouldn't have succeeded in the mitt game had they turned their ambitions to socking their fellow man, instead of taking their revenge out on a horsehide ball. Let's take a peek at some of these baseball luminaries who carried a punch with them out onto the diamond.

History tells us that even old John L. Sullivan was a crackerjack ball player back in the days when he had to combine fisticuffs, baseball and plumbing in order to eat regular. He turned down a chance to play ball with the old Cincinnati Red Stockings, in favor of a fistic career.

Jim Corbett was another who forsook the diamond for the ring. Jim was a crack sand-lotter in San Francisco in the early days. But I didn't intend to tell about fighters who could play ball, but ball players who could fight. I merely wanted to show the versatility of these grand old champions.

* * *

BACK in the days when John J. McGraw was a rough, tough, red-necked youngster holding down third base for the old Orioles, they didn't come too tough, or too often, for young "Muggsy." The complete list of McGraw's fistic forays down through the years would fill a page alone. Even to his dying day, John retained his pugnacious spirit.

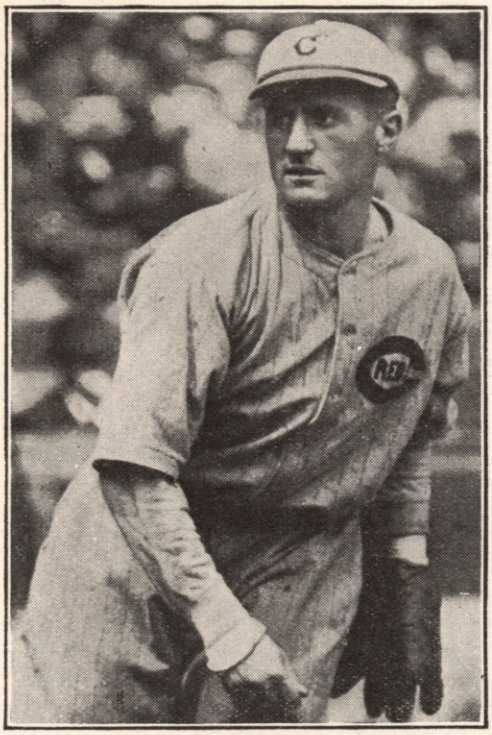
I've often wondered what a pugilist he might have made had he gone in for the fight game with the same vim he did for baseball.

Perhaps the best fistic prospect in baseball history was Charley Schmidt, the old Detroit backstop. This big, burly Arkansas lad had everything to make him a top-flighter, had he cared to give the game a whirl. His battles with Ty Cobb are baseball legend. Both Cobb and Schmidt kept in perfect physical trim by trying out their Sunday wallops on one another. Though Cobb wasn't a slouch with his dukes, he was never able to conquer the big Dutchman. The record books show that Schmidt held Jim Flynn to a six-round draw on one occasion. It wasn't an exhibition, either.

About the same time Cobb, Schmidt *et al.* were doing their act, the Chicago Cubs had a big first-sacker answering to the name of Frank Chance. Frank thought so well of his ability as a fighter that he engaged Joe Choynski to teach him the finer points of the game. Finally, they tangled up in a knock-down, drag-out fight, in which Joe handed the erstwhile first-sacker a thorough shellacking. Frank wisely decided to stick to baseball after that episode.

Frank Snyder, present-day Giant coach, was another big fellow who was a tough customer for anyone in a dugout brawl.

Pat Malone, the portly Cub right-hander, at one time actually engaged in the professional game. Pat had about thirty fights, under the name of "Kid" Williams, before he began throwing baseballs in preference to leather.



Ralph "Babe" Pinelli, scrapping third sacker of the Cincinnati Reds, was an excellent amateur boxer with a long string of victories to his credit before becoming a baseball star.

Babe Pinelli, the little third-baseman of the Reds, was an amateur of championship class before he turned to baseball. Pinelli, incidentally, will be a National League umpire next season.

Umpire Magerkurth also was a professional pugilist in his early years. Though not a champion by any means, he's a bad fellow to pick a quarrel with, as several major leaguers can testify.

But of course the best known of ball-playing pugs was the blushing Texas violet, Arthur (The Great)

of the DIAMOND

By T. W. McNIEL

Shires. I knew Art when he was a high-school kid in Texas. Even then he went around hunting scraps. And in spite of his braggadocio spirit, the big Texan was a tough lad with his maulies.

* * *

AFTER going to the "big time," Art decided it would be quite the thing to challenge Messrs. Tunney, Dempsey and other well-known members of the beak-smearing clan. No one accepted his challenge, so Art decided to begin at the bottom and build up. Anyhow, he toppled over several pugs, alleged and otherwise. Not only was it good copy, but the bashful Texan was amazed at the way the dollars rolled in. Finally Shires stepped in and challenged Hack Wilson for the heavyweight championship of the major leagues.

At this juncture Commissioner Landis stepped in and told the boys that ball playing and prize-fighting were two distinct and separate modes of sport, and, furthermore, if they insisted on fighting, they'd have to resign their baseball positions. That quelled their pugnacious intents.

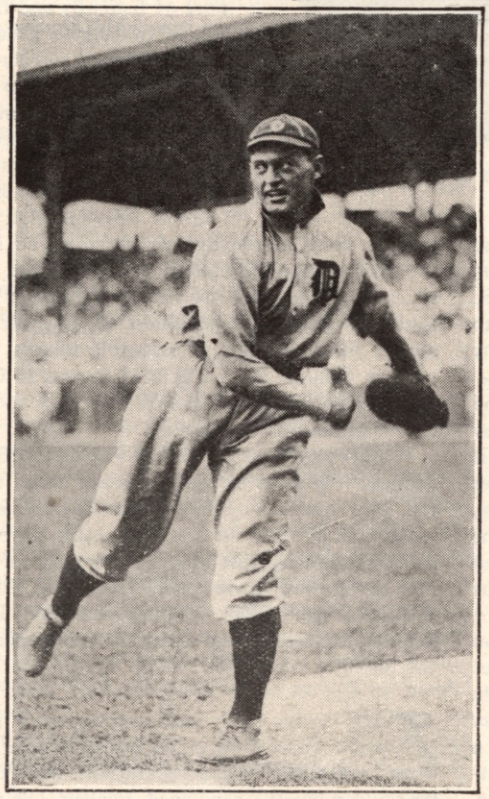
Evidently both decided to leave box-fighting to those lads who had been brought up on a water bottle. Of course, Shires wasn't anything to get excited about in a fistic way, but put him in with another ball player down close to the first-base coaching line, and he'd show you a brand of ball-park fisticuffs that would stand the acid test.

Even Babe Ruth entertained fistic ambitions at one time in his career. He engaged "Gunboat" Smith for a sparring partner one winter. After sampling some of the ancient Gunner's overhand rights, Babe decided that patrolling right-field was far easier and not nearly so dangerous. Babe had the poundage, all right, but it wasn't distributed right for an ideal pug. Not only that, but Babe was far too amiable to succeed in a fistic venture.

* * *

THE Yankees took a big, burly, barrel-chested fellow to training camp one spring, a backstop answering to the name of Jack Smith. Smith engaged in several professional jousts with Southern pugs that spring, with so much success that he gave up his idea of becoming another Mickey Cochrane. Smith cut quite a swath in heavyweight circles for a time, but then went up to Westchester County in New York to act as a coach. He was a real prospect for a while.

Art Shires, whose fighting career was ended by Judge Landis' mandate ordering him either to quit baseball or fighting.



Charley Schmidt, Detroit's great backstop, who was one of the finest boxing prospects baseball has ever produced.

One of the best fight prospects that I ever saw come out of the baseball ranks was a youngster in the Texas League several years ago. His name was Lou Kraft and, in addition to tossing a high grade brand of Texas League ball, he engaged in many bouts while making the circuit. Finally, he gave up baseball and went after fistic honors seriously. True, he didn't become a champion, but he did develop into a good second-rater. He fought under the *nom de plume* of "Kid" Evans.

* * *

I'VE often wondered why there weren't more fighters recruited from the baseball ranks than there are. Most ball players are of a pugnacious spirit—or were several years ago. Especially about a generation ago.

Show me a harder bunch of guys than Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers, Larry McLean, Mike Donlon, John McGraw, and others of that type. It's a wonder that some of those old boys didn't turn to the fight game in an effort to keep the old wallet full, and to appease their penchant to take a punch at their fellow man. Maybe they weren't as cultured as modern ball players, but the game prospered under their guidance.

Which brings to mind that any game, to really prosper, has to have its element of fighting spirit—be it boxing, baseball, ping-pong, or tiddlywinks.

JACK BRITTON,

SHOULD you chance to drop into the gymnasium of the Downtown Athletic Club at 20 West Street, in New York City's financial district, you may be lucky enough to see the "Professor" stepping lightly around the ring, blocking punches from some athletic young broker's flying gloves, and incidentally halting to show the pupil how to cross his right, counter, or evade a swishing left hook. They call him "Professor" now, and never was a man better entitled to hold a fistic art degree, because he was formerly world's welterweight champion, born William James Breslin, but known to the Fancy as Jack Britton, and one of the grandest fighting men who ever made Queensberry history.

It isn't the mere fact that he reigned over the welter division that makes Britton a subject worth discussing in print. There have been some mighty bum welter kings, as any close follower of the sport or steady reader of THE RING is well aware. But, also, there have been some heroic figures at that weight, and Jack Britton undoubtedly belongs among the very elect; one naturally classes him among such sterling scrappers of his grade as Joe Walcott, Mysterious Billy Smith, Rube Ferns, Matty Matthews, The Dixie Kid, Ted (Kid) Lewis, and last, but certainly not least, the man who dethroned him, Mickey Walker.

There are some great names, pugilistically speaking, in the foregoing list, yet in point of active ring service Britton easily distances the field. By actual count the record books credit Britton with two hundred seventy-eight battles, but it is certain that his encounters between the ropes number far higher. Britton himself asserts that he fought over four hundred times, and there is every reason to think that he may be correct.

* * *

SOME record books list him as starting in 1904, others put the date a year later. But to the writer's personal knowledge, Britton was handling the mitts around Chicago in public long before that. As a mere kid, Jack Britton was a familiar figure boxing at stags, before little clubs, and around the handball courts. There was no boxing commission in those days to interfere with youngsters in their teens fighting when, where, or pretty much how they pleased. The sport flourished in all sorts of odd corners around town, and a boy that wanted to fight, and would fight when given an opportunity, was never shy an engagement.

Jack Britton as he now looks.

Such kids got very little coin of the realm for their best and most ferocious efforts, but they had lots of fun, and what they considered glory, as their reward. And, as a matter of fact, it was from this fighting kid material that most of Chicago's premier ring men of that era were developed. It was a rough school, but it got results. Also, it is worthy of note that, although the records show Britton beginning in 1904, or 1905, he had been fighting over seven years before his name appeared in any of the tabulated chronicles of glove battles.

Nowadays any scrapper with a few fights to his credit can break into the officially recorded lists, but it was no easy matter for an unknown battler to attain that standing during the early stages of Britton's career. The *Police Gazette's Sporting Annual* and Tom Andrews' well-known compilation, the latter still a leading authority, were the only two trustworthy sources of information regarding the doings of the "milling coves" at that time. Britton's name did not appear in the former until 1912, and Tom Andrews scheduled him the year following.

MY first view of Jack Britton doing his stuff was at a small Chicago club on the South Side of Chicago, when he volunteered to substitute for some boxer who failed to show up. The substitute kicked the daylights out of his opponent, metaphorically speaking, and made a large-sized hit with all of us in the press stand. The late Bill Phelon, particularly, took a tremendous fancy to the winner. Bill, besides his activities as sports editor of the *Chicago Journal,* always maintained a fighting stable which generally included from six to a dozen scrappers of all sizes, weights and colors.

From that night on, Phelon watched Britton's work closely, and it was no surprise to those who knew him, when it was announced that he had matched the youngster for a bout in Milwaukee with Steve Kinney. It was rather a surprise, however, when the news came that Kinney had knocked his opponent out in the first round. What had happened was easily explained, for all that. Britton, overanxious to make good quickly, had started after Kinney like a wild cat. Kinney, an older, tougher, more experienced campaigner, simply beat him to the punch, and got home first.

* * *

IT speaks volumes for Britton's courage that this setback did not in the least daunt him. Many an embryo scrapper meeting with sudden disaster early in his ring career has quit the game, or never been worth a Continental damn afterwards. But Britton was not a quitter, either then or later in his career, nor did the reverse rob him of his self-confidence.

Your born fighting man is built of stern stuff, and Fate picked a virile specimen, when she threw young Jack Britton into the whirlpool of fisticuffs and bade him sink or swim. Incidentally, it is a curious coincidence that another great Irish-American champion, Mickey Walker, who was destined to take the welter crown from Britton in later years, is also listed in the record books as taking the ten-count, one-round knock in his first battle, with Al Delmont as his executioner.

So it followed that Jack went on merrily milling away in the lightweight class so successfully, that from the date of his Milwaukee misfortune up to 1911 he engaged in seventy-nine battles, out of which number he lost only one on a foul, and dropped a decision to Ray Bronson, who was then among the first flight of scientific boxers. Although Britton was born in Clinton, N. Y., in 1885, it was in Chicago that he earned his fighting spurs and the Windy City sports had come to look upon him as a home product.

His greatest local rival was Packey McFarland, who, curiously enough, began his scrapping career about the same time as Britton. But McFarland had better fortune in obtaining high-class matches than Britton. Among a long list of victories, with never a black mark against him, Packey had defeated such well-known men as Jimmy Britt, Kid Goodman, Benny Yanger, Freddy Welsh, Leach Cross, Tommy Murphy, Dick Hyland, Cyclone Johnny Thompson and Britton's conqueror, Ray Bronson.

* * *

THE scalps Jack had secured since going on the warpath were taken from some pretty tough warriors, but none of them possessed national reputations. Still Britton always believed he could whip the renowned Packey, but possibly the promoters did not share his confidence, for, although he made strenuous efforts looking toward a match with Packey, years passed before

Ex-Welter KING

An Old Guard Graduate Who Outlasted All His Contemporaries

By GEORGE T. PARDY

they were to face each other in the ring.

At last a promoter turned up who believed Britton would be a good drawing card with the ultra-clever McFarland, and he matched them for an eight-round encounter at Memphis, Tenn., on January 30, 1911. The bout went the limit, and, as might have been expected between two such past-masters of science, it was a remarkably fast exhibition. Furthermore, it was a pretty savage affair, for McFarland resented Britton's popularity in his native burg, and the latter was out to get even with the one boxer whose supremacy as an attraction in Chicago irked him sorely.

The decision was a draw, but the local papers insisted that Britton had really won, and, as a matter of fact, Packey, who had always affected to despise Britton's ability, must have realized early in the affair that he had caught a tartar. According to all accounts, Britton forced the issue in nearly every round, and though McFarland was never seriously in danger of a knockout, he had to box his prettiest and fight every inch of the way to hold his own.

At all events, it was this fight which helped largely toward putting Britton under the publicity spotlight, with the aid of a campaign fostered and developed by Doc Message, a Chicago promoter, who became interested in Jack. On the strength of his showing against Packey, it was but natural that Britton should have demanded a second match with McFarland, and this he lost no time in doing.

But Packey had other fish to fry just then. It would be utterly incorrect to assert that McFarland was afraid of Britton. All through his ring career Packey was ready and willing to face any man of his weight, and his worst enemy could not accuse him of showing the white feather. But—he was also an excellent business man, with a keen eye on the main chance, his services were in hot demand all over the country for engagements with opponents who were a whole lot easier to handle than his local rival.

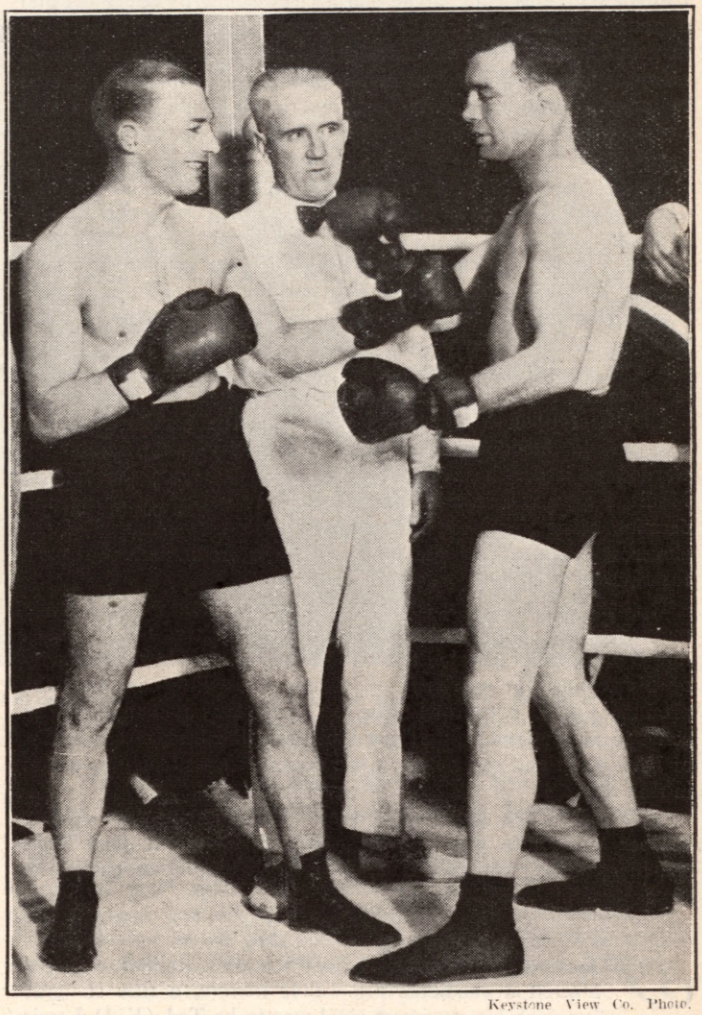
Under these conditions McFarland saw no reason for taking unnecessary risks. Some time, no doubt, he would have to take Britton on again, if the latter kept forging ahead in the game and averted defeat. Meanwhile, Packey was a firm believer in the maxim of "making hay while the sun shines," and consequently turned a deaf ear to the vociferations of his persistent challenger.

* * *

IT was at this stage that Doc Message started a ballyhoo in Britton's favor, which, while it did not attain its object of forcing McFarland into a return match, certainly advertised him as he had never been advertised before. The Doc had a Memphis paper account of the McFarland battle which declared Britton had been cheated out of victory, reproduced on a poster. These posters he mailed north, south, east and west to every section where fight clubs were in operation.

He mailed them in large envelopes, striped red, white and blue, to promoters, to newspaper editors, to sports of high and low degree all over the United States. Wherever Packey went, he was sure to be asked with annoying iteration—"Why won't you fight Jack Britton?"

A less self-possessed individual than Packey would probably have blown up in a fit of indignation if thus pestered. But McFarland, an iceberg for coolness in the ring, was just as level-headed outside of it, and refused to be rushed into any indiscretion. If Message was willing to spend a small fortune in stamps while billing Britton like a circus, why, there was nothing to do but put up with it, until the Doc wearied of the whole business.



Keystone View Co. Photo.

Just before Britton and Benny Leonard were sent on their way in the battle that ended in the disqualification of Benny for fouling. He struck Britton while Jack was down.

Yet indirectly, the ballyhoo did Jack a lot of good, as it made his name known in places where they had never heard of him before, and the reprinted column of praise for Britton, and denunciation of McFarland, from the Memphis paper, undoubtedly stirred up many a promoter to the reflection that he must have been overlooking a bet in disregarding a lad who could make McFarland extend himself to the limit to escape disaster.

* * *

THE most momentous decision Britton ever arrived at was in 1912, when he resolved to put himself under the management of Dan Morgan, an association of boxer and pilot which was to last to the finish of Jack's long fighting career and prove a good-luck combination for each. It was destined to grow into something far more than a mere business arrangement, for the two formed a friendship as solid today as in the beginning.

Great fighter as Britton certainly was, he had until then remained rather in the background for the lack of a manager who would devote himself rigidly toward advancing Jack's interests. He found the right man in Morgan for, in addition to being absolutely on the level, Dan was a genuine dyed-in-the-wool hustler, celebrated for his loquacity, but—unlike many prolific conversation-peddlers—always talking to some purpose.

Once the team formed and began business, there was no lack

of matches for Britton. His busy manager was ever on the job and he got results. You could seldom pick up a New York paper without coming across some mention of Jack Britton in the fight news. Dan knew his journalistic people, he was always a fruitful source of copy, as he had a large stable of scrappers and dispensed information about them generously. What is more, he invariably got such items into print, much to the irritation of many of his contemporaries in the managerial field, who affected to laugh at him as a "windbag," but knew in their hearts that the little man was really a publicity genius in his own way.

* * *

DURING the year he came under foxy Dan's care, up to January 31, 1913, Britton registered nineteen battles, winning four straight decisions, scoring seven knockouts, and getting a winner's okay from the newspapers in eight cases. He was raising Hades among the lightweight talent, and the reputation thus gained gave impetus to Morgan's efforts to coax McFarland into that much-to-be-desired return match—desired, that is, from the viewpoint of Britton and his mentor.

Dan kept upon McFarland's trail with the persistency of a well-trained bloodhound, and his pertinacity was finally rewarded as it deserved. Packey and Jack came together at old Madison Square Garden, March 7, 1913. It was a ten-round, no-decision affair, fought strictly on its merits between two of the cleverest exponents of the manly art who, with mutual respect for each other's ability, ever donned gloves.

It should be remembered that, whereas Britton was a Simon-pure lightweight at the time, McFarland, although listed as a lightweight, usually scaled from 138 to 140 pounds in the majority of his battles. He was such an excellent drawing card that the promoters could not afford to be too particular about making him come in at the true lightweight limit, and the boxing authorities of New York and other large fistic centers were also complaisant in this respect.

Opinions of the sport writers as to who scored the greater number of points were about evenly divided, but they were one in agreeing that they had witnessed a marvelous exhibition of generalship and science.

* * *

IT was not until early in 1917 that Britton declared himself a candidate for welter honors, a title struggle in which his strongest rival was to be Ted (Kid) Lewis of England, who had been successfully campaigning in this country for several years. The situation as regarded the welter crown was as follows:

For a long time the title had been in abeyance with no legitimate holder, until claimed by Ray Bronson of Indianapolis, who defended it, up to his retirement in 1913, for about three years. Kid Graves was the next claimant, but both Lewis and Britton were given preference over him by the newspapers in no-decision affairs. Eddie Moha of Milwaukee won from Graves on a foul in eleven rounds at Dayton, Ohio, but his resulting claim to the title was hardly taken seriously.

But on April 25, 1916, Britton and Lewis met in a genuine long route championship match at New Orleans and Referee Jack Burke awarded Britton the victory at the conclusion of twenty hard fought rounds. As Lewis kayoed Moha in thirteen rounds at Dayton, the latter was altogether out of the running and Britton's claim to the world's welter title could no longer be denied.

Yet the winner was not long allowed to rest upon his laurels, for exactly fifteen months later, in a twenty-round bout at Dayton, Ohio, Lewis received Referee Lou Bauman's decision over his persistent foeman, and captured the championship. The decision was questioned by the newspaper critics for, in addition to holding Lewis even on points, according to the scribes, Jack was credited with a clean knockdown in the final session.

* * *

HOWEVER, there was no denying the fact that Ted Lewis was the most dangerous stumbling block in Britton's march to the championship goal. The Whitechapel bird was undoubtedly a great scrapper in those days. He even gave Mike Gibbons a tough ten rounds, carrying the fight to him at top speed all the way, and came near having a claim on middleweight honors. But one of Jack Britton's great characteristics is a bulldog degree of tenacity; he was never known to falter when in pursuit of a given purpose.

He kept after Lewis, continually watched and studied the Englishman's moves when in action, finally inveigling him into a twenty-round championship match, and they met at Canton, Ohio, March 17, 1919. On that eventful occasion Britton, after dropping Ted three times in the sixth frame, knocked him out in the ninth. Up to that time, out of fourteen encounters waged with varying success, neither man had been able to score a knockout.

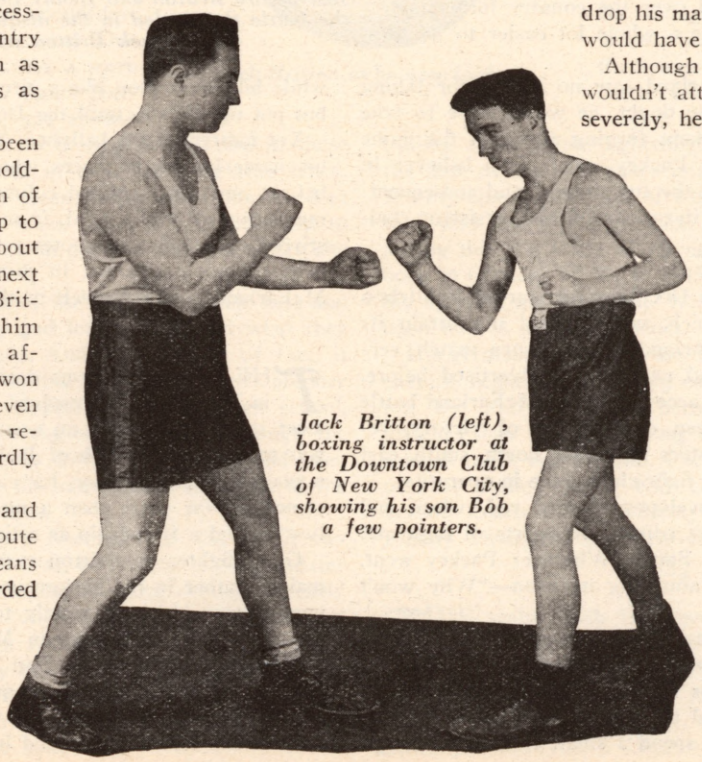
Lewis was never able to reverse this decision in subsequent combats. All in all, these rivals fought twenty-two times within the ropes, and it is a lasting testimonial to the integrity of each that not a single one of their battles came under suspicion as a prearranged affair. There was never an accusation of double-dealing launched against Britton during his long and honorable ring career, and the same can be said for Lewis.

* * *

CHARLEY HARVEY, the veteran who piloted the destinies of so many of Great Britain's star visiting pugilists, maintains that Ted Lewis was one scrapper who simply couldn't throw a fight. Harvey, who looked after his interests for a while, said that at times, in order to procure a professional engagement for Ted, it became necessary to agree that Lewis should go a trifle easy with an opponent. Yet somehow it never quite worked that way, for on such occasions Lewis was wont to go out and drop his man in such quick time that Harvey would have qualms for his charge's safety.

Although Lewis might promise that he wouldn't attempt to batter an antagonist too severely, he would generally wallop him to a fare-you-well anyway. But he never would agree to let the other fellow stay the limit. That was not the Whitechapel Comet's way. Fighting was strictly a business with Mr. Lewis, who was an exceedingly punishing sort of performer, and he conducted that business on primitively rigorous, almost savage, lines.

From 1919 to 1922 Britton remained firmly seated on the welterweight throne. During that period he was practically unbeatable and took part in fifty-two battles, losing only one decision, to Middleweight Mike O'Dowd in a twelve-rounder. How he managed to withstand successfully the wear and tear of such constant milling, and still top the heap, must seem a mystery to many



Jack Britton (left), boxing instructor at the Downtown Club of New York City, showing his son Bob a few pointers.

modern boxers whose professional careers are conducted along much softer lines.

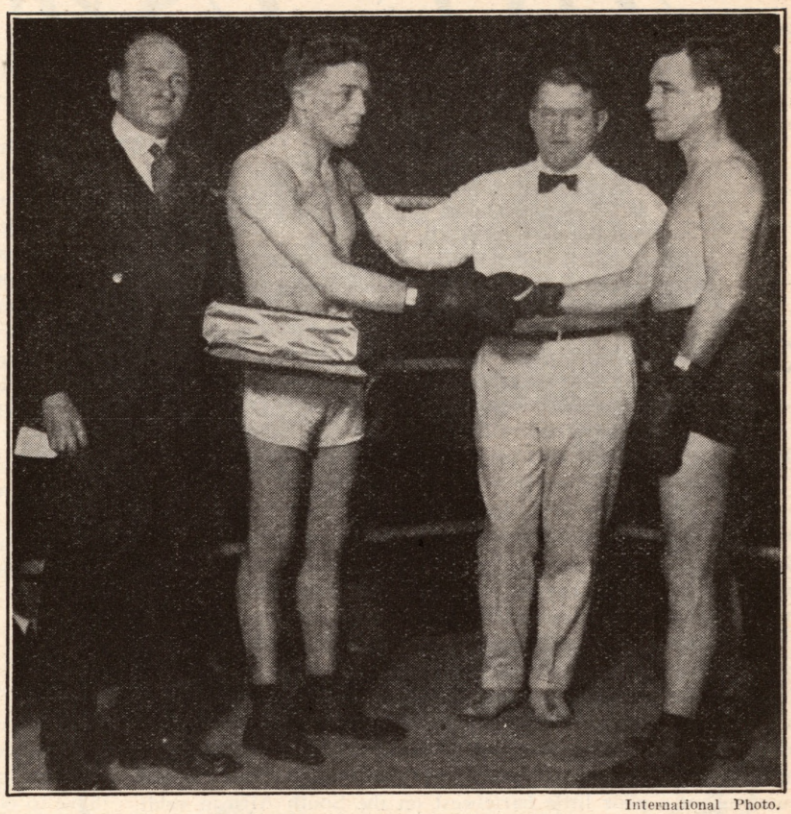
He always showed up at his best in the long route traveling; in a bout of fifteen or twenty rounds he usually cut loose with an astonishing amount of reserve power toward the finish. One factor in his favor was that he always pulled through the toughest kind of a mill with undamaged hands. He early mastered the secret of solid hitting without injuring his "bunches of fives," and when he hung up the fighting mitts for good his mawleys were in as good condition as when he first started throwing leather.

* * *

IN 1922, Benny Leonard the undisputed world's lightweight champion, stepped out of his division to have a try for Britton's welter crown, a match which brought together twenty-six thousand enthusiastic fans at the New York Velodrome. Leonard, then at the height of his fame as a wizard of skill and generalship, as well as punching ability, was twenty-six, as contrasted with Britton's thirty-eight years of age.

It was a severe test for the veteran, fighting against Father Time at a period of life when most of the gloved brotherhood are willing to sit back and watch the young ones go through their paces. And remember, it was not only a youth that Britton was facing, but the king-pin of all the youths then earning a livelihood within the squared circle.

Yet it was a nip-and-tuck affair until the thirteenth round, with two more to go. Most of the wise boys present expected Britton to stick to long-range boxing and countering tactics, in order to conserve his vitality. But, instead he elected to mix matters freely with Benny, and the spectators were treated to as fine an exhibition of clean, scientific boxing and solid punching as ever graced the ring floor of an arena.



International Photo.

When Britton and Ted Kid Lewis fought for the world's championship in Madison Square Garden. Joe Humphreys, extreme left, is displaying to the spectators the diamond-studded belt awarded to the winner by Tex Rickard.

Yet Britton held his own and something over in the storm of battle, taking seven rounds by a clean margin, with three going to Leonard and two fairly even. In the fateful thirteenth, after two minutes and forty-two seconds had elapsed, Benny sank a left into Britton's stomach. The blow went home with all of Leonard's weight behind it, and Britton dropped to one knee. He was taking the count, when Leonard, apparently losing his head, pounced upon his opponent and clipped him on the chin with a short left.

Immediately Referee Patsy Haley sprang between the contestants, waved Leonard aside, sent Britton to his corner, and announced that the veteran was winner on a foul. Under the rules and conditions Haley had no choice save to disqualify Leonard. What made the occurrence seem all the stranger was that Leonard, admittedly one of the coolest boxers in the ring, had never been known to lose control of himself, no matter what emergency faced him.

* * *

THE affair gave rise to lots of gossip, and it was freely hinted that Leonard, realizing that becoming welter champ might interfere with his obtaining matches in the lighter class, where engagements were at once more numerous, as well as lucrative, deliberately fouled his opponent. Yet this argument scarcely held water in view of the fact that Benny, though improving all the time, had not manifested a marked superiority over his clever and resourceful opponent when the thirteenth frame was reached, and it was far from a certainty that he would have been returned winner had the fight lasted the scheduled fifteen-round limit.

However, the hour was fast approaching when Youth, in the sturdy person of Mickey Walker, was to have its inning in the game so long and successfully played by the veteran Britton. Walker, who, like Britton, had fought his way upward from the ranks until he stood forth as the foremost contender for the welter title, got his chance, and on the night of November 1, 1922, defeated Jack in fifteen slashing rounds at Madison Square Garden.

It was a battle replete with thrills, crowded with exciting moments and thrill situations. Britton was beaten decisively by a much younger and stronger opponent. But in relinquishing his crown, he went down with colors flying. He fought desperately, doggedly to the last ditch. Floored three times for clean knockdowns, he regained his feet on each occasion, only to be hammered from rope to rope under Walker's furious attack. He was on the verge of a knockout in almost every round after the tenth, having spent his strength in futile effort to forestall Walker's vicious assault with his own superb boxing skill. Only indomitable will power, combined with a remarkable store of experience accumulated in his long years of ring service, saved him from the humiliation of losing his title by taking the final count.

* * *

JACK BRITTON had passed as a champion, yet many years were to elapse ere the ring saw the last of him as an active performer. He had garnered a nice fortune during his career, but Fate saw fit to deal him harder blows than he ever received as a boxer. Investments made in Florida real estate went blooey during the memorable financial crash in that state, and other business deals ended in disaster, leaving him in poor circumstances. Britton, happily married and father of five children, retired in 1925, but two years later was obliged to stage a comeback in order to earn a living.

At his advanced years it seemed incredible that Britton, depending only on his great heart and matchless science, should adventure forth and score victories over twenty-two young, rugged battlers in a campaign which lasted until 1930. It was inevitable that he should lose some decisions, yet these amounted to but seven, and never did he fail to answer the clang of the gong.

He was forty-three when he retired for good and accepted the post of boxing instructor, at the Downtown Athletic Club, as already referred to. Truly a marvelous record, and one utterly unprecedented in the Queensberry era! Johnny Dundee has frequently been mentioned by *(Continued on page 48)*

ARE FIGHTERS

In a recent issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine there appeared an article by Paul Gallico entitled, "What Are Fighters Made Of?" or, "Are Prize Fighters Human?" This is the other side of the story.—Editor.

AS we gallop into this thesis, let us make it plain, once and for all, that there no longer is any such animal as a prize fighter. The prize ring went out years and years ago, with horsehair sofas, gold toothpicks and Aunt Bedelia's bustle. In the days of the prize ring the idea was supposed to be, Winner take all. The stake was the prize and the men who fought for it were prize fighters.

Nowadays there is no real prize. Your fighter knows before he goes into the ring what he will get, win, lose or draw. You may say, Let us go back to the days of the prize ring. It might pep up things and bring back the color and all that sort of thing which we had in the brawly era of John L. Sullivan. Be that as it may, the fact remains that there are no prize fighters.

At the head of this story I ask the question, "Are Fighters Sissies?" Well, the biggest sissy of them all was Jack Dempsey. Not that he was or is effeminate, but that he always hated to hurt a rival. In song and story you have read about the "terrible killer instinct" which prompted Dempsey in all his fights. You have read and heard how he pounced on his prey like the lion jumping on a poor little hartebeest on the South African veldt, or wherever it is that the lions jump on poor little hartebeests.

But as a matter of fact, Dempsey never was a killer and I never have seen a real killer in the ring. He always went out to give his best and end a fight quickly if possible, but never went out to maim an opponent. If you took Jack into the ice box of his restaurant and asked him to cut a big steak off the side of beef, he probably would faint. Killer, my left ear!

* * *

I REMEMBER when poor Billy Miske was on his last legs. His fortunes had run low. His earning powers had disappeared. He appealed to Dempsey to give him a fight—in other words, a contribution. Jack had no stomach for the task. He knew Miske was suffering from kidney trouble. But he knew that Billy was in need. So they had it out in Benton Harbor, Michigan. The big sissy—the so-called man killer—had tears rolling down his face as he went to see the Miske wreck after the short set-to.

The man killer fable Dempsey started in Toledo that terribly hot July afternoon in 1919. Dempsey took big, hulking, slow-witted Jess Willard out on that heat swathed canvas and gave him so terrific a shellacking that Willard did something which never before had been done in a heavyweight championship fight since the days of the prize ring. The champion threw in a towel, and did it himself.

I remember how Willard's mush was puffed up beyond recognition. I remember how Dempsey waded in and gave Jess all he could give him. And I never could get over the idea that Jack Kearns had put concrete bandages on Dempsey's hands, and that the so-called man killer really was massaging Willard with plaster of Paris cesti donated by the astute Kearns.

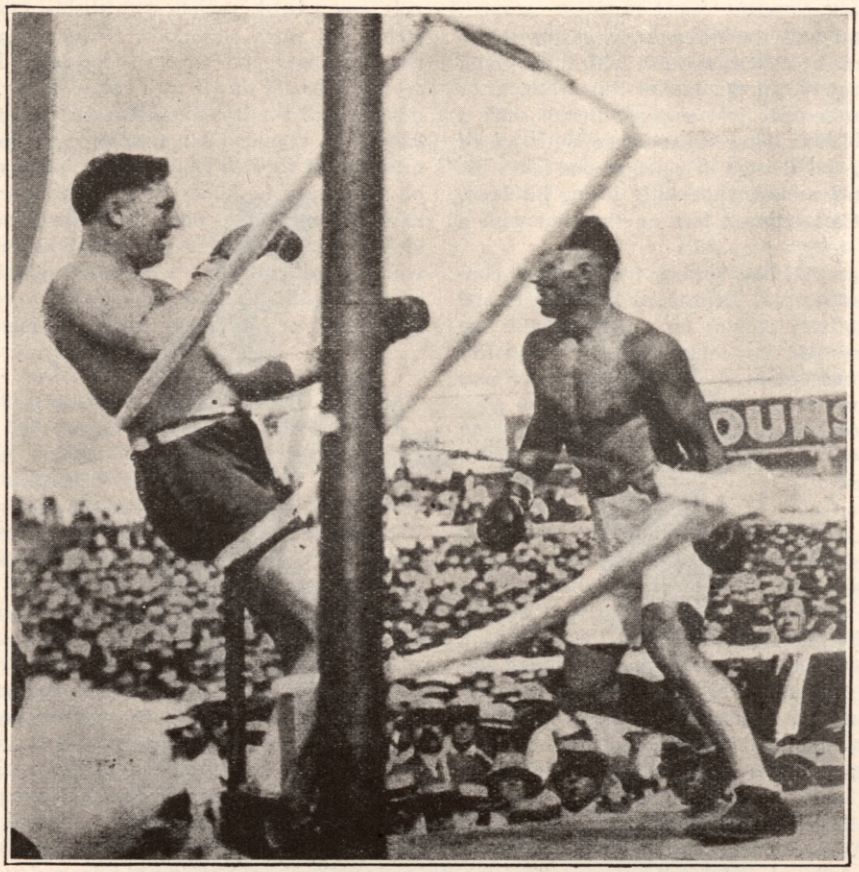
I am not painting fighters as delicate organisms, as aesthetes who are wounded to the quick every time they deliver a blow. I am not deluded into the belief that all fighters hate to hurt anyone, and that they really are fistic Billy Sundays trying to drive home a moral with every left jab and every right cross.

* * *

I WONDER, is it kinder to dispossess a widow and her children from a ramshackle three-room apartment, or to cut a fellow fighter over the eye and keep on hitting that cut until what the ring writers call the old claret flows?

I wonder, is it kind to get thousands of folks to place their savings in your bank and then mismanage things so that you have to close the doors? Or is it more human to get into a ring with another scrapper and belt him on the button so that he sinks for twelve or fifteen, and is carried away beaten?

I wonder, is it a neat and polite trick to get a corner in wheat and force bread up in price all over the world? Or is it far more human to face a fellow fighter inside a roped square and stroke his gizzard until even the calloused boys in the back row holler, "Enough! Stop it!"



A scene in the first round of the bout between Jack Dempsey and Jess Willard. Was there anything "sissy" about Jack in that encounter? We will let our readers answer that. Jack answers it in this story.

Professional fighting never has been what you could call an effete sport. It's not like reading Shakespeare, or collecting paintings, or buying beautiful Persian rugs. But we must not kid ourselves about 1935 civilization. We are prone to overestimate the thickness of the veneer which has been built over our savage interiors since the days when we were clad only in animal skins and lived in caves.

Human nature is like everything else in the universe. It craves variety. A diet of cream puffs becomes very cloying. Unless your doctor has given orders against it, you demand an occasional steak, or a hunk of juicy roast beef. When you give some thought

SISSIES?

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Killers of the Ring Just a Lot of Buncombe, Fistic Expert Points Out

to this matter of cracking a poor steer on the conk, and then cutting him up into pieces of beef for your dinner, it is not a very savory proposition.

But we keep right on eating steaks and chops, and we keep right on cutting the gullets of poor little pullets so that we may keep away from a constant diet of milk, cheese and string beans.

And yet, I never have seen an article headed, "What Is Your Butcher Made Of?" Or, "What Is Your Banker Made Of?" Why? Because there is no call for these articles and nobody gives a hoot what they are made of, just so long as the butcher keeps giving honest weight and honest quality, and your banker keeps the doors of his establishment open for withdrawals as well as deposits.

* * *

WHEN I ask the question, "Are Fighters Sissies?" I mean every word of it.

Go into the office of Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of the Garden in New York, when he is entertaining a bevy of beak busters, champions and short-stops. Look them over. In the newspapers, in magazines, in reports and in fiction, these hombres are "killers." But, in fact, that killer stuff is pure buncombe.

Those birds do not like to hurt a man any more than a normal human being wants to hurt another normal human being. They are steeled to pain and they give and take punches without the pain psychology which is developed in the ordinary onlooker.

What I don't like about the ring and fighting is the punch drunk scrapper, who is so inured to pain that he cannot feel it. I believe that boxing gradually is cleaning out these poor humans and is creating a situation which will prevent fighters from going on until they get punch drunk. These wrecks are the real regrets of the game and it behooves our commissions to cut down the crop—eliminate it altogether. There are very few such fighters still performing. They either quit of their own accord or have been put out of business through commission inspections. Yet we must admit, a few still are in the game.

This is the fighting face of the former Manassa Mauler. Does it look like the face of a sissified fighter? The Ring Editor shall ask Mr. Daniel, author of this story, to make a close study of this picture and answer his own question.

* * *

THE average fighter is too good-natured to be a killer. I don't want to go on record with the statement that all scrappers are rare wits, that they are comics at all times and that they wince when they hit a man. There are exceptions, there are surly birds, and there are fighters who get a bit mean just before a contest.

But in the main, they are the athletic type, appreciative of a broad joke—and most of them wouldn't kill a deer.

It is true that fighters are not of the George Bernard Shaw school of wit and humor. They are far from subtle. But isn't that true in a general way of the professional athletic type? This group likes the practical joke above all other forms of humor because it is broad, easily understood and brawly.

Killers, my eye! Jess Willard was a great fighter the day he beat Jack Johnson in Havana. I doubt if Jess would have beaten Jack if the Negro had trained and been in shape. But at that Johnson still was quite a battler that day, and Jess took him.

Came the day when Willard killed Bull Young in California. Willard did not go after Young with the tempo of the killer. It was just one of those things—a ring accident. That mishap ruined Willard as a fighter and led to his complete collapse before Dempsey. He was afraid to hit hard after that.

Arthur Pelkey at no time was a great fighter, but when he met McCarty at Calgary, Pelkey had possibilities. McCarty had a spine injury from his cowboy days and was killed in that ring. But was Pelkey a killer? Why, you might as well call your Uncle Jedediah, out shooting rabbits, a man killer. And take it from me, shooting rabbits is pretty poor sport. I'd much rather go gunning for cockroaches. They are harder to see and make a tougher target.

* * *

I AM not saying that there wasn't a time when some fighters were not killers. But they were not strictly ring performers, these men of the Morrissey and Poole type. They were deadly foemen. They were products of a time. They were political antagonists. So Morrissey and Poole gouged and tore at each other on a New York dock, and later Poole was shot.

But that was not fighting. That was guerilla warfare in which it so happened that leading figures were called prize fighters.

Killers true! Joe Gans, who wouldn't hurt a fly; Benny Leonard, who rushed from the ring *(Continued on page 48)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Garden Shunts all for Schmeling in Baer Bout
Victory Over Hamas Clinches Title Contest
Garden's Outdoor Supremacy Threatened

MAX SCHMELING vs. Max Baer—that, despite statements to the contrary from the officials of Madison Square Garden, is the bout that will be featured next June when the world's heavyweight title holder defends his crown in this city. Regardless of the elimination tournament now being staged, I have been given to understand by authority that cannot be questioned, that Baer has stipulated that Schmeling is the fighter he wants as his opponent in the first defense of his crown and that the Garden, which organization paid the expenses to Germany of Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, did so with the complete understanding that Jacobs would bring Herr Max back to the States to fight a return engagement with Baer without endangering Schmeling's chances by forcing him into any other eliminations. Thus the deal was closed and for agreeing to the terms, Joe Jacobs received $2500 expenses from the House that Tex Built. So I have been told.

I don't blame the Garden or its matchmaker for denying that the fight between Baer and Schmeling is a closed affair even before the German's arrival here, but such is the case nevertheless, and all of the big fellows who have been competing in the Garden's tournament might just as well make up their minds that they cannot and will not displace Schmeling as the opponent for the champion next June.

Strange bedfellows, these managers. Only a few months ago Jacobs was Jimmy Johnston's bitterest enemy. In fact, it was Yussel who started the ballyhoo against the Garden and its matchmaker and spread the fire with venomous attacks, yet today, with the champion still controlled by the Garden, and the choice of Baer's opponent resting with Johnston and Colonel Kilpatrick, Jacobs is the staunchest supporter of James Joy and is leading the attack against the Garden's critics.

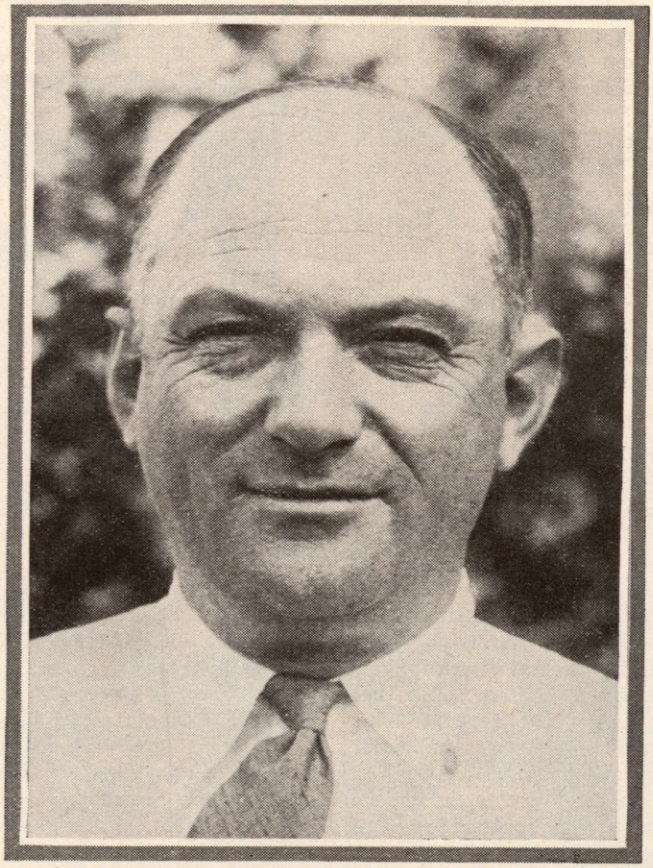
Such is the fight game, and it ever will be thus. I cite the above only to prove to the public that these so-called fights to the death in boxing are just so much hokum and bunk.

* * *

WHEN Schmeling put Steve Hamas, America's No. 1 contender, out of the picture by stopping him in the ninth round after giving the former college star a severe shellacking, he automatically punched the Garden's heavyweight elimination tournament full of holes and lifted himself right into the position occupied by genial Steve. In view of what happened, and the racial situation in Germany, a Schmeling-Baer fight is now a natural.

By knocking out Neusel, conqueror of England's heavyweight king, Jack Petersen, and then disposing of Hamas, Schmeling has forced the issue to such a point where he cannot be ignored. In fact, wherever fights are discussed, his name is now linked with Baer's as the pair that will hold forth in a heavyweight championship tilt at the Garden Bowl.

Thus with one stroke, the man who lost his crown by an eyelash to Jack Sharkey, a defeat which I had scored as a victory for Schmeling, and later was stopped by Baer and Hamas, again is the forefront of the contender section and with two good fights under his belt, he may yet emerge as the first heavyweight since the Marquis of Queensberry rules went into effect, to regain the world title. Personally, at this writing I think it will take more than Schmeling to turn the trick on Baer, yet there is that possibility.



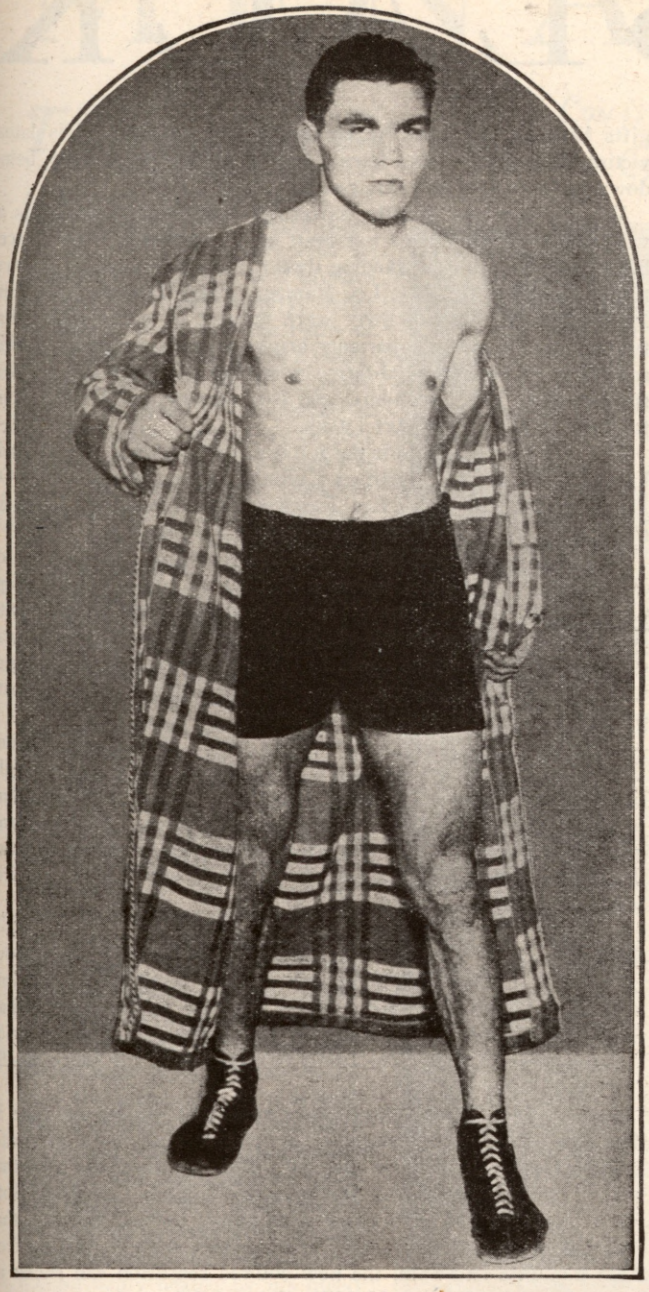
Mike Jacobs, famous New York sports character, whose entry into the promotorial field, with the backing of Mrs. Hearst's Milk and Christmas Fund organizations, spells the doom of Madison Square Garden as the "big shot" in staging outdoor fights. The new combination will obtain the cream of American contests because of the support of the Hearst newspapers.

Unless Lasky or Carnera emerge the victor in the present eliminations by scoring a sensational triumph, I have been informed that the Schmeling-Baer bout is clinched. If, however, Carnera or Lasky should take the final in the same fashion that Schmeling whipped Hamas, then, according to what a Boxing Commissioner told me, Schmeling will be forced to meet that man to decide whether he or the winner of the Garden's tournament will be pitted against Baer. Ancel Hoffman, manager of Baer, would rather have Schmeling than Carnera or Lasky because of the Aryan-Jewish question that would add considerably to the gate receipts.

* * *

NOW that Schmeling has aroused a new interest in the heavyweight ranks, I trust that, in the best interests of boxing, the New York Commission will keep a hands-off policy in permitting Madison Square Garden to work out its own salvation and arrange whatever fight it deems the proper one for Baer. By forcing the issue and using its usual antagonistic tactics towards the Garden, the Commission has it within its power to force the next championship fight outside of N. Y., where it belongs.

True, Lasky and Carnera and



Max Schmeling who has altered the line up in the heavyweight situation by his knockout of Steve Hamas, American No. 1 man among the contenders. A Schmeling-Baer bout may be the outcome of the K.O. victory.

even Joe Louis have a just complaint if they are not considered after agreeing to elimination bouts, but in the event that Schmeling balks and refuses to come to America unless he can get Baer, and Baer refuses to clash with anyone unless it be Schmeling, then the Commission must consider boxing instead of itself and the other fighters in its final deliberations.

I hold no brief for the Garden, nor any other promoters. All THE RING and its army of followers is eager to see, is a fight for the heavyweight title that will pack them in, arouse international interest and revive the sport to the point that only a high class, thrilling fistic treat can bring about. If the Garden's contract with Baer cannot hold water in the event Baer refuses to fight for the Garden, then the Twentieth Century Club of New York, with Mike Jacobs as the promoter and Mrs. Hearst's Milk and Christmas Funds, can certainly make the match and will do so. In fact, it is definitely assured that Baer will engage in at least one fight in defense of his crown for Mike Jacobs and thus New York will get the best boxing shows it has had in many moons. I personally hope that my information is incorrect and that Lasky and Carnera will be given their just due in the final selection of Baer's opponent.

* * *

THE Schmeling who fought Hamas, from all reports sent to this country, was a far different fighter from the man who lost to Steve in Philadelphia. In that bout he was not the Schmeling whom I saw in Germany and recommended to Tex Rickard to bring to America, nor the Max who had worked his way to the top rung of the heavyweight ladder. He was discouraged, sour on the world and sour on himself for having dropped the match to Baer after leading on points and having been shorn of his crown on a questionable verdict in the Sharkey mill.

But the Schmeling who fought Hamas a few weeks ago was a fighter with a new spirit. He had the vim, the pep and the vitality of the young German who came here four years ago unheralded, except by THE RING, and displayed a brand of fighting that gained for him the plaudits of American sportsmen. He knocked out Neusel in a battle for the German championship a few months ago, and with that victory, he took on a new lease of life. Then came the knockout of America's ace of contenders—at least so Hamas was recognized by most writers in this country—and now there is no telling where Schmeling will stop. Germany is now a hotbed of national patriotism. Schmeling is an honored member of that fraternity. He is well liked by the Feuhrer, Adolf Hitler, and, with the heavyweight championship to his credit, nothing would be too good for Herr Max.

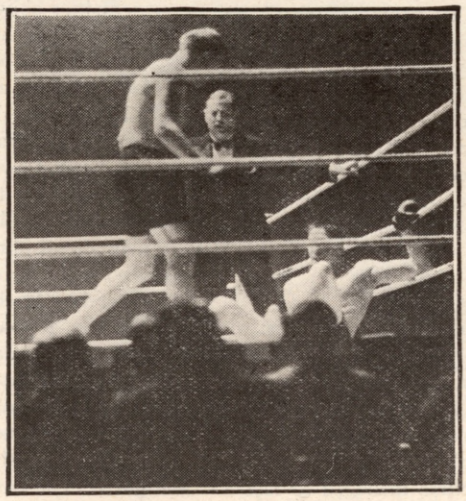
Can you now visualize why a fight between Baer and Schmeling is a natural? The racial rivalry between Jew and German in itself is sufficient reason for any promoter putting on such a bout. And with the special Fatherland spirit to urge him on to success, we must consider Schmeling's chance of regaining the title, in the event he clashes with Baer, greater than any previous title-holder has ever had.

* * *

IN his recent fight with Hamas, Steve's mentor, Charley Harvey, announced that the poor showing of the former Penn State star was due to a sprained ligament in the left arm, suffered by Hamas a week before the fight and still bothering him at the time of the battle. That is no excuse. Harvey knew Steve's condition, according to his own words, a week before the battle. At the time he issued several statements publicly to the effect that Steve was in the best of condition, although German scribes thought otherwise.

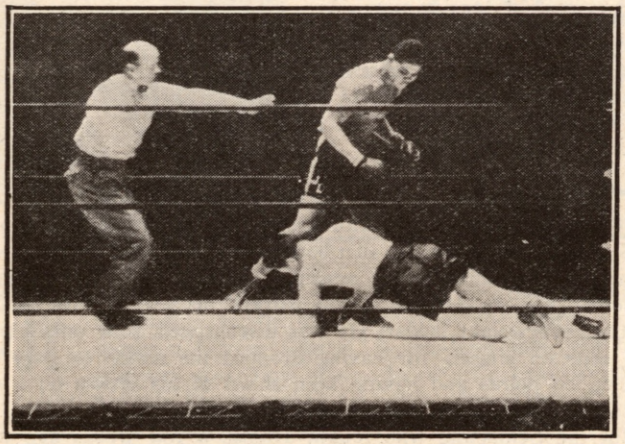
No manager, knowing that his charge is too ill to do his best, has a right to sacrifice that boy under any circumstances. If Harvey thought that Steve was not ready, knowing that Hamas was right in line for a title shot with Baer, he should have sought a postponement. But did he? He did not. Hence no credit should be taken from the splendid performance of Schmeling who, in true sportsmanship style, the kind he has always demonstrated in this country, eased up on the American when he could have continued the slaughter, but finally had to take extreme measures when Referee Valoni of Belgium stopped the fight.

According to reports, from the second round on, Hamas reeled around the ring under the impact of staggering jabs, hooks and uppercuts and an occasional hard left. Even then it was apparent that it was only a matter of time, but the New Jersey battler, *(Continued on page 44)*



When the Petersen bubble burst in London. Here we see the British heavyweight king just before his dad threw in the sponge to halt his bout with Walter Neusel of Germany in the eleventh round of their bout at Wembley Sports Arena, London.

The BLACK



When Joe Louis added to his prestige by knocking out Lee Ramage in 2 minutes and 17 seconds of the second round at Wrigley Field, California, a few weeks ago, he followed that with a three-round knockout of Red Barry.

HE'S "the fistic sensation of the day!" A time-worn phrase that, but none other seems adequate to describe Joe Louis of Detroit, Michigan, colored heavyweight, who stands six feet, one inch, scales one hundred and ninety-five pounds, made his professional début at Chicago, July 4 of last year, with a one-round kayo of Jack Kracken, and has since been stiffening opponents for a full count with almost monotonous regularity.

Born in Montgomery, Alabama, May 13, 1914, Louis has lived in Detroit for over eight years and is a graduate of the grammar schools of the latter city. It was there that he began boxing as an amateur, winning the Golden Gloves and later the A. A. U. championship. Wherefore Detroit claims him for its very own, a point upon which any enthusiastic fight fan hailing from the Michigan burg is ready to give you an argument on the affirmative side, as against the persistency with which several pugilistic scribes refer to him as "Joe Louis of Chicago!"

The Chicago angle was born of the fact that out of sixteen straight victories scored since he turned pro, ten were achieved in the Windy City, where he has a tremendous army of admirers, but as Joe's home is in Detroit, the latter bailiwick must be accorded the better right to bask in his reflected glory.

Incidentally, it is worth while noting that the Golden Gloves, which has done more than any other organization to keep boxing alive during the depression, and was first sponsored by the New York *Daily News*, as originated by that paper's then sports editor, Paul Gallico, was responsible for creating public interest in amateur tourneys in all parts of the country. Also, from the ranks of its successful performers have come forth many other present-day stars of the professional brigade, such as the present lightweight champion, Barney Ross; Leo Rodak, Julie Katz, Louis Salica, Johnny Bonito, Nick Scalba, Andy Jesserun, Leonard Del Genio, George Hoffman, Tony Scarfali, Victor Vallee, Patsy Pasculli and Bob Pastor.

* * *

SO far, Ross looms upon the fistic horizon as the greatest of the Golden Gloves products, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Joe Louis may in time eclipse even the far-flung fame of the superb king of the lightweights. Just consider what this extraordinary colored youth has achieved in a professional career of less than nine months!

To date, only four of his seventeen victims managed to last a ten-round limit with him, the others going out like snuffed candles under a two-handed bombardment that shattered their defenses beyond repair. There were no set-ups or palookas among the bunch, either, not an astonishing fact, for whoever heard of a colored boxer fighting his way upward being handed any "soft" gifts between the ropes by philanthropic promoters? His latest victim, Red Barry, was knocked cold in the third after being down twice in the previous round.

We are, however, mostly concerned with four of the gents at whose expense Joe Louis has built up a reputation which places him definitely as an outstanding threat to the heavyweight leaders, to wit—Charlie Massare, Lee Ramage, Patsy Perroni and Hans Birkie. The first named three were fighters of considerable distinction, each with an apparently bright future before him. Birkie ranked as a veteran trial-horse who, out of forty-two battles, suffered only two knockouts, and lost narrow margin decisions to Primo Carnera and Art Lasky.

Massare was knocked for the full count in less than three rounds by Louis' devastating right at Chicago, November 30, 1934. On December 14 following, Lee Ramage was stopped by Louis in eight frames, also before a Windy City crowd.

On January 4, 1935, Louis decisively beat Patsy Perroni of Boston in a ten-rounder before a Detroit club, incidentally dropping him for "nine counts" in the second, seventh and ninth sessions. Birkie, despite his ringcraft and proven gameness, was draped helpless over the ropes in the tenth round of an argument with Joe at Pittsburgh, when the referee mercifully interfered and pronounced the colored lad the victor.

We have not dwelt upon Louis' one-round knockout of Stanley Poreda last year, as the latter, once a promising heavyweight title contender, has practically become a human punching bag for ambitious aspirants to hammer as they please. But you can't get away from the instances we have quoted as proof positive that in Joe Louis the leaders of the big premier division have something to worry about.

* * *

THERE is nothing of the flashily colorful style of boxer about him, nothing of the swift stab and get away, dazzling feinting, dancing footwork with which an agile mitt-handler sometimes draws admiring tributes to his cleverness from ringside reporters and patrons. Yet Louis is clever in a far more deadly fashion.

He belongs to the fighter-boxer type that wastes no time in desultory sparring or skipping around a ring with acrobatic activity, but makes every shot tell. Bob Fitzsimmons was that sort of a scrapper, so was the redoubtable Sam Langford. Both were adepts at scoring kayoes with short, jarring punches that traveled but a few inches, but hit the target with stunning effect. Also like Fitz and Sam, the new colored sensation can shock an opponent into oblivion with either left or right.

When he fought Massare, the latter was especially cautious about avoiding Joe's highly-esteemed right auctioneer. He successfully blocked all the Negro's attempts to plank the same on the Massare jaw. But Massare didn't have equal respect for the Louis left, and that was where the former was out of luck, for the colored lad switched his offensive and it was a left jolt that tumbled Massare to the floor, through for that evening.

In his first battle with Lee Ramage last December, Louis put his man down three times in the eighth round before a towel fluttered into the ring from the fallen boxer's corner in token of surrender. Each time it was a short right that blighted the Californian. Ramage, who has a long and estimable record of fifty-two battles, dating back to 1929, in which is included a draw with Steve Hamas, as well as victories over Birkie, Tuffy Griffiths, Maxie Rosenbloom and other well-known performers, simply couldn't understand how Louis defeated him so easily.

The Coast youth requested another chance with his conqueror, and got it. The battle came off last March and this time Ramage was careful to keep his jowl out of range of that menacing right. Which strategy was okay so far as it went, but it didn't go far enough to evade the visitations of Louis' left, and it was a dynamite-laden left that crashed on Lee's chin and outed him cold in the second round.

MENACE

By NAT FLEISCHER

Joe Louis, Hard Hitting Negro Heavyweight Rapidly Forging to the Front in Contender Class

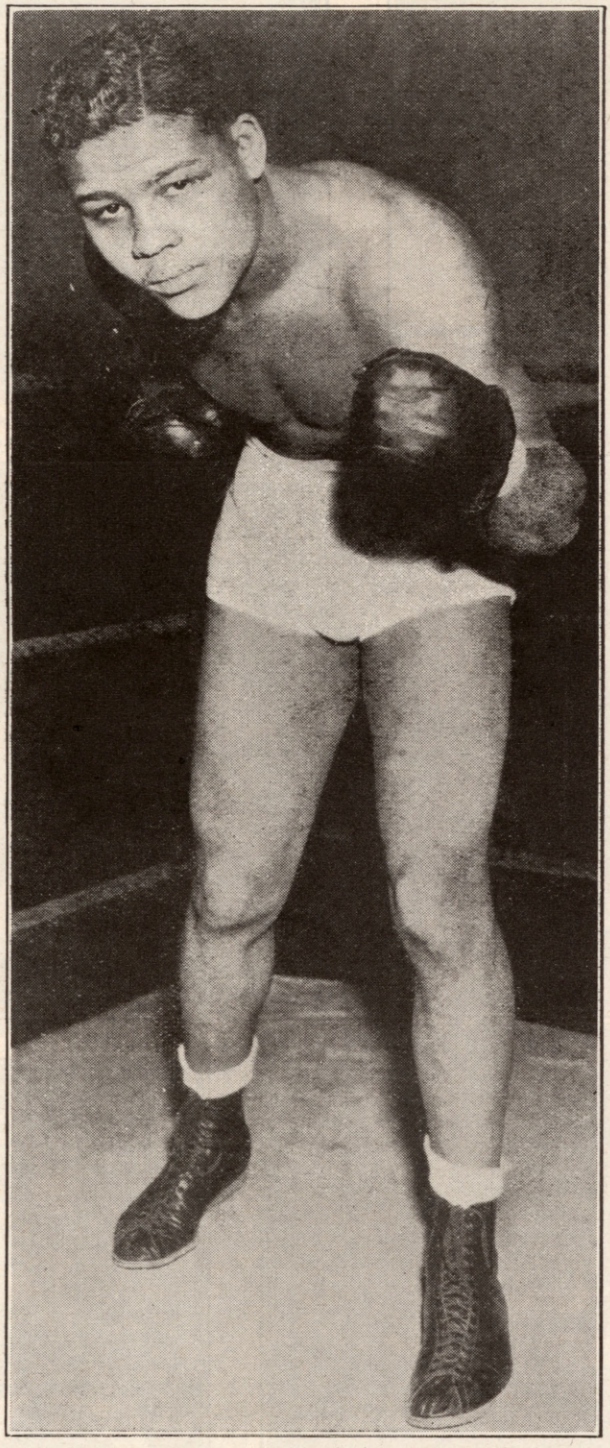
THAT Louis is an idol in the eyes of his race goes without saying, and with good reason. If he goes on as he has begun, the ring's highest honor might some day be his. That is, provided he manages to hurdle the obstacles of hostility which history shows us have ever blocked the paths of Negro fighters aiming for a championship goal. If he were white and in the hands of a manager of the Joe Jacobs, Billy Duffy or Pete Reilly calibre, for instance, can you doubt that right now he would be crashing the sacred enclosure where the first group of challengers, Carnera, Hamas, Lasky, Schmeling, disport themselves at this time of writing.

To those unacquainted with the inner workings of things fistic, it may appear incredible that a fighter's complexion should prove a serious handicap in winning his way, but regular patrons and students of the game are well aware of a fact none too creditable to American sportsmanship. Yet it is only during the last half century that this prejudice ceased to exist over in England, where, since bouts under Queensberry rules were introduced, Negro boxers have been given an even break.

The most classic example of a colored man being unfairly barred from the possession of a world's title is afforded by the first battle on the turf between Tom Cribb of England, and Molineaux, an American Negro, in 1810. This was for the heavyweight championship, and Cribb, not in the best of condition, was so badly beaten by his husky opponent that he was unable to answer the call of time for the twenty-ninth round. Through a bit of trickery on the part of one of Cribb's seconds, an argument was started which prolonged the rest-period sufficiently for the Briton to recuperate. A freezing rain was falling and Molineaux suffered a chill, which did not improve his chances.

The Negro could not continue after the thirty-third round and Cribb was proclaimed the winner. In a second battle, Cribb was trained to the hour, whereas Molineaux, hog-fat and dissipated, could not do himself justice, and was knocked out by a blow which broke his jaw.

But that a colored man would have been world's heavyweight champion at that early date, had it not been that he was deliberately cheated out of his rights, is a matter of official record.



Joe Louis, who has been making greater strides in the heavyweight ranks than any of the leading contenders.

PETER JACKSON, the great Australian colored battler, who came to this country in 1888, was sidetracked in his endeavors to obtain a match for the heavyweight title then held by John L. Sullivan, who drew the color line. It was a discreet move on the part of John L., who was visibly on the down-grade at the time Jackson challenged him, which was in 1891, shortly after Peter and Jim Corbett fought their famous sixty-one-round draw on the Coast.

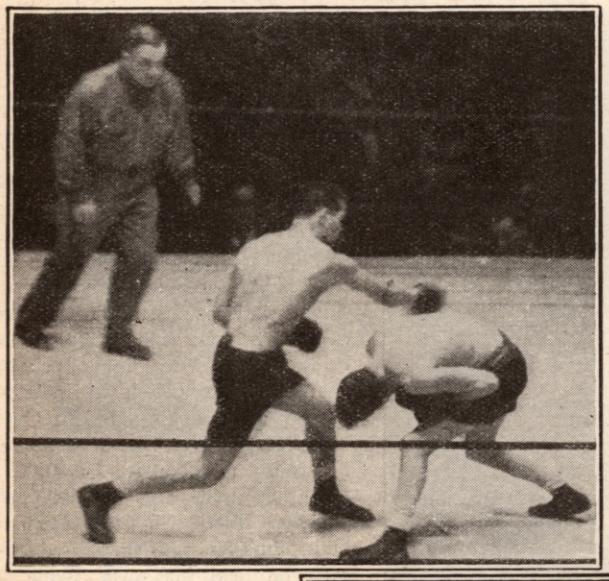
An injured leg handicapped Jackson heavily in the Corbett bout, but even with that disadvantage he held his own. Being a much harder hitter than Gentleman Jim, and certainly the latter's equal as a scientist, there is every reason to believe that Jackson would have beaten Sullivan in much quicker style than did Corbett, who took twenty-one rounds to stop the debauched old gladiator, who finally dropped from sheer exhaustion. Before his death, Peter Jackson had at least the satisfaction of knowing that he was hailed as heavyweight champion of Australia and England; the double title for which he knocked out Frank (Paddy) Slavin in London, May 30, 1892, but the world's crown remained beyond his reach.

More fortunate was Jack Johnson, next to Jackson the acknowledged peer of colored heavyweight pugilists, who was recognized as world's champion when he stopped Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds at Sydney, Australia, in 1908, and later clinched his claim to the title by kayoing Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nevada, on July 4, 1910.

The Fates favored Jack, at least at the time when he succeeded in luring Burns into a match, for the latter was tempted by the rich money reward offered to risk all with the giant black, when he might have evaded the issue and hung onto his title. Others before Burns worked that stunt to perfection, but Tommy yielded and fell. However, the cards were later stacked against Johnson, when driven by a prosecution which was actually a persecution, he was compelled to spend his best fighting years in exile abroad. That was the color hoodoo again!

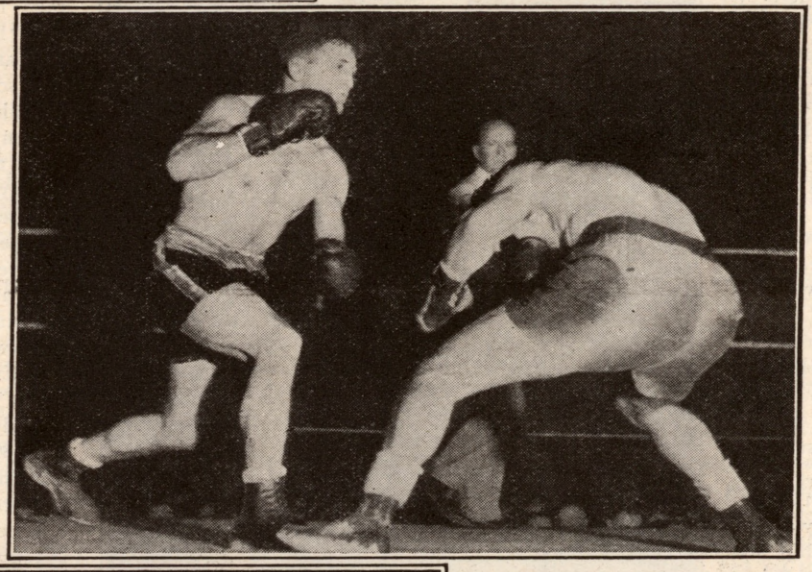
When Jack Dempsey reigned as champion, Harry Wills, then the leading colored heavyweight, dogged the Manassa Mauler's trail incessantly in search of a title *(Continued on page 45)*

Snapped in Recent Bouts



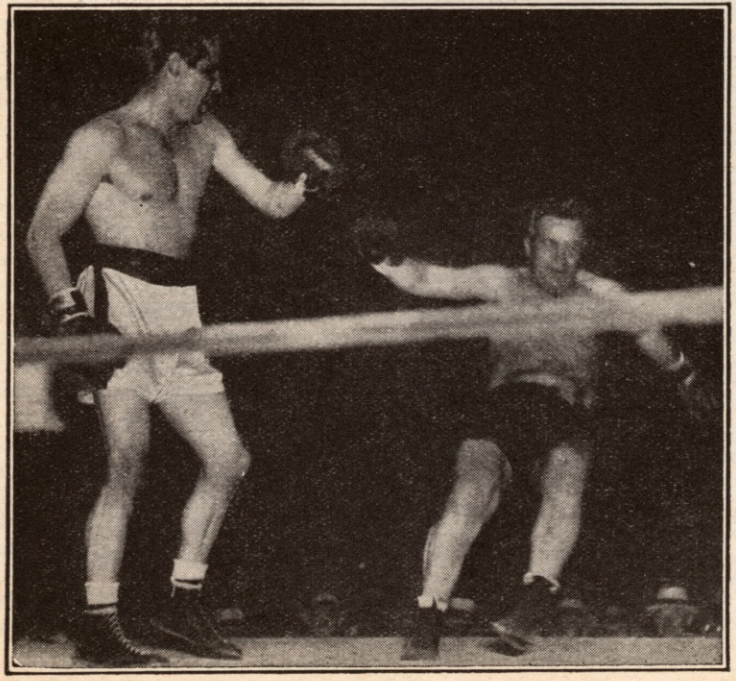
Frankie Klick floored by Barney Ross in the second round of their ten-rounder at Miami.

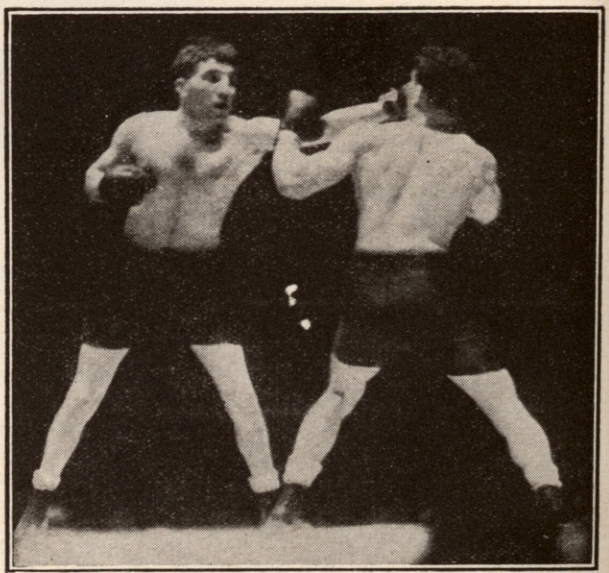
And here we see what Risko did throughout the ten rounds in the Garden encounter. He threw punches like a raw novice and seldom reached his man, yet he won the decision only to have the commission reverse it. Apparently Referee Jed Gahan and Judge Scharlin mistook those misses for aggressiveness.



A scene in the vaudeville act between Max Baer and Jimmy Maloney, formerly of Boston and now a Miami traffic cop. Jimmy is spinning back from an unexpected, unintended right-hand jolt.

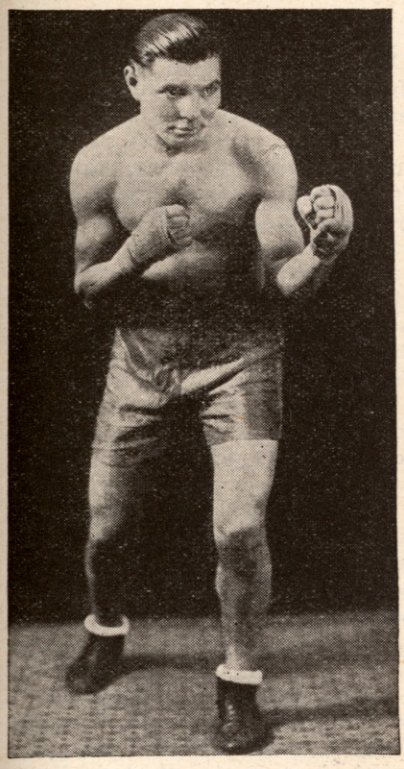
Young Corbett (left), trying to solve Bep Van Klavern's crouch in their recent bout in the Auditorium of San Francisco.



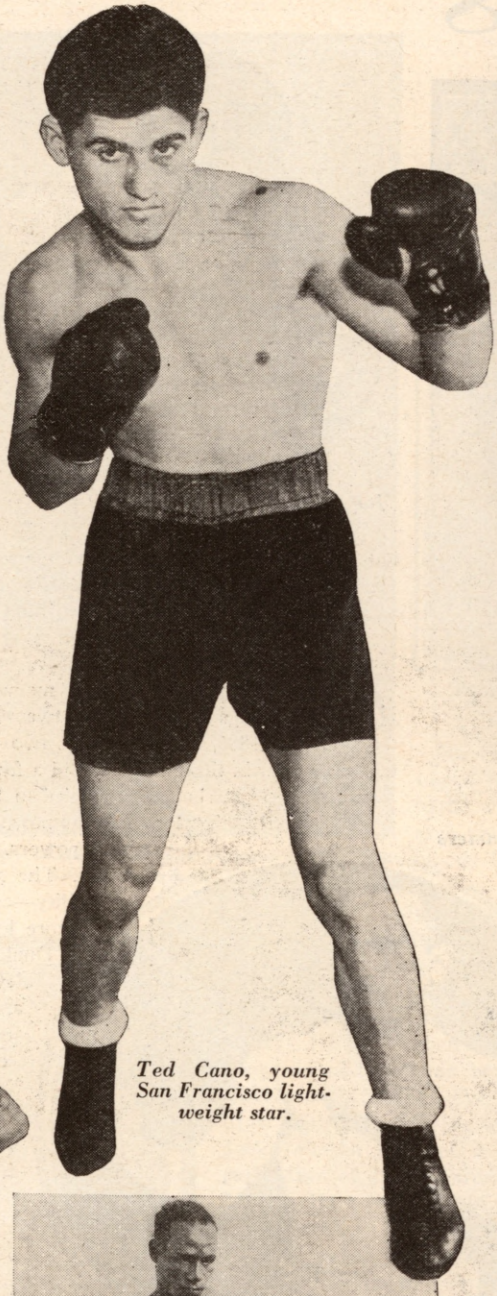


Here is what Vince Dundee (left) did throughout the ten rounds of his mill with Babe Risko, Syracuse middleweight, in the Garden.

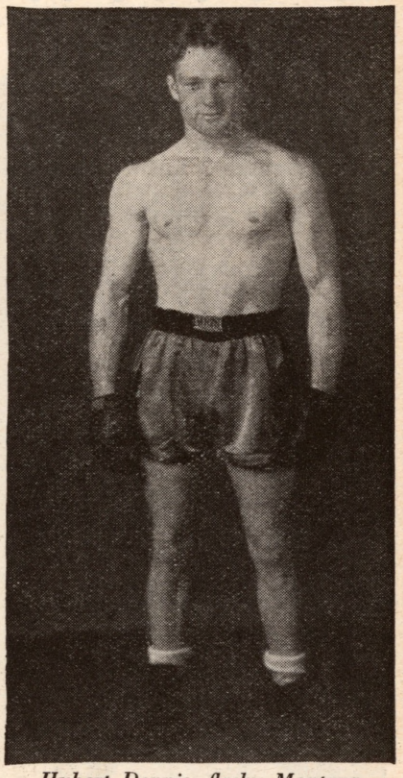
Colorful Young Fighting Talent



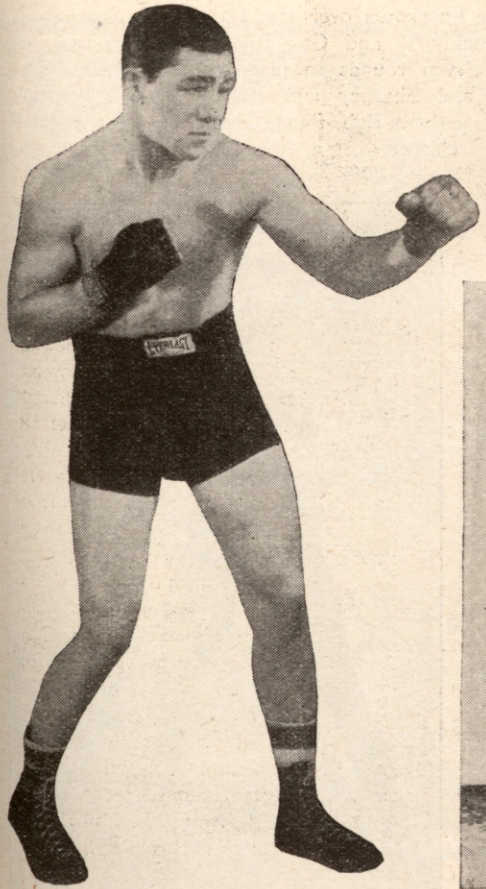
Frankie Britt, rugged welterweight from Fall River, Mass.



Ted Cano, young San Francisco lightweight star.

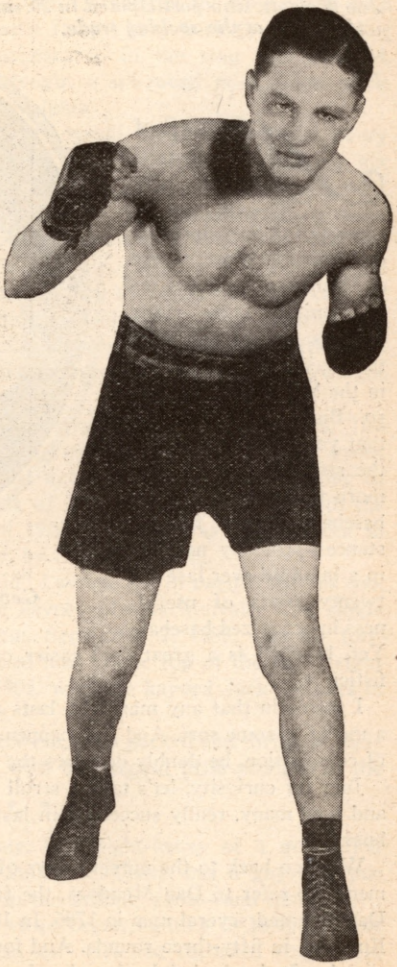


Hubert Dennis, flashy Montana lightweight.



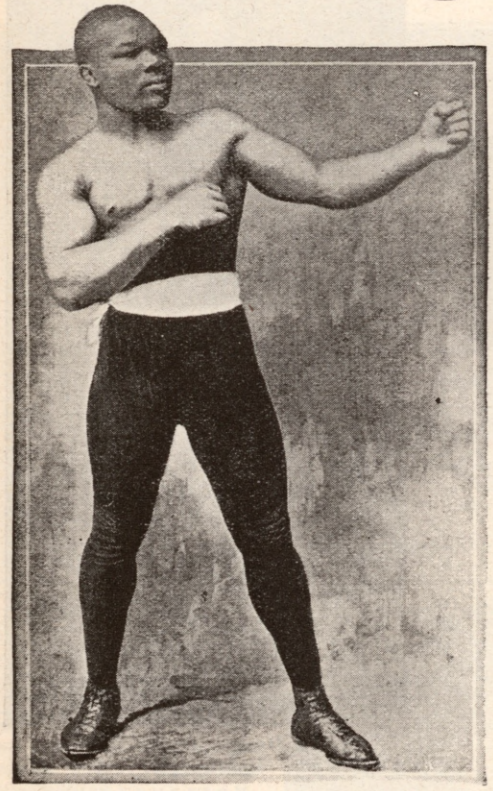
Jackie Davis, two fisted battler from Cleveland.

Tiger Kid Walker, crack Cincinnati lightweight.



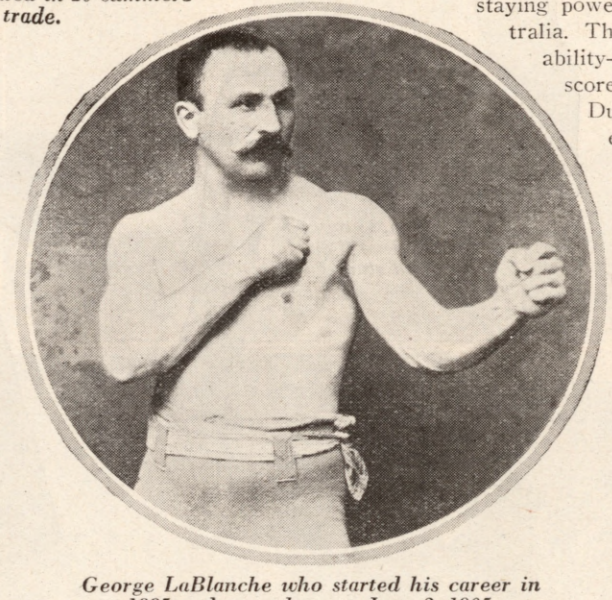
Ray Nash, Brooklyn's lightweight aspirant.

Boxing's "Twenty



Joe Walcott, who participated in 20 summers at the socking trade.

A SCORE of years is a long time for one to engage in any line of competitive sport, especially a sport as strenuous as boxing. How many fighters can you recall that lasted twenty years in the harness? I thought so. But it is a safe bet that your neighbor across the street can't name any more than you can. Take baseball players for instance—probably not one in a hundred ever last out twenty years of usefulness in organized baseball. Yet, baseball is a great deal easier on a man's physical welfare than is the art of fisticuffs.

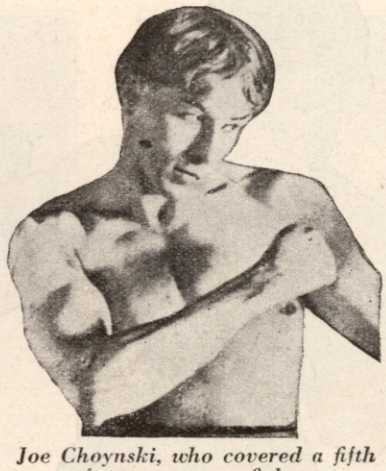


George LaBlanche who started his career in 1885 and wound up on June 2, 1905.

I maintain that any man who lasts twenty years in competitive sport is entitled to a medal of some sort. And if it happens to be a pugilist that rounds out twenty annums of competition, he doubly deserves the reward.

Just for curiosity, let's take a stroll back down the pugilistic lane and see just who, and how many, really succeeded in lasting for a score of seasons in the glove-tossing business.

We'll go back to the nursery days of pugilism to find one of the first "twenty year" men. We refer to Dan Mendoza, the famous Jewish battler. The records disclose that Dan defeated several men in 1786. In 1806, he defeated Harry Lee, at Grimsted Green, England, in fifty-three rounds. And fourteen years later, he beat Tom Owen in twelve rounds. It is doubtful, though, that this last battle was a legitimate prize-ring affair.



Joe Choynski, who covered a fifth of a century as a fighter.

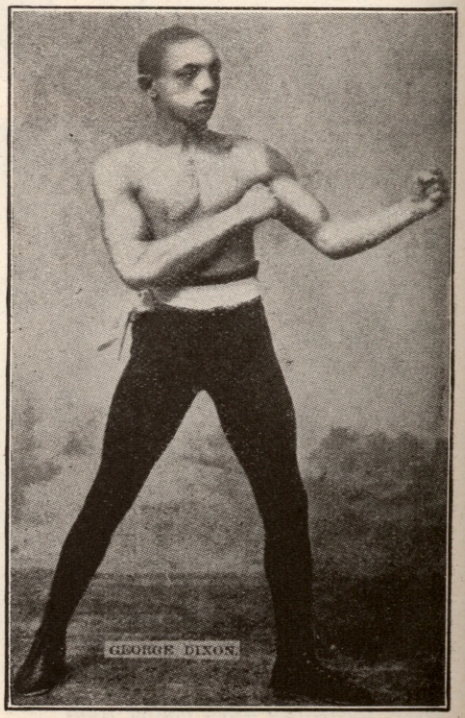
COMING down to more modern times, Joe Goss, the old English bruiser, was another who rounded out better than a score of years of service. Goss started his fistic career in 1859 by defeating Jack Rooke, a fellow Englishman, in sixty-four rounds. Paddy Ryan is generally credited with winning the world's title from him twenty-one years later at Colliers Station, West Virginia, in eighty-seven rounds.

Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, a light-heavyweight who blossomed in the gay 'nineties, also had better than twenty years of service under his belt. Craig, a top-notch Negro battler, began tossing leather back in 1891. The year of 1911 found him in there with fighters like Charley Bradley, Fred Drummond and E. Thompson, all English secondraters. Drummond stopped him, but he won from the others. Next year Craig was still fighting. He stopped Pat Carroll in one round, and kayoed Thompson again. But one "Gunner" Ellis, a fair to middlin' English heavy, stopped him in three heats.

* * *

LITTLE George Dixon, the marvelous colored bantam and featherweight of other days, was also a "twenty year" man. Li'l Chocolate began fighting about 1886, and he fought two battles in 1906, one with Harry Shea, from whom he won in three rounds, and a fifteen-rounder he dropped to Monk the Newsboy. Dixon died in 1909, a ragged and penniless figure.

Bob Fitzsimmons probably holds the record for long-distance staying powers. Bob did his first fighting in 1880, in Australia. The year 1900 found Bob at the height of his ability—or nearly so. That year of 1900 saw him score knockouts over Jim Daly, Tom Sharkey, Ed Dunkhorst and Gus Ruhlin. He required only eleven rounds to dispose of the whole crew, and Sharkey and Ruhlin weren't "set-up's" either. Bob fought on till 1914, when he clashed in a six-round no-decision bout



George Dixon, a 20-year fighting man.

YEAR" Men

By FRANK DUNN

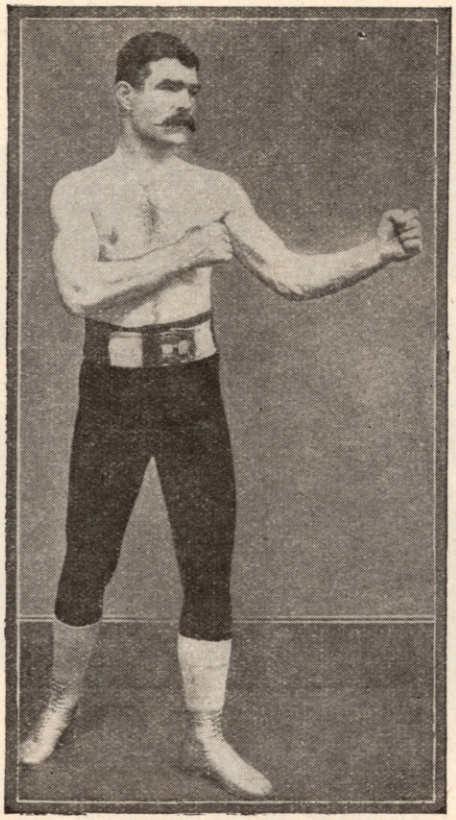
with K. O. Sweeney.

Thirty-four years, all told, the name of Fitzsimmons blazed across the sporting pages as a fistic performer.

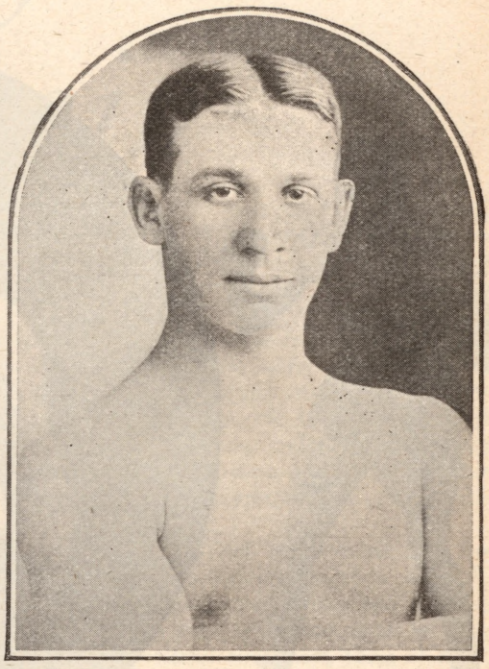
Tommy Ryan, the old welter champion, was another who put in a score of years of service in the ring. Tommy began battling around the lumber camps of Michigan and Minnesota in 1886 and '87. The year 1907 saw him beat Dave Barry in five heats at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and a six-round draw with Hugo Kelly at Rochester rang down the curtain on one of the most marvelous ring careers of all time. Marvelous in view of the fact that he suffered only one knockout, and dropped one decision—that by the foul route. "Kid" McCoy scored the kayo in 1896, while George Green copped the foul decision in 1901.

* * *

FRANK SLAVIN, the famous old Australian heavyweight, also fought over a twenty-year period. Slavin's first professional battle was a bare-knuckle affair which he won from Martin Power in 1885. It started him off on a career that wasn't ended till 1907, when he was kayoed by Nick Burley, a big bruiser who was a product of Alaska's gold fields.



Paddy Slavin, who saw service in the ring over a stretch of 20 years.



Tommy Ryan who put in a score of years as a ringman.

Joe Choynski, the big California Hebrew, also saw a fifth of a century of service. Joe's first battle was a losing one, in which he lost to his arch rival, Jim Corbett, in the first round of a bloody battle fought 'way back in '84. His last regular appearance in the ring was in 1904, when he fought a six-round no-decision battle with Jack Williams at Philadelphia.

During that twenty years, Choynski fought practically every fighter of prominence. He had the distinction of fighting six different heavyweight champions at one stage or other of their careers. He and Corbett fought three times, Joe losing all of them. Choynski and Sullivan boxed a three-round exhibition. He and Fitzsimmons fought a five-round draw. He fought a twenty-round draw with Jim Jeffries, and he had the distinction of kayoing Jack Johnson in three rounds at Galveston, Texas, during the early days of Jack's career. A six-round no-decision battle with Marvin Hart rounded out his engagements with the heavyweight title-holders.

That rugged old Colorado heavyweight of other years, Jim Flynn, also put in twenty seasons in the glove-flinging game. Flynn did his first professional fighting back in 1901. Fighting in and around the railroad yards of Pueblo, the Italian lad with the Irish moniker didn't stop till 1923, when he was knocked out in the bull ring at Mexico City, by Sam Langford.

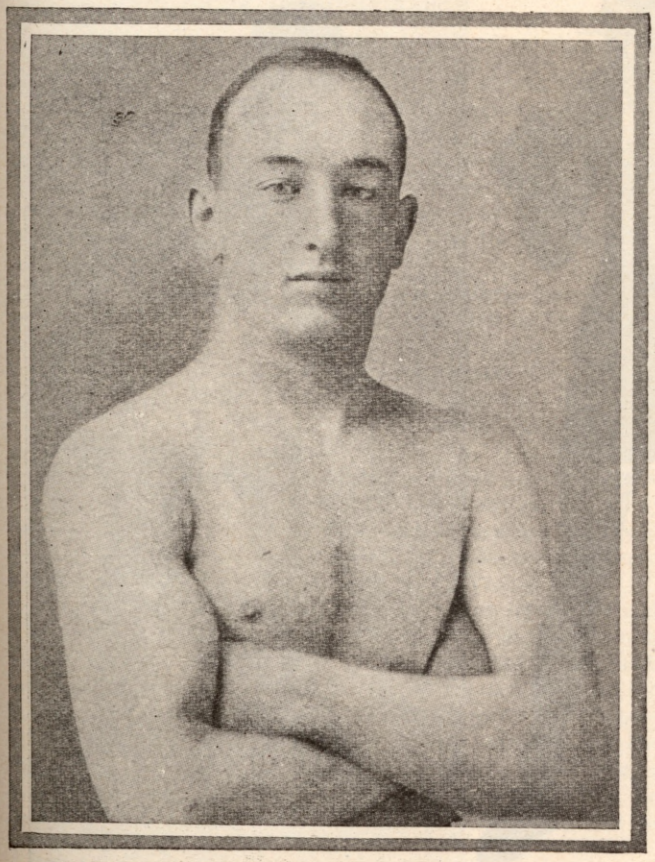
Lightweight champion, "Kid" Lavigne put in twenty seasons too. His first battle, in which he kayoed Morris McNally in a single session at Saginaw, Michigan, September 7, 1885, was the forerunner of a career that carried him to the top of the lightweight throne, and on till June 2, 1905, when he kayoed Jack Roberts in five rounds at Paris, France.

They come few and far between, who packed the thrills in their fistic engagements on a par with the rugged little product of the Michigan big woods.

* * *

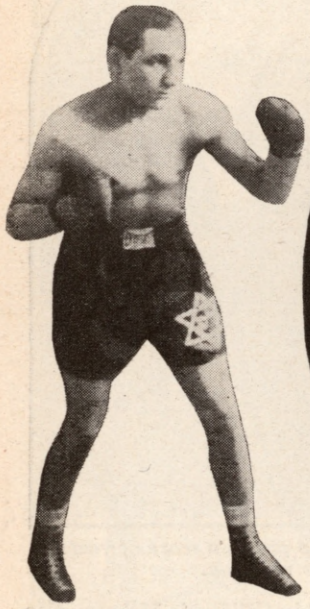
REMEMBER that skinny, bald light-heavy of a generation ago—Jack (Twin) Sullivan? There was a guy that put in a score of years in the milling game—and more.

The biggest of the famous twins began fighting in 1898, and not until 1922 did Jack "hang 'em up." His last recorded ring battle was a ten-round affair which he won *(Continued on page 42)*

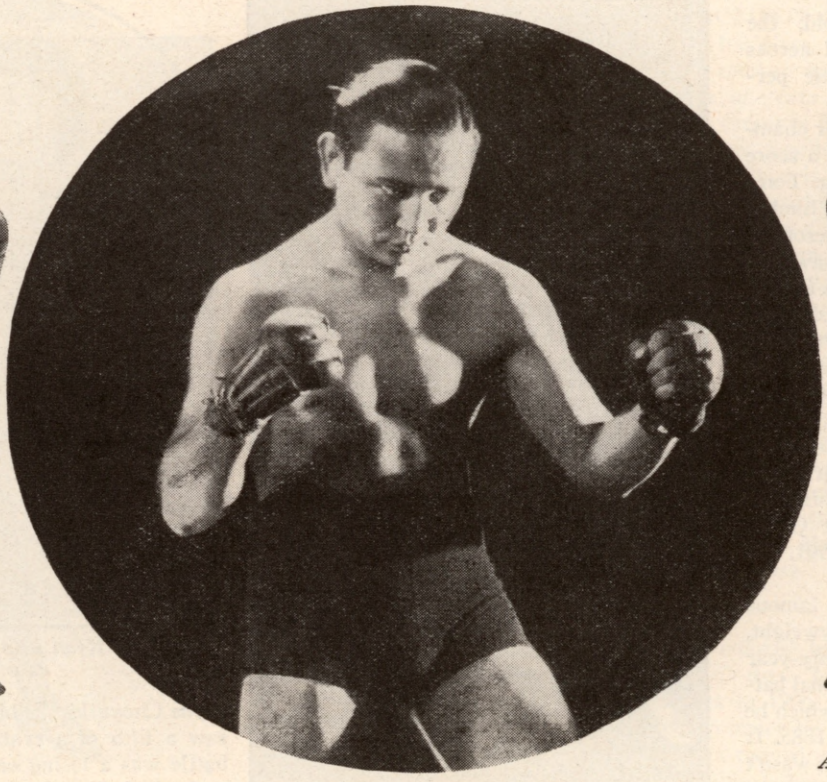


Jack (Twin) Sullivan, who engaged in ring bouts for a score or more of years.

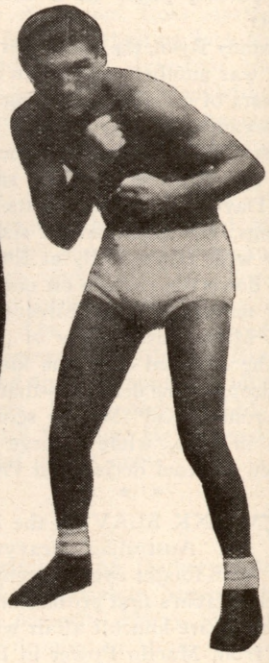
Foreigners Making the Grade



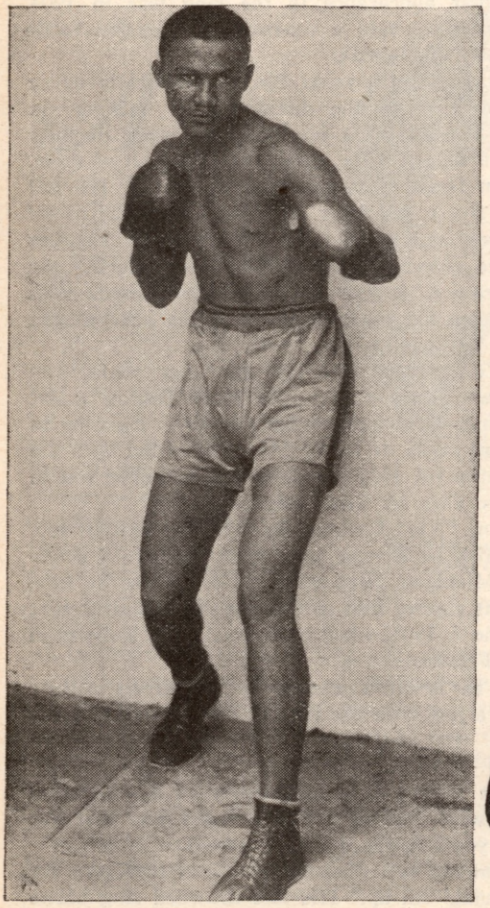
Dave Finn, classy British featherweight.



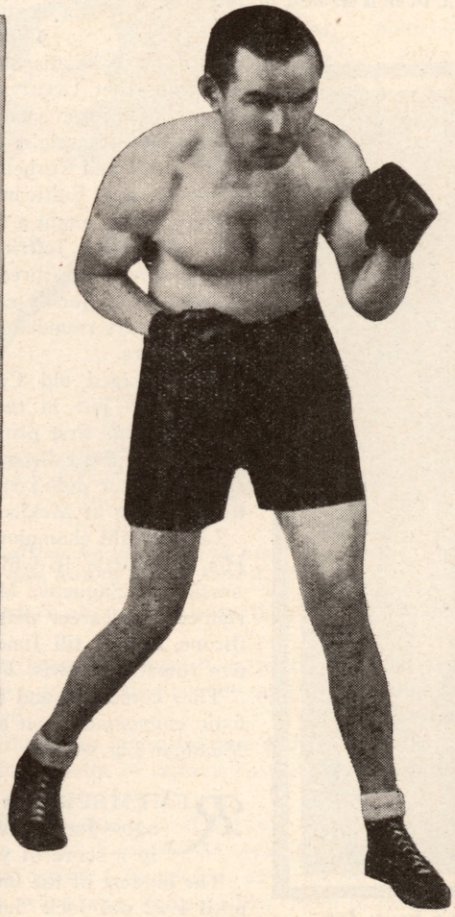
Eddie Cerda, rugged Mexican welterweight.



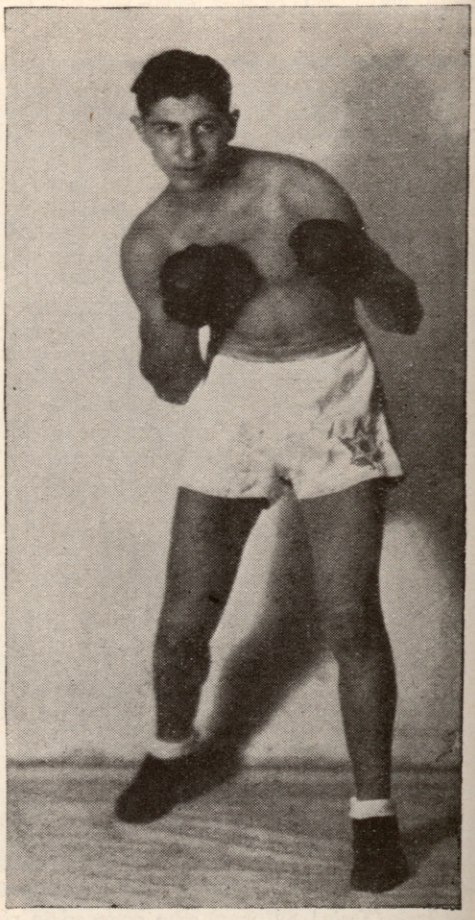
Aldo Spoldi, hard hitting Italian lightweight.



Buzz Barton, young welter, from Jamaica, B. W. I.



Tony Kocsis, former Olympic champion, from Hungary.



Joe Gollob, Montreal lightweight comer.

Ring's Stormy Petrel Flies Again

By ED W. SMITH

WHEN a recent announcement by the jinx-beset Olympic Arena in Los Angeles said that Dick Donald was to be the new boxing matchmaker under a new regime, a lot of folks gave three cheers and plenty of tigers. Dick is a popular bird in general around the City of Angels.

But in the bird family he should be classified as a sort of stormy petrel.

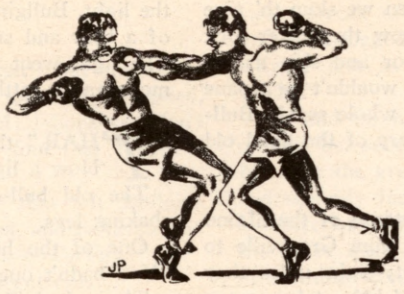
If he were a seafaring man, his sailor mates surely would call him one of Mother Carey's chickens.

Forsooth, the amiable Richard loves strife. He thrives on contention. He craves nothing better than to rib up ill-feeling between fighters and thus pave the way for bigger and better matches. And he is a good ribber. He can assume at will what the actors call "the dead pan"—telling a pal an imaginary yarn about a rival and never crack a smile or indicate in any way that he is applying a sort of fistic mental torture to his victim.

Hence he has the reputation, thoroughly justified, of being a good matchmaker.

* * *

DONALD has been a Los Angeles sports character for "lo, these many years" now. He burst into Southland scenes along about 1913, after he had dug up a somewhat startling fighting machine, Bud Anderson, from out of the wilds of the Northwest.



Bud had what it took to be popular and get the instant attention of men who sought boxing cards. He could punch, and punch he did, to the great distress and occasional oblivion of some capable opponents. Hence the crafty Donald got a smashing introduction into the Southland.

Liking that sector because it furnished the sort of comedy and contention for which he so yearned, Dick stuck and he's still there, long, long after the dreaded Anderson had been cracked on the chin and was on his way out.

Incidentally, Dick himself got many a similarly heavy crack in the whiskers, too, but in a different way. But he laughed off everything and just went ahead with his merry pals. That was in the happy four-round days that are still spoken of so lovingly by the old-timers around the Southland's metropolis.

There were any number of dashing, daring fighters spread around the sunny clime.

Vernon, then a little principality of its own just outside of Los Angeles' city limits, was thriving. Vernon and its little handful of political czars could do as they pleased and had to answer to no one but their own consciences—and these probably were scarce if, indeed, such a thing existed in any Vernon mind.

Dick fell in with Jack Doyle, then just coming into power and some coin. Dick became at different times a matchmaker, a referee, always a manager of some sort of fighting man, and, what was more to his liking, a privileged character around the mammoth Doyle bar and a sort of handy pal to the busy, sober-minded Doyle. Jack was dollar-minded, too—strongly so—but Dick was quite the reverse. He was a graciously liberal host, a buoyantly happy guest. It mattered not to him which rôle he played. He had coin in spots, was flat as last night's beer in others. But always happy.

At one time he and Willie "Gig" Rooney, in a sort of happy-go-lucky partnership, conjured with the fistic fortunes of dozens upon dozens of boxers and managed in an absurdly easy manner to keep them all going. And, best of all, everybody, from Doyle down to the water-boy, made money.

Donald's versatility and undoubted business acumen got him instant attention when he drifted downtown to a place they called the Lyceum A. C., a dumpish sort of joint just off the business district. There were many tough fights around there in a bootlegging way, but when the present state law, legalizing ten bouts to a decision and twelve rounds without, came into effect, the Lyceum gave the second fight of ten stanzas in the state; the handsome little city to the South, San Diego, having the honor of giving the first. Joe Lyman and Joe Schlocker were the principals in that first Donald effort at the longer distance.

Success brought further ambition and, it not being hard for the glib-tongued Dick to place his hands on many a bankroll, it happened that Ascot Park, where auto races of a major nature are being held now, caught his eagle eye. And there he gave many a powerful ring show, some of them, for sheer daring and originality, jolting his downtown rivals quite out of their boots. These characteristics are strong within that teeming, steaming brain of the Donald man. He not only would try anything once, he'd try it a dozen times until it proved a complete and hopeless failure.

* * *

BUT few of Dick's efforts were failures. Paradoxically enough, he made a lot of money with exceptionally good gate receipts, but generally was broke. You see, Dick "spread it around" in such a manner that, when the smoke had cleared, all bills were settled and the next show was on its promotional way, all hands had dough—all but Donald.

But still happy, he smashed away at the main aim—to give Los Angeles great shows of a big nature. Also to kick the pants off his rivals—in a figurative way, at least. He generally did this, although superficially friendly with them. They recognized him, secretly at least, as a great matchmaker. He'd take any sort of a risk, against sober advice, and most always got away with it.

His first at Ascot was a smash with Sammy Mandell fighting Joe Salvador, and the then sprouting Ace Hudkins, a lightweight, taking on Tommy O'Brien. Jack Thompson, colored, and later welterweight champion, was in one of the minor bouts. The "take" was over sixty-five thousand dollars.

* * *

RIVALS classified him as a promotional hop-head, whose pipe was liable to go out at any time. Dick laughed and plunged ahead. He got Frankie Genaro to take his title to Los Angeles and throw it into the hopper against the then great amateur, Fidel La Barba. Frankie brought along his own referee in Harry Ertle, but the thing was so one-sided that Harry had to favor the local boy with the verdict. That battle made money even at a gross of twenty-eight thousand dollars.

They said Dick was plumb crazy when he put on Young Stribling and Eddie Huffman, ex-sailor, and maybe Dick thought so, too. So he gave Jack Dempsey seventy-five hundred dollars to box three men in mere exhibitions. Surely that called for a psychopathic examination, said everybody, but again Dick won. The show drew close to fifty thousand dollars, with a good profit.

(Continued on page 42)

HERCULES *Stubs*

"FIVE big-bellied Bangor cops, they wus, an' then they hed to bust me over th' skull with a black-jack afore they could git me inter th' cooler. An' ef I hedn't been sloshin' full of Mother Murphy's rot-gut I'd of buttoned 'em all up in one unyform!" Bullgine Cudmore guffawed like a howitzer and smote the rough card table with a heavy paw that made the poker chips rattle like tiddlywinks and caused the kerosene lamp to shiver and blink.

The hairy circle of lumberjacks around the game roared in a loud chorus. "Yore bad when yore drunk," admitted one of them as he shot a stream of tobacco-juice at the red-hot box stove and resumed his card dealing.

The big man grinned through his whiskers at the compliment and then scowled, "By gawdamighty, I'm bad when I'm sober, ef I git riled! I allus hed a temper like a Lucivee, an' reckon it's been gittin' worse all these years 'cause I never met up with nobudy ter tame me. Never hed ter take no back-talk frum nobudy in these here woods."

The dealer nodded his shaggy head, "I guess thet's so, Bull, or you wouldn't be here to tell erbout it. You sutinly hed som good trainin' in th' palmy days when lumberjackin' *wus* lumberjackin'."

"Gawdfrey, yes, pulp cuttin's kid's play side of long lumberin'. They wus some tough jacks in th' sticks when we skun th' pine offen this here country. Doncha remember how they uster lock us in th' B. & M. cars like cattle at Bangor and ship us ter Greenville; an' by th' time we gut thar, they wouldn't be a pane of glass left in the car winders, an' hardly a whole seat?" Bullgine Cudmore shook his great head in memory of the good old days.

* * *

THIS reminiscent talk stirred another veteran of the Maine woods to words. "It wus a long road frum Greenville to th' Suncook depot camp in them days. Forty-eight miles they calls it now, with all th' crooks an' humps an' holes taken outen th' road; to say nuthin' of rocks an' roots an' black-flies," growled he.

"An' us sickin' a hoss all th' way," added Bullgine sourly. "An' when we gut ter th' Suncook depot we wus jest beginnin' ter git ugly. Ef I hed a dollar fer every fight thet's been fit in thet depot shack, I'd hit Hancock Street fer a cussed good drunk, or else I'd buy this here whole stinkin' woods an' swap it fer a yaller dawg an' then shoot th' dawg," he continued.

"Wus you thar th' night thet th' Miramichi Injun and Big Ed Rolfe gut mixed up, Bull?" asked one of the group.

"Wus I thar?" roared Bullgine. "Didn't I untangle 'em after th' Injun hed bit off Ed's thumb at th' first jint an' Big Ed hed gouged out th' red devil's eye? I should say I wus thar. Thet wus a awful fight, an' I hed my hands full partin' thet pair; they wus gawdawful mad," recalled Cudmore. "Them wus th' days," he sighed. "Ed Rolfe wus a husky man. I licked him onct an' tossed him inter th' Penobscot, right through th' ice."

The card game went on intermittently, with Bullgine Cudmore adding to the record of his prowess and his respectful audience tendering him the applause he expected. Suddenly, as one of his narrations reached its climax, old Johnny Benjamin, the bull-cook, yelled from the opposite end of the long, dimly lighted bunk-house, "Ten o'clock—lights out—roll in, you huskies!"

Those of you who have lived in lumber camps know that the bull-cook, usually a somewhat disabled old lumberjack, is in full charge of the bunk-house, and that the crew religiously rolls in when he extinguishes the lights at ten o'clock, and religiously rolls out when he shouts, "Roll out, you huskies!" in the breaking dawn of winter mornings.

So, when Johnny Benjamin issued his bedtime command, the card players dropped their cards and shoved their seats away from the table. They moved to their respective bunks, and soon the bunk-house was silent except for various sounds of sleep and the snapping of the pine knots in the ram-down stove and the whistle of the icy night wind around the low eaves of the camp.

* * *

BULLGINE CUDMORE, however, did not follow the general movement to the bunks, but remained seated at the table with his bewhiskered chin resting on his horny palms, apparently lost in his reminiscent mood. Perhaps he was provoked at having his train of thought wrecked, or maybe his notoriously mean disposition was stimulated by the tales of prowess he had related. Whatever the cause, he did not take kindly to Johnny Benjamin's interruption.

He glowered at Johnny's bent figure and growled, "Wal, bull-cook, sposen I don't feel like hittin' th' hay right now?"

Old Johnny, proud of his little authority and the efficiency with which he executed his humble duties, replied calmly, "Then, Bullgine, I reckon you'll hev to go to bed in th' dark 'cause th' lights are goin' to be doused."

Cudmore grunted and remained motionless. Johnny Benjamin soberly went about the camp extinguishing the lights, blowing feeble breath against a hand cupped over the lamp chimneys. When he finally reached the last lamp, on the card table, he unhesitatingly made to blow it out, but, as he bent his white head over the light, Bullgine Cudmore moved with the surprising quickness of a bear and smashed a calloused fist into the old man's face. The light went out and the aged bull-cook went down with a moan and a rattle of bones.

* * *

"THAR," thundered the surly Cudmore, "I'll larn yer ter blow a light out in my face!"

The old bull-cook struggled in the darkness to regain his shaking legs.

One of the lumberjacks spoke gruffly out of the blackness, "You hadn't oughter done thet, Bullgine."

The ugly bully snorted threateningly, "One more peep outen anybudy, an' I'll show yer how ter mind yer business."

The bunk-house became silent except for the snapping of the fire and Johnny Benjamin's gasps between clenched gums as he made his way to his bunk.

Bullgine Cudmore stomped his heavy calked boots across the log floor and rolled in.

Due not so much to fear as to lack of initiative on the part of sober lumberjacks who, as a rule, mind their own business, the incident passed then and there. But that night, the general but unexpressed hatred for Bullgine Cudmore was intensified in many an individual mind.

The following morning was like any other morning on a woods operation, and the days wore away as days do wear away in the cold and snow of the north backwoods.

Many of the men who wrestle wood and sweat in sub-zero weather in the wide wasteland known as the "sticks" are habitual drifters. They drift about the world on land and sea, even as they drift into and out of the woods. Consequently, a portion of the crew of a lumber camp is constantly changing—men come and men go.

Bullgine Cudmore was not a drifter, but he saw to it that each newcomer was duly impressed by his tales of physical accomplishment. The average listener heard his stories with proper admiration and without question, partly perhaps because of the teller's formidable bulk against a background of swashbuckling history. And no one had ever seen fit to call his bluff—if it were a bluff.

* * *

ONE evening as Bullgine was spellbinding the bunk-house occupants, he noticed that a young stranger in the group was paying him less attention than was customary. This was almost unprecedented, and Cudmore immediately set about to correct the situation.

His Toe

By STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

Upon completing one of his tales with great gusto, the giant woodsman glared at the diffident offender and demanded, "What do yer think of thet, young fellar?"

"It is quite a yarn," casually replied the youthful stranger.

"What do yer mean, *yarn?*" snarled Bullgine.

"I mean *yarn!*" reiterated the other coolly.

The big man's eyes popped out as he roared, "Say, squirt, you ain't by any chanct insinuatin' thet I'm a liar, air yer?"

The young woodsman grinned somewhat sarcastically and answered, "No, I don't think that is necessary."

Bullgine was not fully satisfied with the other's explanation, but he decided to let it pass for an apology, and added, "Thet's all I want to know—we don't want no misunderstandin's around this here camp."

The next morning, as the crew was washing preparatory to eating breakfast, Bullgine noticed that the newcomer was using his own towel instead of drying his face and hands on the big roller-towel commonly used by the majority of the men.

It was not unusual for a man to use his own towels while in camp, but Cudmore intended that this particular greenhorn should learn to "rough it." He inquired rudely, "What's the trouble with the roller-towel, stranger? Is yore hide tender or ain't we good enough to wipe on the same towel with yer?"

* * *

THE big lumberjack's victim colored slightly but one of his provoking smiles crept onto his flushed face and he replied, "It happens that I prefer this kind of a towel; I hope you don't mind." As an after-thought he added, "If I find that I need a nursemaid I'll let you know."

That remark brought a roar of laughter that left Bullgine voiceless for a moment, but only for a moment, and he demanded wrathfully, "Say, ain't you prutty fresh fer a tenderfoot?"

Cudmore did not expect an answer, but he got one.

The new woodsman remarked, "Maybe I am a little fresh, but I mind my own business."

Bullgine Cudmore almost exploded but the timely breakfast call prevented such a catastrophe. When the cookee hammers the iron triangle in the north woods, everything except eating stops, even rows.

But, as his tales indicated, Bullgine had a good memory. As he sat on the deacon-seat that evening sullenly smoking, if the truth could have been known, he was waiting like a beast of prey for his quarry to make a false move.

The woodsman, whom he had determined to ridicule into submission, sat on the edge of his own bunk and removed his wet socks. As the young lumberjack arose and stepped over to hang the damp footwear on a peg above the stove, Bullgine saw an opening. Jumping up from the deacon-seat, he shouted, "Hold on, thar, greenhorn, thet thar peg you've hung yore stinkin' socks on is mine!"

The man addressed shot a hard glance at his tormentor, but in an instant a smile played upon his lips and he apologized, "I'm sorry, Cudmore, if I have trespassed on your personal peg—I'll move my socks to another one."

Before he could put his words into action, big Bullgine strode over, yanked the socks from the peg and flung them onto the floor. "I'll move 'em myself, just like thet!" he roared angrily.

The newcomer's smile disappeared, but he picked up his troublesome socks and hung them on another peg.

* * *

BUT Bullgine was not satisfied. He glared at the other man and sneered nastily, "You don't spose you've gut a little yaller streak runnin' along yore backbone, do yer?"

The smoky atmosphere of the bunk-house was tense—not a man moved—this was a call for a yes or no answer.

The challenged man evaded the issue, and returned, "Well, if I happen to have a yellow streak up my back, I consider it none of your business."

This was not the flavor of victory that Bullgine Cudmore liked to taste, so he continued his ridicule while the remainder of the crew all but jeered the victim, even though he apparently had no less courage than they.

Cudmore chuckled gutturally, "Yes, sir, ef I wasn't afeared of gittin' yaller on my hands I'd cuff you jest outen plain cussedness."

White-faced and silent, the young lumberjack turned toward his own bunk, but Bullgine Cudmore, beast that he was, wanted to torture.

He continued with mock pity: "You oughter try to wash thet yaller streak offen yore back, squirt, an' then you might grow up ter be rugged an' unscart like me—I ain't afeared of nuthin'—why, I jest as soon tackle th' heavyweight champeen of th' world!"

On and on he continued, laughing boisterously and chiding cruelly, but suddenly an expression of wild surprise froze on his face, for the greenhorn lumberjack swung his lithe body around and squarely faced him! The bunk-house air was electric. With characteristic slowness Bullgine Cudmore was still agape when the other man moved his grimly set lips and bit off a string of scathing words.

"Listen to me talk awhile, you big hunk of rotten moose meat; one more word out of you and I will tear the fat and hair off you and eat you! You're so yellow, you look like you had the jaundice!"

* * *

THAT was strange language to the ears of Bullgine Cudmore. No one had ever talked to him like that before. His staring eyes bulged, his veins threatened to burst with pressure and his whiskers twitched with anger. Slowly and clumsily, like a bull, he lowered his head, humped his back and charged straight at the stranger who had invaded his territory.

The crew was on its feet, for blood was about to be shed, and a silent surge of pity for the uninitiated young woodsman swept through the group. But that quiet and cocky individual seemed prone to delay the need for their sympathy. Like a skillful toreador, he stepped aside, stuck a foot into the path of the lunging beast-man and Bullgine went down like a stunned beef-creature. The log floor resounded with a sickening thud and the whole structure trembled with the impact.

The onlookers, forgetting their long-standing fear or tolerance of the north woods bully, sent up a rumbling cheer, and someone jeered, "Yer stubbed yore toe, didn't yer, Bullgine!"

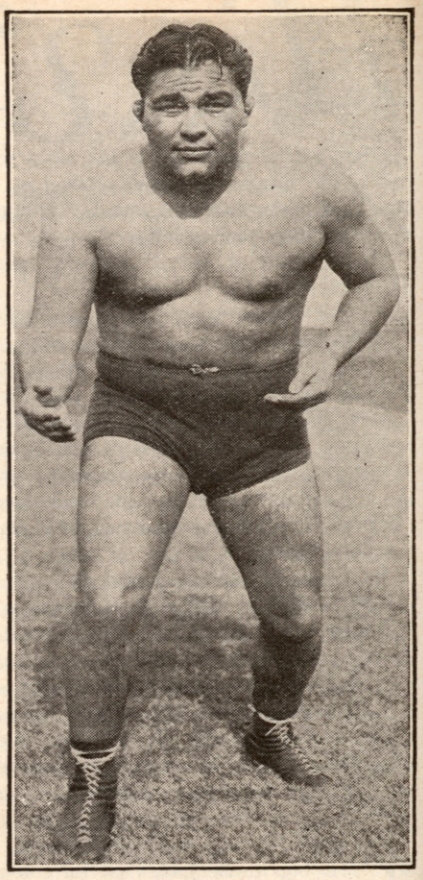
Dazed by anger and astonishment as he was, Bullgine heard that cheer and that jeer, and with an infuriated roar he leaped from the floor to swing a mighty flail of an arm at his opponent. But again the calm object of his passion maneuvered with the precision of a military battalion, stepped to one side, but meanwhile delivered a powerful slap across the big man's face which fairly echoed through the bunk-house and sent a spurt of blood into the air.

The man-bull whirled, emitted a roll of guttural thunder and hurled his great hulk like a battering-ram in the general direction of the lively young lumberjack. But a *(Continued on page 43)*

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF

A Heap Big Man

By ED W. SMITH



Chief Little Wolf

WHEN they christened him Chief Little Wolf in his Haskell school days, they didn't take into consideration that he might grow into a real big boy some day. In fact, they didn't peer into the future at all about this young Navajo Indian kid. They admitted that he was a good football player, but as far as ever being anything else, never seemed to have occurred to his pals.

All but "Lone Star" Dietz, his football coach. This capable handler of many's the good gridiron star once told the squatty little chap that if he were so minded, he should be able to cope with the very best of them on the wrestling mat. This because of his tremendous native strength that Dietz realized at once.

This Indian got his name at a time when he was weighing only 165 pounds. He stands but 5 feet 7 inches in height and it wasn't thought that this short frame would stand much more poundage. It would make him too dumpy, they said. But since he has grown into 215 pounds of desperately hard flesh, he isn't a bit that way. In fact, he shows the speed of a gazelle in flying about the wrestling ring and none of the big chaps has a thing on him in the matter of speed.

As a matter of fact the family name is Tenario, his father's first name being Joe. He comes of the Navajo tribe in New Mexico but a few years ago his daddy, through frugality and good management, purchased a considerable ranch near Trinidad, Colo., is prospering on the property now, and Little Wolf is going to help improve the place by sending back some of his mat earnings to the ranch.

* * *

IT is strange that the one man who he considers stands in his way to the championship today, bears a somewhat striking resemblance to him. That is Jim Londos, and both physically and facially they look alike. In fact, if you were standing off at a little distance from a ring in which Little Wolf might be working and you were told that it was Jim Londos, you might not know the difference.

And, in passing, it may be mentioned that this Indian doesn't like to be reminded of this. He doesn't like Londos for some reason or other. Never met him, but just the same he achieved a dislike of the champion in some manner and never bothered to correct it.

He played in the forward line of several of Haskell's really good teams and under the guidance of Dietz was encouraged to try other branches. He finally ran a mile in 4:40, considered very good at the school, and could pole vault over 12 feet. So he was considered quite an all-round performer. He also went in for basketball.

Best of all, he showed such tremendous stamina in everything he did in an athletic way that Dietz decided he would be good in an event that took up a considerable length of time. That is why Dietz thought of wrestling.

And the boy tried it while he was at school. He got away several times and mixed up with the professionals. Among others he had the hardihood to tackle was Hugh Nichols, a champion among the middleweights.

Despite his inexperience on the mat he twice gave a good account of himself with that clever performer. This rather gave him the idea that if he learned more he might some day amount to something.

But it wasn't until the family moved to the ranch near Trinidad that the boy got his first real chance. Then it was that he met Everette Marshall, who was attracted to the youthful Indian. There were not many wrestlers around there at the time and Everette welcomed this green but ambitiously willing young chap. So it was that they worked a lot together and gradually Little Wolf picked up what is generally known as technique and style.

Marshall advised the bright-eyed young chap to apply his well-learned football tactics to the wrestling game, just as Gus Sonnenberg, Jim McMillen and other football stars had done.

* * *

SO almost from the jump, Little Wolf showed 'em a flying tackle that was as effective as anybody's. Backing this up with some of the fundamentals that he had picked up from Marshall, he got along beautifully.

It was far up in the Northwest country that a scout first saw him, a scout with an idea that if he could uncover something unusual in the way of a wrestler he could sell the contract to Joe "Toots" Mondt or somebody else actively engaged in exploiting wrestlers, and get a good figure for it. So this scout went about the business of trying to obtain the contract covering Little Wolf. He saw the man who held the paper and asked him if he wanted to sell. He did, but he mentioned a four-figure price that took the scout's breath.

"No, I'm not interested to that extent," he said. "But if about a hundred dollars would bring about the sale, I'm willing to make the deal."

There was a scornful laugh at this, but the scout was a patient fellow and, not appearing to be

(Continued on page 41)

BISIGNANO

Forging to the Front

By ALEX SULLIVAN

ALPHONSE BISIGNANO, the young Italian from Des Moines who has made a splendid record this season in the East, and who is known in mat circles as just plain "Busy," looks like the answer to the wrestling promoters' prayer.

It is traditional in sport circles that the Italians support one of their countrymen, particularly if he appears of championship calibre, better than the members of any other race.

For many years the six-day bike race in New York has prospered, largely because of the support of Italians—and the Italians have attended in great numbers because the management has been shrewd enough to have one or more stars from "Sunny It" in it.

Tony Lazzeri, crack Yank infielder, has proven a big draw from the Italian populace, for the American Baseball League.

Take boxing, for example, also. Johnny Dundee, former featherweight and junior lightweight champion, was for years one of the biggest drawing cards in the fistic world because every time he was billed to box, the Italians attended in droves.

* * *

IT remained for the coming of Al Bisignano from the West last fall to give Italian supporters of the sport something to cheer and rave about. He has all kinds of color and class, is game as the proverbial pebble, as strong as an ox, and he has an assortment of holds that bewilders his opponents. They can't understand how anyone who has been in the wrestling ranks the comparatively short time Al has been could have made such progress.

When he pinned Hans Kampfer, the mighty German, and Rudy Dusek, both in Brooklyn, it caused all kinds of talk. The only blot on his escutcheon is a defeat by Jim Browning, former world's champion. He claims he lost because Jim got away with using the illicit "rabbit-punch"—but Al is biding his time until he gets the big Missourian on the canvas again—and then there will be a different story to tell, he declares.

In recent years, Renato Gardini, George Calza and Mike Romano have been good mat cards, and nowadays Joe Savoldi, Sam Cordovano and Gino Garibaldi do well, but none has ever quite clicked in a championship way.

* * *

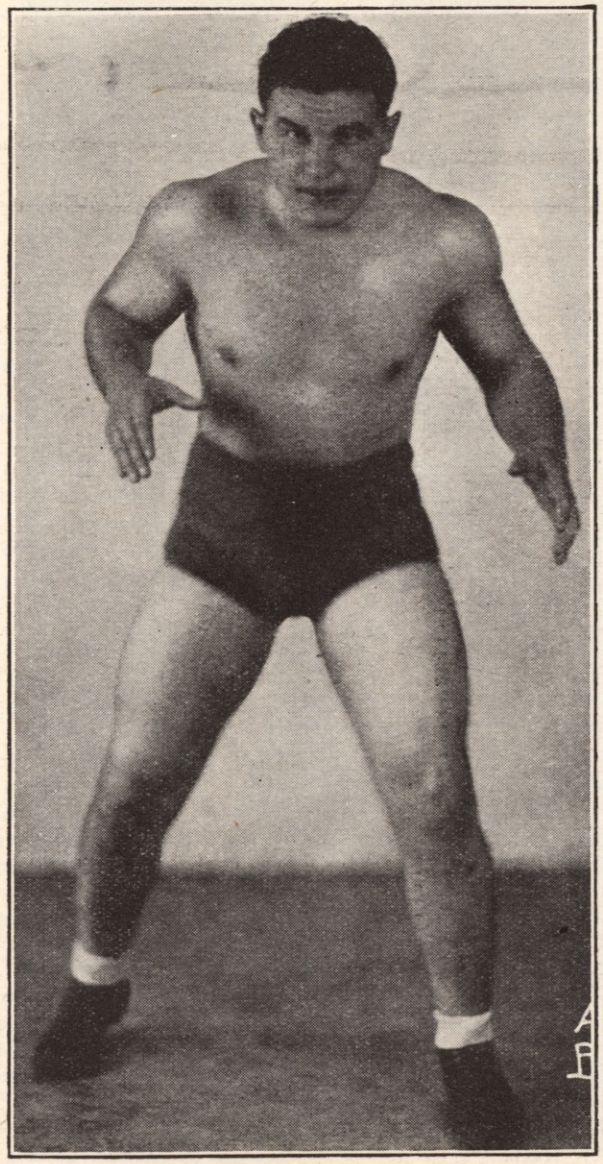
AL'S parents are dead and he is the sole support of his brothers and sisters—all of whom he hopes to send through college to secure the education he was unable to secure for himself owing to the unfortunate loss of his mother and father.

That he can accomplish anything he sets out to do, was evidenced a few years back when he started out as a boxer, so as to keep a roof over the head of his brothers and sisters. He made a remarkable record as Babe Carnera, but it was pointed out to him that, if he exercised the same energy and determination in wrestling that he had been displaying with the gloves, he would get to the front rank quicker and also make more money.

Al was a success from the start on the mat. He had difficulty in securing opponents in the Middle West, and it was Rudy Dusek, destined to be tossed by him, who advised him to go East—a sort of reversal of the famous advice given by Horace Greeley.

Many of the following men have been defeated two or three times by "Busy":

Vanka Zelesniak, Ernie Stephens, Floyd Marshall, Willie Davis, Marshall Blackstock, Henry Piers, Henry Graber, Steve Znoski, Charlie Allen, Tiny Ruff, Earl Wampler, John Swenski, Babe Caddock, Pat McClary, Scotty McDougall, Mayes McLain, Walter Underhill, Stan Sokolis, Ed Meske, Sun Jennings, John Katan, Abe Goldberg, Abe Coleman, Little Beaver, Frank Brunowicz, Joe Dusek, Emil Dusek, Rudy Dusek and Hans Kampfer.



Alphonse Bisignano

* * *

BISIGNANO has held Sandor Szabo, Hungarian champion, Vic Christie, crack Californian, and Ernie Dusek to draws.

Al came East without any blaring of trumpets or beating of drums. He didn't have a gang of ballyhoo artists making the welkin ring for him. He thought the best way was to let his ability do his "press work" for him and he felt it wouldn't be long before the real fans observed his skill on the mat.

The result of it all is that Bisignano now has the biggest army of Italian followers now following the sport. Never, at their best, did Gardini, Calza or the rest "sell" themselves to their people as "Busy" has done, and already Jack Curley, world's premier promoter, is counting the days until Bisignano will have arrived at the point where he'll be a threat for either Jim Londos or Ed Don George.

An illustration of the way he is drawing everywhere was in his bout with Ernie Dusek at Newark, last February 26, when that topliner smashed the attendance record for Newark, there being one thousand more paid admissions than Champion Jim Londos drew with the Italian star, Gino Garibaldi, at the same club just three weeks previously.

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XXXI

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*

AMERICA boasts of many great athletes, but I doubt that in the long history of sports in this country, a greater champion has ever been produced than Strangler Lewis. When the Strangler was in his prime, he was a marvel, and even after twenty years of ring activity, he continued to show the way to his youthful opponents. In my estimation of greatness in athletic achievement, I place only Cunningham, Jim Thorpe and possibly half a dozen other worthies above Lewis, whose record on the mat is without parallel. Even at this writing, after thirty years of continuous wrestling competition, there aren't more than a handful of grapplers who are Lewis' masters.

It was on the night of February 20, 1928, that Lewis regained the world heavyweight title for the third time, by defeating Joe Stecher in St. Louis, Missouri. The match, a thriller from start to finish, lasted close to two and a half hours, at the end of which Lewis was acclaimed the champion for the fourth time. The Strangler won two out of three falls—the first and third.

The challenger won his first fall in 2 hours 16 minutes and 32 seconds, and was himself thrown 56 seconds later by his Nebraskan rival. Then Lewis got the third fall and won the title in 12 minutes 50 seconds. It had been expected the bout would be a long-drawn-out affair between the two giants who had been buffeting about the mat winning, losing and claiming the heavyweight title.

But the expected gate of some $80,000 or so, which was to be a record-breaker, did not materialize. Nevertheless, there was a keen interest aroused in the match among the wrestling fans, and the crowd of spectators which gathered about the arena to witness the contest undoubtedly exceeded in numbers that which saw the Frank Gotch-George Hackenschmidt title bout, at Chicago, Ill., in 1908 and which set a record for gate receipts of approximately $37,000.

* * *

THE men had agreed that in the event either was tossed against the ropes and held there, both would return to the center of the ring and resume wrestling from a standing position.

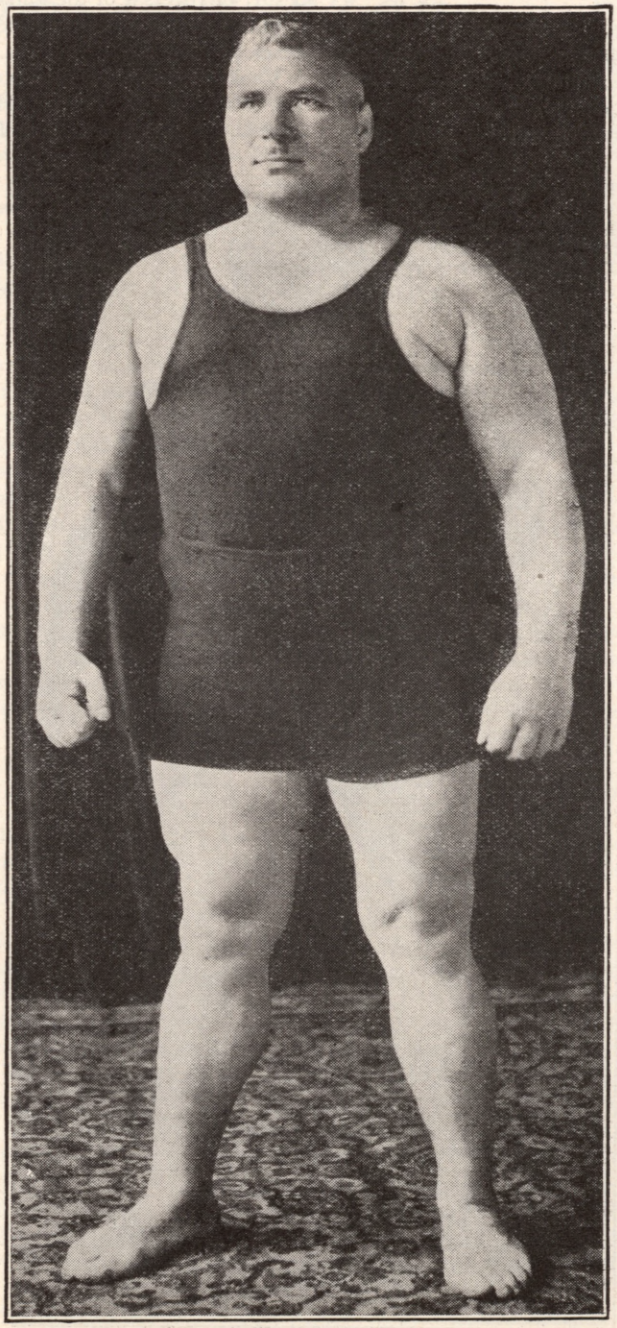
Lewis was the aggressor in his match with Stecher, and had the Nebraskan "scissors king" down five times for a total of forty-six minutes, before obtaining the first fall with a bar arm, half Nelson and scissors hold on the arm.

For the first hour of the struggle there was little of an exciting nature other than the usual grappling back and forth which features such events. Lewis was the first to appear. He entered the ring at 9:55 o'clock with Billy Sandow, his manager.

Shortly thereafter, Stecher entered the ring, accompanied by his brother, Tony Stecher, who was his manager. The champion was a big favorite, especially with the local fans.

Their weights were announced as: Stecher, 220 pounds; Lewis, 228.

Both started off cautiously after taking a stand in the center of the ring, their foreheads pressed together, while each wrestler tried to feel his adversary out for a hold. For twelve minutes they stood with their arms about each other's neck until Lewis made a quick try for an armlock. Stecher blocked it.



Alex Garkawienko, the Russian Giant who was tossed twice in thirty-eight minutes by Lewis.

Another quarter of an hour passed. Lewis tried a headlock. Stecher broke it. Lewis tried again and failed as Stecher dropped for his legs. Lewis thwarted that move and they went back to trying for holds. They worked about in a small area, both perspiring freely as a result of their hard work. Lewis made several other attempts to get a headlock, but Stecher was always ready for him.

Once Lewis appeared to have gotten his favorite hold, the headlock, after twenty-one minutes of struggling, but Stecher broke it by dropping to his knees. After twenty-seven minutes Lewis tripped Stecher and the latter went down on his side. Lewis tried for a toe hold, dragging Stecher to the edge of the mat as the Nebraskan attempted to get his scissors hold.

Realizing they were too close to the edge of the mat, they went back to the center of the ring without waiting for the referee to direct them, and there resumed a face-to-face stance while they continued an even duel for an effective hold.

* * *

LEWIS tripped Stecher a second time, seventeen minutes after the second hour had begun, or 1 hour 17 minutes after the start of the match. Stecher had made two unsuccessful attempts to get a hold on Lewis' legs and then had dropped to his knees to break a headlock which Lewis had taken.

When Stecher went down the second time, he dropped on his side as before, then rose to his knees with Lewis trying from the back to get a body hold. That went on for nineteen minutes until Stecher suddenly gave Lewis a push with one knee and jumped to his feet.

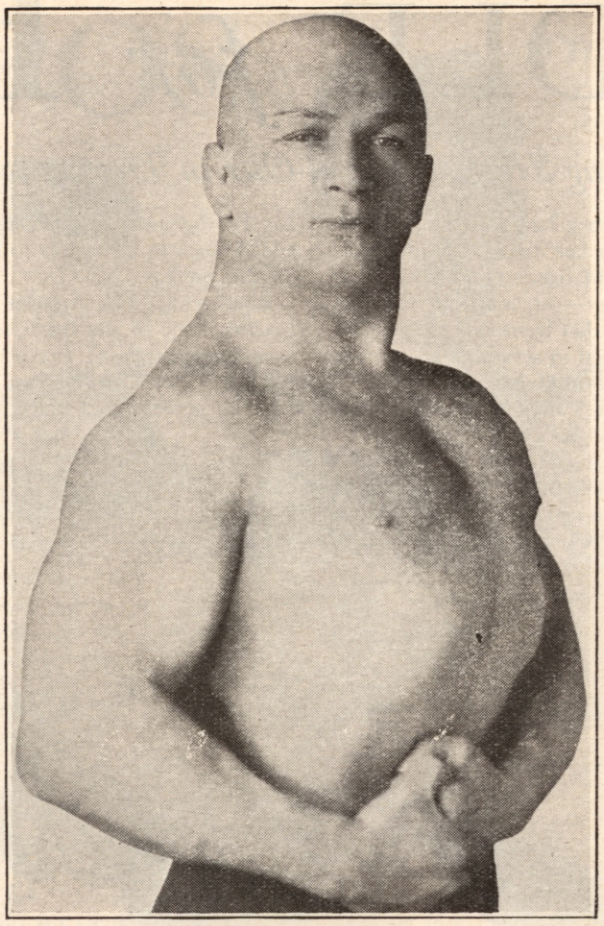
Then it was the champion's turn to drop his rival, and he floored Lewis with an arm hold and semi-flying mare. But the crafty Lewis

worked around until he was on top and Stecher was on hands and knees. Two hours and eight minutes had elapsed from the start of the contest, when Stecher obtained a head hold. But when he tried to throw Lewis, the latter went down on top of the Nebraskan.

Stecher lay on his side blocking Lewis' efforts to get a toe hold. Then Lewis tried a body hold from the front and finally succeeded in pinning Stecher to the mat for the first fall. The wrestlers went to their dressing-rooms for a rest of twenty minutes.

It was 12:48 when they entered the ring for the second fall. That happened quickly and seemingly dazed the challenger momentarily. They had scarcely taken their stand in the center of the ring when Stecher got a double wristlock and sent Lewis' shoulders down squarely on the mat in 56 seconds. Lewis' face plainly showed the surprise he felt. It was several seconds before he recovered from the shock.

At 1:10 A. M. they went in for the third fall. Shortly after the start of that period, Stecher was tripped and went down to his hands and knees with Lewis in back trying for a hold. Lewis got a headlock which Stecher immediately broke, at the same time jumping to his feet.



Kola Kwariani, the Russian Cossack who came within a hair's breadth of winning the title from Lewis in 1929.

Another headlock by Lewis was also broken. After they had struggled eight minutes, he downed Stecher again with a side body roll, but the champion got away after being on the mat one minute. Another tripping, and Stecher went down again, that time for the third fall. It was then 1.22:50 A. M.

Lewis won the title from Stecher in 1920; lost it to Stanislaus Zbyszko the following year; rewon it; lost it again to Wayne Munn, in January, 1925; regained it from Munn that same May. In the meanwhile, Stecher had won a referee's decision over Lewis at San Francisco, Calif., in 1921 (no falls) and subsequently defeated other contenders. As a result of their various victories both had claimed the title.

* * *

THREE weeks after his victory over Stecher, Lewis accepted the challenge of Alex Garkawienko, the Russian Giant, and threw him twice in thirty-eight minutes on March 12, in Chicago, Illinois. The bout was staged under peculiar circumstances, for Joe Coffey, the promoter, had to resort to court intervention in order to run off the affair.

Lewis gained the first fall in 29 minutes and 50 seconds by pinning his antagonist with a hammerlock and a wristlock. A reverse bodylock enabled him to score the second and deciding fall in 7 minutes and 57 seconds.

Coffey's difficulty in putting on the contest was brought about through the opposition of Samuel P. Luzzo, member of the Illinois State Athletic Commission, who refused to sanction the championship bout, but the courts ruled in favor of it. The Russian Giant proved a mark for Lewis' headlock. The Strangler got the hold on him eleven times in half an hour.

As in the case of other champions, Lewis travelled around the country and engaged in many exhibitions with an occasional fling at topnotchers. His title, however, was well protected throughout the year for he took no chances to score a loss before reaping the fruits of victory over Stecher. Stecher challenged his conqueror several times, but Lewis refused to pay any heed to Joe's demands.

* * *

ON February 5, 1929, Lewis engaged in a match in New York that almost caused his downfall. He was pitted against Kola Kwariani, the Russian Cossack, and came within a hair's breadth of losing his title. The Russian had the upper hand on his opponent from the very start and tossed Lewis from pillar to post most of the time.

Kwariani had picked up Lewis and raising him high over the head, banged him against the mat repeatedly. In fact, so often did he turn that trick that he had the champion groggy and the fans, who packed the Seventy-first Regiment armory to capacity, cheered the challenger to the echo as he kept crashing Lewis to the floor.

Three times the Russian raised Lewis and then slammed him with force and as he tried it for the fourth time, he momentarily lost his grip and that spelled his doom. It seemed to all that the championship would change hands with the fourth crash, but with victory within his grasp, Lewis broke free from Kwariani's grip and, sidestepping the Russian, Lewis suddenly wheeled about, gained a crotch hold on the Cossack and, raising him, tossed him over the ropes onto the floor. Kwariani was stunned. The quick move took him by surprise and the effect of the fall added to his discomfiture.

He lay groaning on the floor while Referee Eddie Forbes counted him out. The crowd hissed and booed and some even threatened to enter the ring and pounce on Lewis, but the police intervened and the bout was over. The Russian had Lewis in difficulties frequently and had he not slipped his hold on the champion just when success seemed assured, he would have tossed the champion. The time of the match was 1 hour 13 minutes and 15 seconds and was one of the toughest in which he had ever engaged.

* * *

THAT bout was Lewis' last as undisputed champion. Thereafter he encountered considerable opposition from Jack Curley, Eastern promoter with whom Lewis had severed relations, and henceforth Curley and his colleagues did all in their power to belittle Lewis and to set up national championship opposition to him. The period around 1930, when Lewis and his manager, Sandow, broke away from the group of wrestlers controlled by Jack Curley, Paul Bowser, Ray Fabiani and others allied with the Eastern wrestling combine, is what might best be termed as the period of championship claims. From that time to the present, the field has been clogged with championship claimants. With the year 1930, continuity in the succession of heavyweight champions ended.

The story of the break between Lewis and the Eastern contingent is too well known to followers of wrestling to require a review. Suffice it to say that the move resulted in the crowning of Dick Shikat as Eastern title holder in opposition to Lewis, and eventually led to the ridiculous situation of having five champions reign in various parts of the country at one time.

In our next chapter, we will go into further details on the "Confusion Period."

CRADLE *for* BABY

Los Angeles, a Wrestling Hotbed, Turns Out in Droves to Greet the Pachyderms

OUT in Southern California they had a pair of Jewish lads in the wrestling business last summer who caused more heart fluttering among the femmes than all the rest of the profession put together—yes, and that takes in a lot of territory when we include even that tremendously pulchritudinous Jim Londos himself, a champion in action and in a class by himself as a picture of the human form divine.

One of them is Sammy Stein of New York and the other Paul Boesch, a product of the far reaches of Brooklyn.

Now one must know that Hollywood and its environs are built mostly on a foundation that calls first for beauty of the human face and figure. If you haven't got them and "it," there's no use of applying for a spot in Hollywood. The place is overstocked right now.

But nobody had come to Los Angeles in recent years who had quite so thoroughly swept the board, as these two young Hebrew rivals.

It has been suggested that a match between them for the Jewish championship of the world would pack the joint—any joint in which they might be placed. It is possible that the wily promoters have this in mind for the summer. It is my opinion such a match would go big here. Sammy Stein has a pair of badly infected eyes and, while he is wrestling right along, it is against the wishes and advice of his physicians, who are begging him to lay off and effect a complete cure.

Every time he goes on the mat he gets a setback and the docs are in despair. But Sammy just loves that competitive stuff and just can't lie idle.

* * *

YET it is possible that New York will get this match during the coming summer. If that eventuates, there will be many a badly shattered heart in Southern California. The gals certainly turned out when these lads were on the card. As a matter of fact, both of them had to desert downtown quarters in Los Angeles and go out into canyon homes in the far outskirts. Postal authorities were complaining of the work put upon the mailmen by the mash notes they were receiving!

And what stylists they are inside those ropes—what high powered skill and fascinating action! It's not alone the femmes that go for it—the men are equally enthused. Certainly these two lads added much to the gaiety of that part of the nation the other side of the Sierras.

Incidentally, Los Angeles has been something of a cradle for rearing some of the finest specimens of wrestling skill and personal pulchritude of any spot in these delightful states of ours. Mind you, this narrator does not claim that these men were actually produced in the golden vastnesses of the Pacific slope, but it just so happened that these sterling young chaps got their biggest opportunities in that sector. Being men of foresight, ambition and some brains, they seized quickly at their opportunities and made the most of them in every way.

Just now the mat fans, and they bloom by the thousands under the warmth of a constant sun out there, are wondering who will be the next one to follow in the footsteps of the capable Nick Lutze, the tremendously muscled Everette Marshall, the handsomely statuesque Ed Don George, the peppery and entirely unique Joe Savoldi, whom many think cannot miss being the next recognized champion, and others almost by the dozens.

Los Angeles didn't produce these men but, lordy me, how that town does nurse and cradle the boys she likes! And she likes every one of them that has appeared so far, that showed even the semblance of ability and that little spark of showmanship without which no athlete may flourish to high degree.

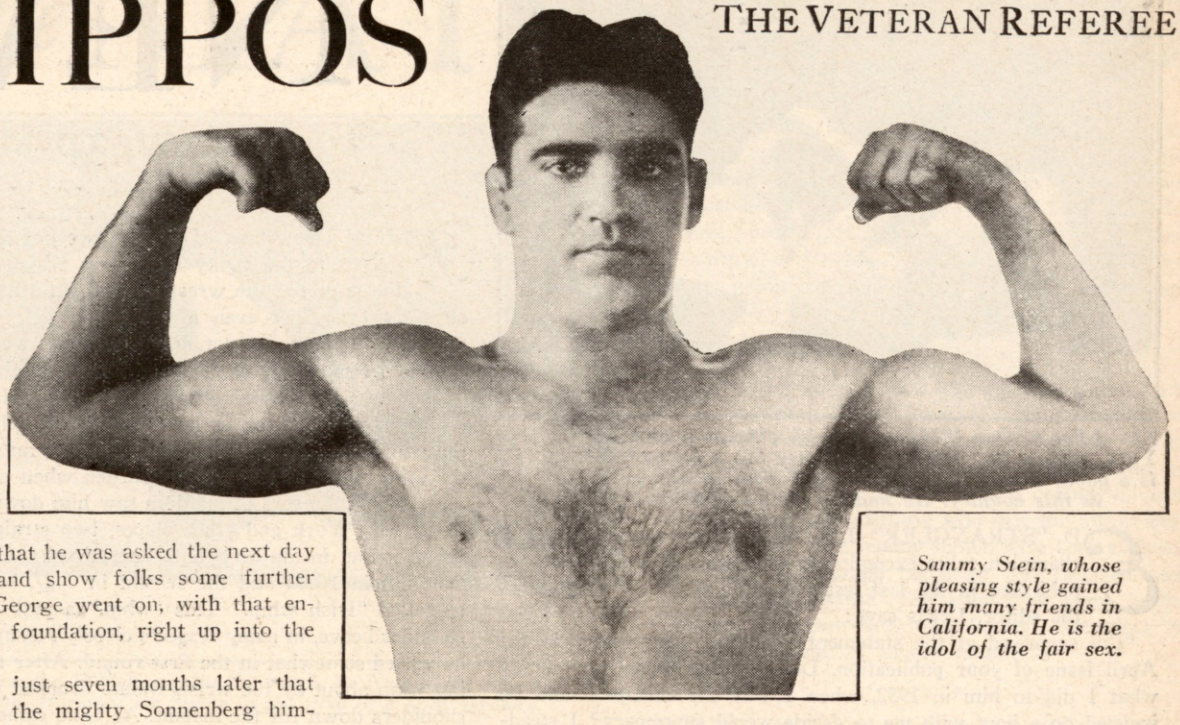
* * *

IT was the night that Everette Marshall and Gus Sonnenberg wrestled in Los Angeles for the world's title, or at least a part of it, that an astonishing looking young fellow from North Java, N. Y., made his appearance. His name was Ed George but somehow that got twisted into "Don" and there it remained for some time. He said he had been an engineering student at Michigan State and that he had

Joe Savoldi, a hot favorite in California.

HIPPOS

By THE VETERAN REFEREE



Sammy Stein, whose pleasing style gained him many friends in California. He is the idol of the fair sex.

tried unsuccessfully to get a toe hold or at least just a little grip on the game around Boston and New York.

That was May 5, 1930, and George, skimming about in a preliminary out at the ball park, made such an instant impression, and big hit, that he was asked the next day to stick around and show folks some further ring work. And George went on, with that encouragement as a foundation, right up into the titular class.

In fact, it was just seven months later that George dethroned the mighty Sonnenberg himself and established his own person, with at least a cot to sleep on, in the throne room.

History repeated itself soon after in bringing to the front another young man of tremendous worth. That was the night at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, that Ed Don George was defending his title against the former holder, Ed "Strangler" Lewis. The date was April 13, 1931, an unlucky "13" for George, but decidedly lucky for the promoter who discovered the fact that a former football star, Joe Savoldi, would likely become a tremendous card for future shows.

Joe was on in a preliminary that night. He never had to go back into the prelims around there after that night, although to help out a general card he has done so on many an occasion.

And "Jumping Joe" kicked and tore and plunged his way into the upper brackets of the wrestling game until he had reached such a state of perfection that he defeated the mighty Londos in a one-fall match in Chicago a year ago last April. And he pinned the Georgeous Greek, there is no doubt of that—no fluke fall or anything of the sort. And that was the only time Londos had been beaten in five years.

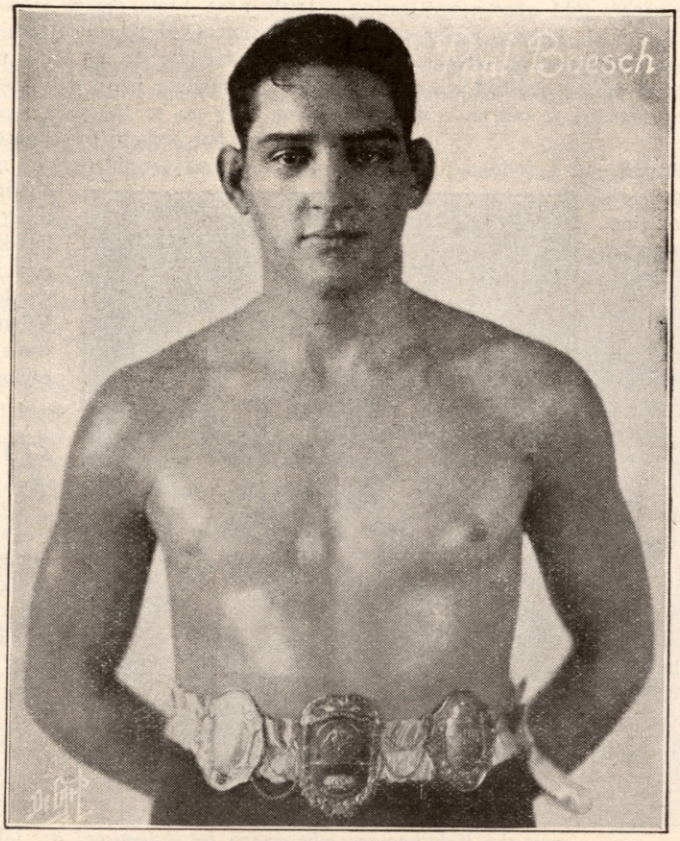
* * *

MEANTIME, there have come along some astonishingly good men, some of them young and carrying rare promise, and some older but gradually getting to a ring ripeness that presages fine things for the future.

It is just a little too much to expect many more Marshalls and Georges and Savoldis popping right out of nowhere, but some are bound to come, because a better grade of young fellows is gradually getting into the sport. With such an array of buds on every side, there are bound to be some handsome blossoms within a short time.

Remember that a great wrestler cannot be made over night or in the course of even a year's time. Many have failed because of their lack of patience. Not so many are willing to face the long, tough road that leads to a top position among the behemoths of this peculiarly fascinating game. Most of them go so far, then decide they've had enough and seek other lines of endeavor.

* * *



Paul Boesch, New York heavyweight who fascinated the Hollywood dames.

UTTER failure of Frank Stone Mountain Dean, otherwise known as "Man Mountain," in his recent match in Los Angeles with Jim Londos, goes to prove several things. The bewhiskered one became an almost instantaneous hit in the metropolis of the Southland, observing which, the promoters brought him along with greet cara.

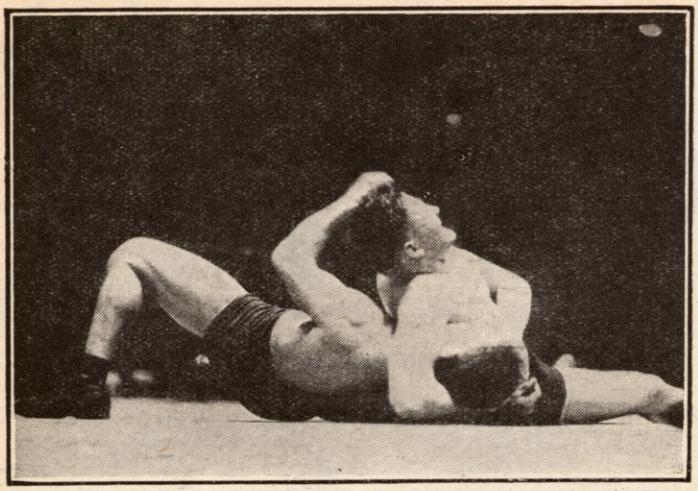
Dean didn't use the same care in handling the opponents that were fed to him, smashing them down and out with great abandon until he had cleaned up such men as Howard Cantonwine, George Zaharias, Dick Daviscourt, Jack Ganson, Jack Donovan, Pat P'Shocker and Joe Savoldi; Zaharias being brave enough to go back for a second helping of the supposedly awful thing.

Dean sold out the 11,000-capacity Olympic in Los Angeles four straight weeks and then burst into the baseball park with Jim Londos. Folks fairly battled for tickets and the result was a house that

(*Continued on page* 41)

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



The debut of Dan O'Mahoney, Irish champion wrestler, in New York, against Ray Steele. O'Mahoney has a lot to learn, but he is a good, colorful, fearless wrestler who should go a long way in this country. He had no trouble subduing Steele.

ED "STRANGLER" LEWIS, former world wrestling champion, takes exception to the claims of Jack Sherry, as published in the last issue of THE RING. In a letter to the editor, Lewis says:

"I'm surprised at the statement made by Jack Sherry in the April issue of your publication. Does Sherry forget so quickly what I did to him in 1932, when I was the champion and he insisted on a bout with me to decide world supremacy? I steadfastly refused to yield to his demands, not because I feared him, for I am afraid of no man in the world, but because I knew I was so far his superior that a match with him would be a detriment, rather than a help, to the sport.

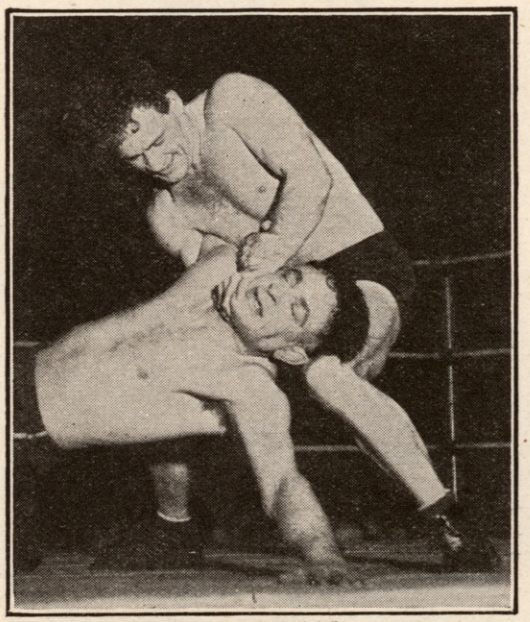
"Newspapermen who were very friendly with Sherry and politicians forced the issue for him, with the result that the boxing commission issued an edict which, in substance, informed me that I either wrestle Sherry or my title would be abdicated. As a result, I accepted his challenge, and Jack Curley, my dear friend, consented to stage it in the Garden.

"What happened is wrestling history. I gave Sherry a bad shellacking. Before the bout, the papers told what a man-eating tiger Sherry was, but when he faced me, he was either scared to death or showed an absolute lack of wrestling science, and I made him look like a novice instead of the finished wrestler he professed to be. That is wrestling history. It can be verified by reading the papers of the day.

"Last summer Sherry went abroad and I followed him. He kept telling the foreign newspapermen how I was afraid to meet him and that he was forced to go abroad because he could not obtain worthy opposition here. Well, I took up the bluff. I challenged him in London and in Paris. I offered to meet him in London or in Paris and no sooner was my defi issued in THE RING than he disappeared. Why? Because he is so good that he cannot obtain competition? No, because he knows that I beat him badly once and can do it now, even though I am said to be an old man. How about it, Mr. Sherry?"

* * *

THE RING editor has no intentions of fighting the individual battles of rival contenders in these columns, but, in fairness to Lewis, the editor's friend, his statement is printed in answer to the statements made by Sherry. We are now through with the controversy and, if there is to be a settlement, it will have to be made in the ring. These columns are open to news and not to individual controversies.



When Lord Lonsdowne, British mat champion, won the light-heavyweight crown by defeating Jack Reynolds in San Francisco. Here Lord Lonsdowne is firmly gripping his opponent.

FROM Doc Almy, of Boston, we got the following:

Despite the rocky road over which boxing is passing, the path for the wrestlers continues as smooth, clear and clean as ever—not even a pebble in their way. Some of the smaller showmen are not doing quite as well as formerly, but the big league, with new life as its ace in the person of Daniel O'Mahoney of Ireland, draws its big crowds and rakes in the dollars. Daniel, or, as he now is affectionately known, "Danno," the golden boy of the industry, lured out another deluge of coin the other night at the Boston Garden when more than ten thousand rabid followers of matdom saw him down Gino Garibaldi of Italy, New York and other places, two straight falls, the whole thing ending inside of twenty-one minutes. O'Mahoney took the first fall in 16:04 and the second in 4:27, both times using the so-called "Irish whip." This "whip," a pull-in by the wrist and shoulder heave, in many respects closely resembling a flying mare, he varied somewhat in the first round. After several times shunting Gino about by the wrist, Danno dropped to the mat, his own shoulders down for the instant. As Gino came pitching over him, the Celt up with both feet to the Italian's midriff, and shot him into the air, pinning his man after the crash to canvas. This tactic is a jiu jitsu stunt with which many are familiar. O'Mahoney is a good student and learning very fast.

* * *

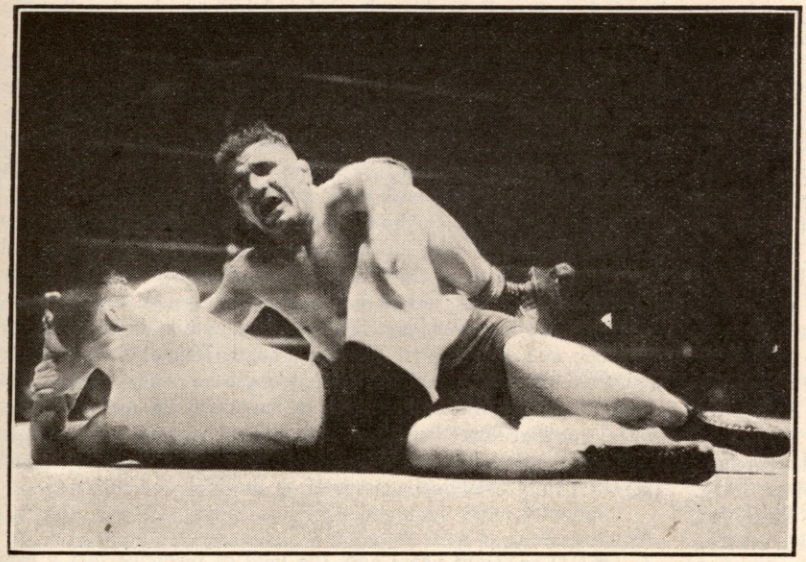
The gate receipts were about twelve thousand dollars, which, added to O'Mahoney's three prior appearances in Boston, swelled the grand total to about forty-four thousand dollars, all of which is not bad for a big boy who, six months or so ago, was collecting about fourteen dollars per month as a private in the ranks of the Irish Free State army. However, despite the rapidity of his transition, O'Mahoney is filling the bill of his new rôle to the letter—is a big, strong, clean, modest, likable chap—is improving in his wrestling form with every appearance—seems destined to eventually go to the very top of the ladder. As concerns this country, but perhaps more particularly this section of the States, an Irish heavyweight fighting man possessing Danno's assets and qualifications would be a wonderful thing for boxing. Such a ringster, handled with any intelligence and some real interest in the glove sport itself, would be bound to re-make fisticuffs. Whatever may have been John L. Sullivan's faults, boxing, as we see it, is crying for another like him.

* * *

BILL HAWKINS sends in the following Iowa wrestling news:

Boy! If you could see the wrestling news that is on my desk this month, along with the boxing news, you would think I was selling five-dollar bills at ten cents a dozen. Before making the usual tour around the state, we will start at the home port, Sioux City. The "Big Bad Wolf," that hateful character, was extended to the utmost to gain a victory over Dutch Hefner. Hefner had the wolf in dark spots, mainly pulling his dark blue jersey over the latter's head, which made Mr. Wolf pretty mad, owing to the great fact that he was many times unable to see the cash cus-

of the MAT WORLD



Another scene in the O'Mahoney-Steele match in New York which O'Mahoney won. Here we see Steele in the grip of a body scissors.

tomers. Anyhow, it was a good match, filled with many exciting moments.

Fred Peterson won over Billy Sledge when he pressed a body scissors on Billy. Here is a new one: "The Mysterious Ghost," now who could that be? down at Marshalltown, Ia., went to a half-hour draw with Fred Allaire. Billy Sledge won over Whitey Grovo, Mike Markoff and Jack Sampson drew. At Waterloo, Ia., Bronko Nagurski scored a victory over Earl Wampler with a body crash. Lou Plummer, South Bend, Ind., tossed John Friberg of Minneapolis. Frankie French and Hod Methney went to a draw.

At Washington, Ia., Leslie Red Beers won over Unknown Winslow. Jimmy Baer won over Wild Willie Williams. At Des Moines, Ia., Abe Frankel is holding some dandy cards. Lou Plummer threw Casy Berger. Earl Wampler threw Herb Evans. Ray Richards threw Harold Metheany.

Buck Weaver tossed Axel Anderson. At Mason City, Ia., Jake Paterson of Syracuse, N. Y., won over Billy Sledge. Whitey Grovo and Don McIntyre went to a draw. Nore Jerlstrom beat Ronald Malett. At Cedar Rapids, Ia., Chief Bearclaws Chewicki is still on the warpath. (Our reporter in Cedar Rapids forgot to send us any results, no doubt just wanted to inform us that the Chief was still with us.) By the way, Chief, leave us poor palefaces alone.

Here we are back in Sioux City again, things are still in a mess—a couple of rival rassling herds are on the outs, the McGills and the Stechers, and Chief Bearclaws Chewicki is off in the distance watching things. Both firms held up plenty of greenbacks and said mean things about each other's wrestlers, and they wanted to post bets, and all that stuff. All the time I thought we left the Chief at Cedar Rapids, but he is on hand for a main event with George Koverly, and is the action fast, slugging, kicking, biting, and in the end they bring in the carpet sweeper and pick Koverly up. The prelims saw Ray Richards and Ellis Bashara draw. It was a fine card, and Johnny Eliades scored another success.

Back at Marshalltown, Ia. A minor riot took place when Jake Patterson scored over Mac McGinnis. Patterson suffered a bad cut over his eye when an enraged ringsider slugged him out for the count. Bill Sledge and Don McIntyre went to a draw. Steve Savage took two falls from John Evko.

Ray Steele of Glendale, Cal., defeated Chief Chewicki down at Des Moines, with four thousand on hand. Bronko Nagurski proved too much for Frank Buresh. Lou Plummer and Ray Richards went to a draw. Don't think for one second that wrestling is not going over in Iowa—the fans like the rough stuff. We will be around again next month.

* * *

The recent draw match between Jim Londos and Everette Marshall was one of the best performances the Greek Adonis and his western rival have given in many moons. Londos displayed the brand of wrestling that made him famous a couple of years ago. The majority of those who saw the affair were of the opinion that Jemmy should have been awarded the decision, although the draw was received with considerable applause. The bout took place in the Chicago Coliseum and was limited, according to commission rule, to ninety minutes.

* * *

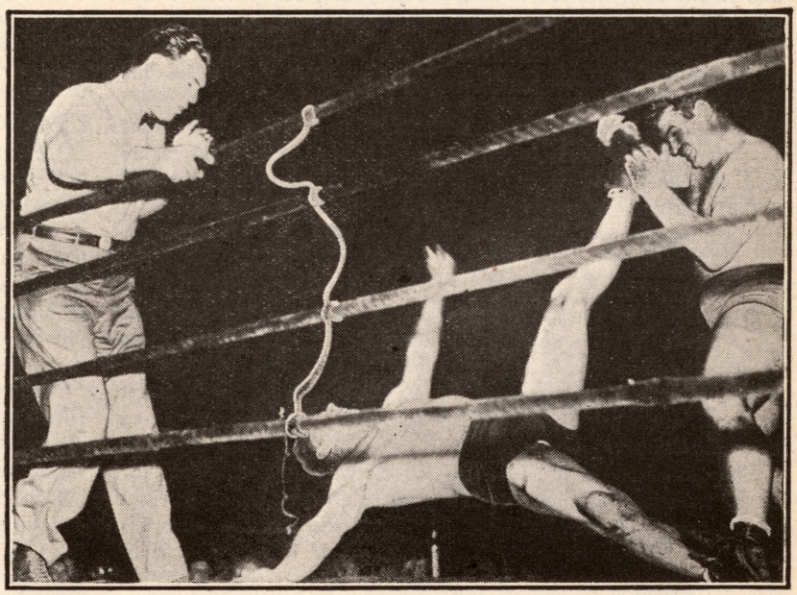
Things are perking up again in wrestling in New York, thanks to the arrival of several new faces. Jack Curley, recognized as the leading promoter in this country, has taken the bull by the horns and has signed several of the stars who have been crowd pleasers in other sections, including the Irish champion, O'Mahoney, Little Chief of California, and several others, and the turnout has improved considerably. O'Mahoney is the best drawing card New England has had since Don George came into his own as a topnotcher. The Bostonians like the Irishman and have been packing 'em in at shows in which he is an entrant.

* * *

With the exception of a loss now and then, Dick Shikat continues to bowl them over five or more times each week. The big German is one of the strongest grapplers in captivity, and when he goes after his prey seriously he makes quick work of his job.

* * *

Jim Londos has been in the background these past few weeks, but will soon be in the spotlight *(Continued on page 47)*



When Dr. Fields wrestled Ray Steele in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory and Jack Dempsey refereed. Steele won the bout after a tough tussle.

A Versatile Medico

By BERNICE SANDBOE

IN the playful profession of wrestling, there are many matmen who particularly bask in the spotlight of public acclaim by merit of some outstanding quality or other. For instance, the countless grapplers who escape mediocrity in wrestling by possessing that indefinable something termed "color," and then those hectic exponents of the "kill-if-you-can" type of wrestling who stand out for their complete scorn for the "rules on 'rasslin'." Many, too, are sensational because of their success with some certain hold, or trick, or particular bit of strategy.

Doctor Karl Sarpolis, the handsome medico-wrestler, merits the note of the wrestling public by virtue of his long and amazing record of quick-fall victories. Doc Karl stands foremost and alone in this respect, being the only wrestler to hold such a record of swift, breath-taking, less-than-a-minute falls.

Practically all the well-known matmen have bowed before the scientific sawbones. Here is a partial list, and notice that every man mentioned is generally acceded to be a ranking topnotcher: Strangler Lewis, Jim Browning, Ray Steele, Gus Sonnenberg, Dick Shikat, Everette Marshall, Nick Lutze, Jim McMillen, George Zaharias, Gino Garibaldi, Wladek Zbyszko, Dick Raines, Sol Slagel, Paul Jones, Pete Schuh, and a host of others.

* * *

THE Doc's swift victories are obtained by using a front flying scissors, a hold that was introduced to the game by Doc himself, and always effective if properly executed. When the bell rings for time, Sarpolis comes flying out of his corner, leaps at his opponent, and if the speed and force of the impact are sufficient, knocks him over backwards and covers for the fall. Doc's record time in performing this extraordinary feat is five seconds, when he threw Chris Davros, Greek wrestler. Previous to that his record stood at twelve seconds against Nick Lutze, blonde California lifeguard.

Sarpolis originated the hold while practising and training in the gymnasium. He would run and leap at a punching bag dummy and wrap his legs firmly around it. "The success of the hold," says Doc Karl, "depends entirely upon the force with which you hit the other fellow. If you manage to knock him off balance and to the mat, the fall is as good as yours, for you have him pinned firmly with a knee under each of his armpits."

Doc's sensational luck with this hold has naturally caused it to be adopted by many of the matmen, but none seem to be able to execute it with the finesse of the medico-grappler.

Besides his flying scissors, Doc has another spectacular stunt that electrifies fans. It is an exciting version of a flying tackle that is maneuvered when he is standing outside the ring and uses the ropes as sort of a huge slingshot, flinging his body like a human arrow, head-on at his opponent.

* * *

DOC is a distinctive member of the scientific circle of wrestlers. He is a smooth, clean-working matman and seldom injects rough tactics in his grappling. He was taught the rudiments of wrestling by a man he considers one of the greatest teachers and coaches of the sport, Speros Vorries, wrestling coach at Chicago University.

Sarpolis attended the Chicago school, where he was the star of the wrestling team and for two years held the light-heavyweight championship of the Big Ten. During interscholastic bouts his scientific skill caught the attention of Jack Reynolds, former welterweight champion of the world and at that time wrestling coach at Indiana University. Later, when Karl had finished his medical course and was beginning his interneship at a Chicago hospital, it was Reynolds who induced him to abandon the life and become a professional wrestler.

Reynolds was then promoting matches in Cincinnati where John Evko ruled as kingpin of the vicinity. Pesek, formerly the monarch of the Midwest, had abdicated his throne and was touring Australia, so Evko ruled supreme. For months he had tossed all comers with the greatest of ease and Reynolds was at a loss to supply him with competition.

Then he happened to think of the young medical student who had so impressed him during collegiate wrestling bouts and immediately looked up Doc Karl. The doctor, who had frequently watched Evko work out at a Chicago gymnasium and was acquainted with his technique, felt confident of his ability to throw the man, and so accepted Reynolds' offer. Reynolds booked the undefeated Evko to take on two youngsters, Andy Brown and our hero, Doc, the same night. Brown was thrown in short order, but Doc Karl began his wrestling career as spectacularly as he has continued it, by throwing Evko in nine minutes and thereby firmly establishing himself as the idol of Cincinnati.

* * *

AND so, eight years ago, the field of medicine lost a man who promised to be a highly capable and intellectual physician and wrestling won one of its most conscientious scientists. For awhile Doc Karl wrestled in and around Cincinnati, where he remained the popular hero, then he campaigned the West Coast and finally went on a tour to Australia.

Since his return, he has invaded the East and has met all the stellar and high-ranking matmen and has never once failed to give a splendid account of himself. His mat work is exciting and even spectacular, yet at all times Doc possesses a remarkably cool self-assurance, and his every movement is that of a clever strategist.

Always alert and agile, his technique forbids unplanned attack, burst of temper and wild, aimless floundering. His wrestling is that of a man who knows his campaign and follows it precisely.

The handsome, curly-headed doctor was born in Glen Lyon, Pennsylvania, and is a Lithuanian. He is the youngest of three brothers. The other two Sarpolis are both medical men, one a famed obstetrical specialist in a large Pennsylvania hospital, and it was the desire of the entire Sarpolis family that young Karl follow in the footsteps of his two elder brothers.

* * *

DOC Karl is one of the most versatile and intellectual men in the wrestling game. Besides giving careful thought and study to his wrestling, he is an ardent music lover. He plays both the piano and violin with exceptional skill.

Too, this cultured grappler possesses a rich baritone voice that has been favorably commented upon by several teachers of operatic stars. In fact one European vocal teacher was so enthusiastic as to plead with Sarpolis to abandon wrestling and pursue an operatic career. Doc's fine voice has been heard over many radio stations, as a soloist and with a choral club.

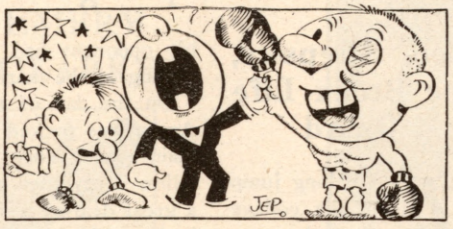
At one time he was the road-leader with a road-show, starring that popular comedian, Joe Penner. Doc was the man in charge of all of the music of the show, and rehearsed the various theatre orchestras to play the right tunes.

Doc speaks highly of everyone's favorite comedian, Joe Penner. Joe, he says, was a most conscientious young fellow and worked hard to improve his particular line of comedy and make himself the success that he is today. Doc traveled with the Penner show for forty-two weeks but his love of wrestling lured him back to the grappling game after that time.

FABLES *of the* RING

By THE SPORTSMAN

HOW comes it that we have a vast wealth of heavyweight wrestlers, a crop that seems to be bigger and richer every season, and nary a promising heavyweight fighter on the horizon?



In an occasional quiet hour, when you're left alone with your thoughts and you happen to think of the athletic game, figure that one out! It's a tough one to answer—that is, so as to have your answer contain any sense at all.

Financial emoluments certainly are as good in the fighting game as in the wrestling end of sports. It seems to be a harder, longer, tougher grind for the wrestler to get anywhere near the top and show enough ability to remain in the first flight.

But big fellows seem to prefer that inexplainable something that goes with grappling over what the fight game presents.

Football stars like wrestling and few of them have ever shown a single thing in the way of fighting. One California star, a huge man, made quite a splurge in the ring a couple of years back, but ambitiously took in too much territory and was flattened by a rather ordinary battler. That was the last of him.

Quite a few months ago, when Aaron Rosenberg was at the height of his career as a football player with the Trojans of Southern California, and was leaving a trail of smoke behind him like a sky writer, he was being coached assiduously by Fred Gilmore, an old Chicago welterweight fighter of ability and now one of California's leading referees. Fred told me secretly that "Rosie" looked like he was one day going to be a whale of a fighter, as he took naturally to the game and learned all the little tricks with rare absorption.

Alas, when Rosenberg's college football playing days were over and we were ready for a nice feature story, he announced that he didn't want to be a fighter and had no intention of going into the game. Thus were two years of work on Gilmore's part entirely nullified. I never had the nerve to ask Fred how he felt about it.

"Rosie" didn't want to be a wrestler either, yet look at the long list of fine young collegians who have made good in the art of grappling!

* * *

PLENTY of hard work for the wrestlers, but look at the pleasant features of their strenuous occupation: They travel to all parts of the globe, certainly see every nook and cranny of America, meet some dandy folks en route, and, while standing still for the moment, have plenty to eat and reposeful couches upon which to rest their weary bones—and, best of all, fat wages. So, why shouldn't the game be attractive?

Further—and this is no mean consideration—they last years and years longer than do the fighting men and are able to lay up comfortable competencies for inevitable old age. They don't have to split with any managers—that is, not until they become champions—and always wind up in full possession of their native faculties, something that can't be said of all fighting men.

Plenty of health, surely, have these lovable picaroons of the mat game. To illustrate, here's a conversation heard recently between a prominent movie actor and his wife while sitting at a wrestling show in Los Angeles:

"Do these big men have understudies or substitutes?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, I suppose they do," was the answer.

"Well, that must be the most discouraging job in the world," she reasoned, "sitting around waiting for one of these fellows to get sick!"

WHEN a certain movie organization was looking around for the right sort of a prominent athlete to take the part of "Tarzan" in the serial of that title, they had a vast number and variety of men taking the tests, which were quite exhaustive. Specifications were tremendous and mighty hard to meet, for they called for a prominent name, a fine speaking voice, some natural acting ability and lastly, of course, a shape of high sex appeal and a face of considerable pulchritude.

Just off hand, how many great athletes could you name who could come up to such exacting conditions? Probably not one. Well, anyway, while the thing was merely in the experimental stage, Joe Savoldi, one of the world's greatest football players and now one of the greatest of all showmen-wrestlers, was asked by a prominent studio executive if he would like to make the test.

"It's a great chance for you, Joe," he urged, "and a world of dough."

"Well, I'd want at least a hundred grand just as a starter," was Joe's reply. And it is said the executive didn't catch his breath completely for a week after the interview!

Chided later for setting such an impossible figure, Joe said he didn't like the life he would be called upon to lead around Hollywood, and besides that, he liked the carefree existence, the good money and the travel that wrestling gave him, to say nothing of its constantly changing kaleidescopic excitement.

It was thought the fiery, peppery Savoldi would qualify easily for the part of the ape-man but, strangely enough, the parts were handed out eventually to two swimmers, Buster Crabbe with one studio, and Johnny Weissmuller, a many-time record-holder and graduate of Lane Tech School in Chicago, with another.

And both are said to have made comfortable fortunes by sticking to Hollywood and its excellent salaries.

* * *

Most expressive remark heard regarding Frank "Man Mountain" Dean, 317-pounder, while he was working in a Los Angeles show: "Gee, but he certainly could carry a lot of hod!"

* * *

NOT especially strange, but certainly worthy of thought, that a consensus of a large number of the heavyweight wrestlers on the Pacific Coast recently disclosed that all of them would like to see Joe Savoldi, the famous "Jumping Joe," be the next world's champion.

The general reason given for that choice generally was this: "He's the best drawing card all over the country, he draws more money than any of us and therefore is entitled to that break. When he makes money we all make our share."

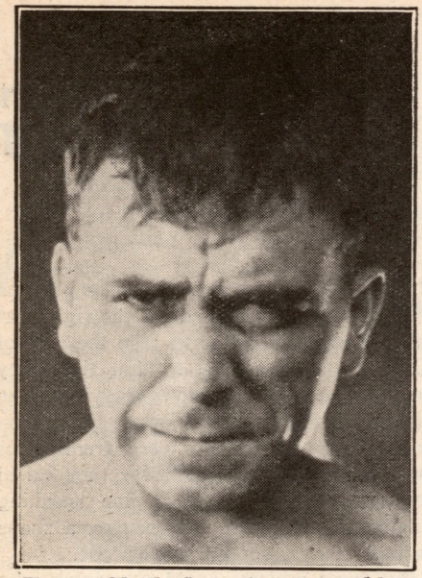
So, make the most of that, you fans who may be rooting for some other candidate to eventually get the Londos title!

* * *

IT may surprise you to know that the one feat Jim Londos, world's heavyweight champion, accomplished one day some years ago, and of which he is inordinately fond of telling, does not concern the ring at all!

While Jim speaks with great satisfaction of his many great victories in the arena, when he tells you of a strong-man feat he once accomplished, he fairly glows with pride and gets almost boastful—something nobody could accuse the champion of ever being.

Jim started life as a strong man, it may be remembered, and in this division of showmanship got *(Continued on page 48)*



Pepey Oberhoffer, Austrian athlete who is making good here.

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

Leo Shepsky, the Bronx Life Guard

IT'S a long jump from the college professor's cap and gown to the wrestling mat. But such is the record of Leo Shepsky, latest Jewish mat wizard and life guard for the City of New York.

At an early age, Leo Shepsky, Hebrew student, showed unusual aptitude in his studies, and with the consent of his parents, and also because of a natural desire, he decided on a course of learning for his life's vocation. His aim was to become a teacher, but life held other plans for Leo. Maybe the depression had something to do with it, or perhaps the remuneration paid to college professors didn't appeal to Leo. Be that as it may, he took himself in hand as it were and looked over his past record at St. John's College where he completed his studies with honors. He soon realized that he had distinguished himself on the athletic field. He made the football team where he played guard, made an enviable record on the track where he excelled as a discus thrower, shot put and weight lifting, and also was to be reckoned with on the wrestling team.

Leo, weighing nearly 190 pounds, is well built for a wrestler and decided to enter the sport. Under able tutelage, he soon found himself joined up with the professionals. Meanwhile, he had taken up a civil service examination for the post of life guard for the City of New York and is credited with more than 100 rescues.

Leo has not always wrestled around New York. Last year he went to Caracas, Venezuela, where wrestling was said to be flourishing. There was plenty of work all right for our young hero but he got a little more than he bargained for. His natural ability soon won him a following, until the promoter suggested that he had a match for him that would certainly sell out the Arena. The President's son was to attend the performance and other Venezuelan dignitaries were to be present. But what seemed peculiar to Leo was that the name of his opponent had never been mentioned nor could he get an inkling of the man with whom he was to grapple.

On the day of the match, a brilliant Sunday afternoon, the Arena was packed and everyone waited with impatience for the main event. When Leo finally stepped into the ring, a big burly fellow confronted him weighing more than 250 pounds. That was a great deal of weight to give away, but it was too late to turn back and besides Leo felt he could beat the stranger.

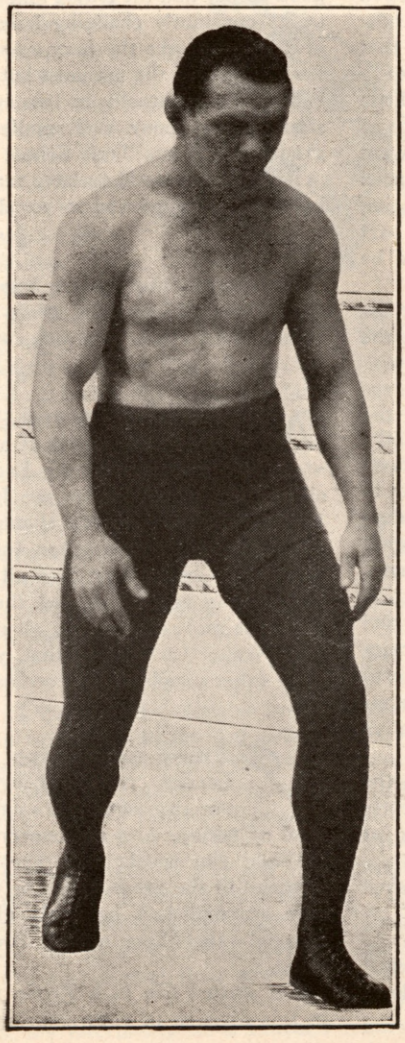
The match had not gone far when Leo discovered that his opponent knew little about the game but his strength was prodigious. Time and again he would lift Leo as if he were a baby and slam him to the mat. Again he would squeeze so hard that Leo felt his eyes would jump from his head.

The struggle lasted two hours and ten minutes under a broiling hot sun with Shepsky the winner. As he explains it, it took him more than a week to recover from the ordeal. When finally he asked the promoter who the mysterious wrestler was, he was calmly informed that he was a Frenchman escaped from Devil's Island and his friends had arranged the match to enable him to get some money and make a new start in life.

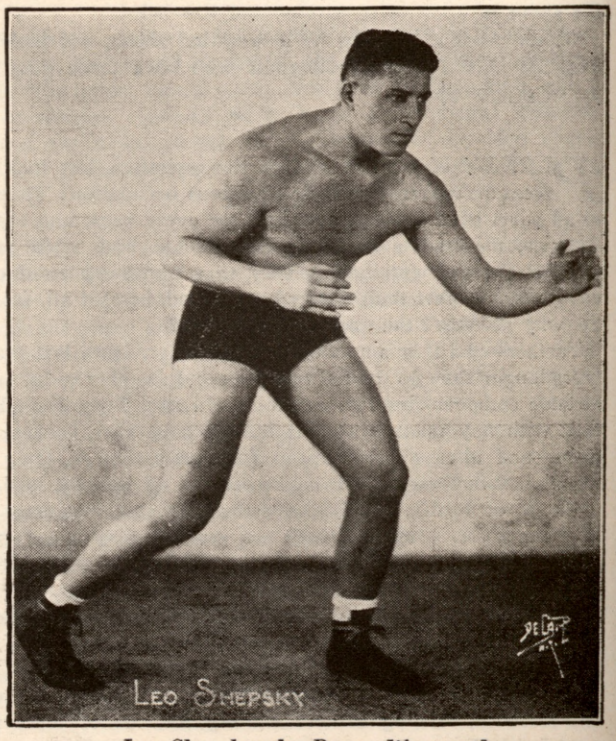
Leo appreciated the sentiment, but he smiled a wry smile when he thought of those two hours. He is convinced now that the boys who reside on Devil's Island are pretty tough hombres.

* * *

FRANK WOLFF is a young German who is a title threat in the light-heavyweight division. Frank obtained his ground work as a wrestler at the Boys' Club in New York City and it is noteworthy that he was never beaten as a Simon-pure. Needless to say Frank has seldom had his broad shoulders pinned as a professional



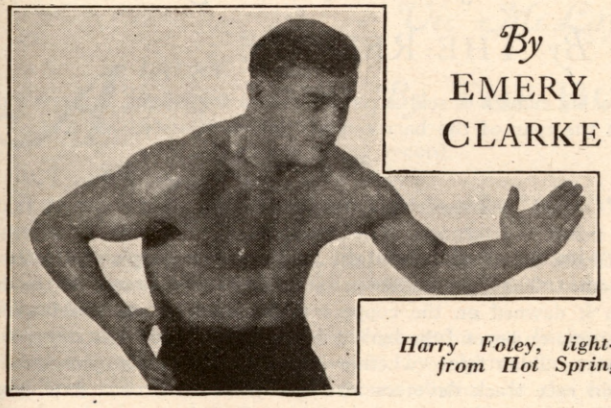
Hugh Nichols, crafty Texas matman.



Leo Shepsky, the Bronx life guard.

ACQUAINTED

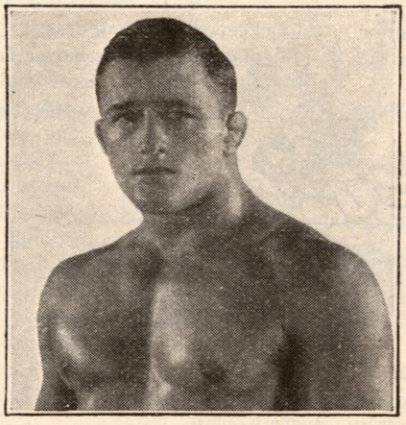
By EMERY CLARKE



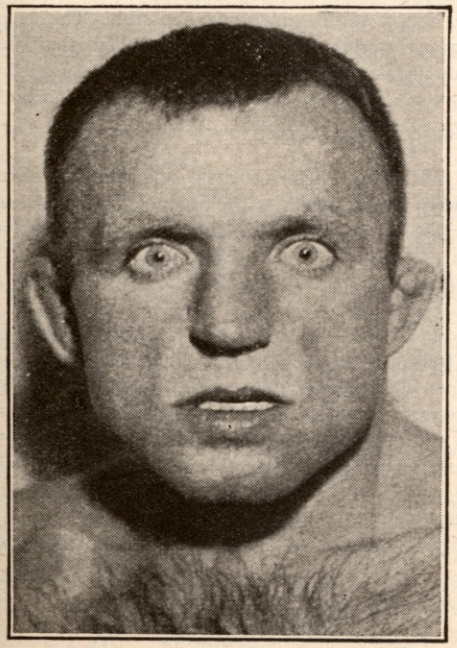
Harry Foley, light-heavy from Hot Springs.

grappler either. He holds victories over all the leading wrestlers in his division, including Champion McGuirk, Hugh Nichols, Clarence Eklund, and others.

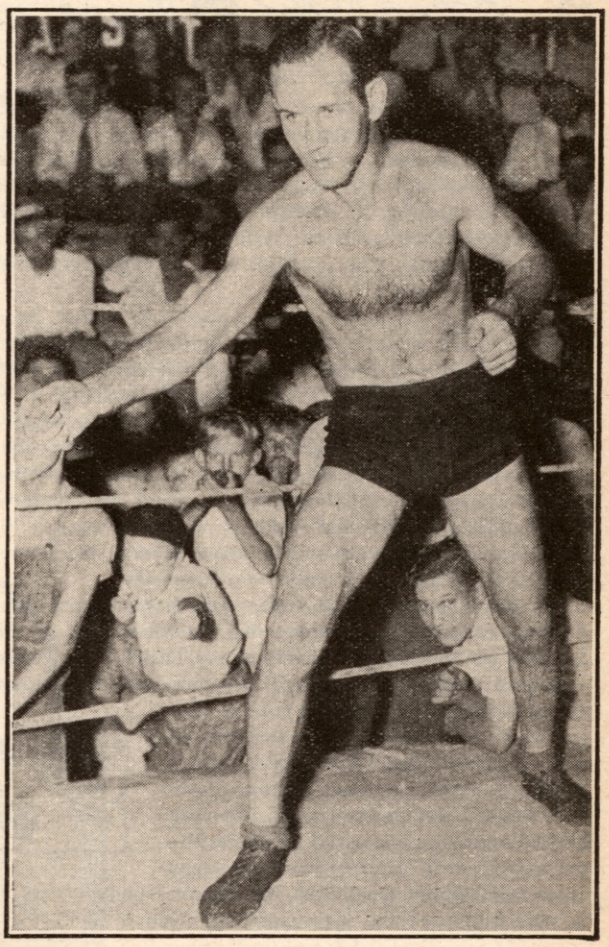
Although deprived of his light-heavyweight championship diadem last March, Hugh Nichols, crafty Mexia, Texas, matman, still remains a real title threat. Hugh has returned to ring warfare in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas, after two months of campaigning on the Pacific coast. He has issued a challenge to all leading light-heavies but most of the opposition doesn't care for "Nick's" company. Nichols and former welterweight champ Jack Reynolds were both pupils of the resourceful Farmer Burns, and he still finds the professional maneuvers he absorbed from the Farmer's fertile mind of use in trimming the young upstarts with whom he comes in contact.



Joe Gunther, handsome Nashville grappler.



Frank Wolff, who got his wrestling knowledge at the Boys' Club of New York City.



Eddie Pope, chiropractor and wrestler.

Victor Weber

TWENTY-NINE years ago at Stattin, near the Baltic Sea, Victor Weber first saw the light of day. He was a strapping youngster and a worthy heir to the Weber family, those hardy denizens of northern Germany. The lad at an early age showed rare physical developments that continued to improve as the years passed on.

Victor Weber is an athlete whose life has been associated with wrestling. When only fourteen years old he won the championship of his school, although weighing but 118 pounds. From the first day he stepped on a mat, the sport fascinated him. He was the despair of his teachers, who saw in the young man a budding athlete and adventurer but a poor scholar. He celebrated his fourteenth birthday by running away from school and enlisting in the Landswehr when Germany was fighting Bolshevik Russia.

The future wrestling marvel saw active service around Reval and was decorated by the German government, but when he reached the age of sixteen, he had had enough of it and obtained his discharge. At sixteen he came to the United States and continued his wrestling. The new country appealed to him and one of his first acts was to obtain his first American papers, finally becoming a full-fledged American.

Victor joined up at this time with the Y.M.C.A. at 86th Street in the German-American section of New York. There he continued to wrestle under the tutelage of Henry Steinmetz, a famous wrestler in his day who held the middleweight championship of the world, but no relation to the Wizard of Schenectady. As an amateur, one of Weber's greatest feats was to annex three titles in one night, winning the 147-pound-class honors, the 160-pound and the 175-pound laurels. To do this, he had to defeat nine men in the record time of only eighteen minutes.

Leaving the Y.M.C.A., he joined the New York Athletic Club and won several titles for that organization, including the State National *(Continued on page 46)*

"The Fight Must Go On"

The Adventures of Tommy McFarland

By THE REFEREE

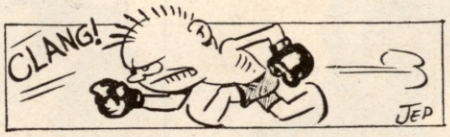
HE'S only 42 now but he's lived a complete three score and ten in all that term implies. And that's supposed to be the natural cycle of human life.

If you'll consult the records you'll find that Tommy McFarland was born in 1892. But I know you'll not do that, so let me tell you the yarn of this really astonishingly little Chicago kid without digging up any unnecessarily dry figures.

Instead let me dig up quite a sequence of highly interesting, amusing, often sensational and at all times truthful facts of a great little kid who fought—but wait a minute, let's unfold the tale and unravel the facts in some sort of continuity.

Even if you did consult the figures you'd find he began boxing at the age of 16 and weighed always around 133 pounds. And to show you that figures often no lie, I know that Tommy began boxing when he was a mere 12 years of age and never weighed 133 pounds in his life. This I know personally because in an indirect way, I helped bring him along from a mere pup—some mean task, permit me to say.

Wayward little rascal and of a good home he could have had an excellent bringing up excepting for what I did for him in a fighting sense. But then that was my business as sports editor of a great metropolitan daily. When there are competitors in the newspaper business who are apt to beat you to it, there can be little sentiment to such a profession. I couldn't advise Tommy to remain at home and be a good boy. What I wanted and hoped was that he'd be a good fighter. And he was without a great deal of actual encouragement from me. I didn't teach him. He had the fundamentals natively. I merely pointed the way—and not much of that.



* * *

WHEN I use the word wayward, I do so with no thought of suggesting a bit of criminality in the kid's makeup. He was honest all right but he just wouldn't stay home, fine parents and a hardy brother or two, notwithstanding. I never heard his full name but it might have been Thomas W. McFarland with the middle initial standing for Wanderlust.

That and fighting, were Tom's strongest traits although he did like the horses but happened to be just a bit too big for even an exercise boy.

A horse owner named McClatchey was Tommy's patron saint and Mac liked the kid immensely. As Mac had a pretty good stable around Chicago at the time there was nothing too good for the kid—there was too much, I might add, for his own good. He saw them all betting, so he bet. They watched him fight and naturally bet on him, which was just natural, "they" being the men of the race track.

Hence it was that while the races were on at Harlem track near Chicago in 1909, Tommy was matched to fight a chap they called the Mexican Kid. He was a sizable sort of a lightweight but at the time, while Tommy also made out that he was, too, he didn't scale over 120.

He fooled 'em always by weighing in with some piece of his clothing that always had a chunk of metal that made up the difference. That's why he always got by. You see, he couldn't get enough matches with boys of his own heft, so he devised the scheme of foolin' 'em.

The match was scheduled for a Sunday afternoon in the second story of a saloon immediately across the street from the Harlem track. This saloon was a great hangout for the better grade of horsemen who lived around the course and the hall above, big enough to seat several hundred for a fight, was reached from the rear of the barroom by quite a spacious staircase.

* * *

TOMMY and the Mexican Kid attracted quite a throng that Sunday afternoon. The unusual crowd and the activity around the bar also attracted the attention of a couple of Harlem policemen. The fight had been in progress for about six rounds when it dawned on the coppers that something quite unlawful was going on beyond the barred doors at the top of that staircase.

They couldn't figure whether it was a cocking main, of which certain race track devotees also are quite fond, or a gambling party or a fight. But anyway, they walked in to see for themselves. But it appeared that while the saloon proprietor was handling the fight itself, his wife was watching things in and around the bar, not being especially interested in ring battles.

But she was much interested in seeing that that good paying crowd back of the doors was not disturbed in any way. So when the coppers demanded that the door be opened so that they might enter the hall, she seized the huge revolver her husband always kept handy near the cash register—a good old custom of all saloonkeepers of that era.

Slipping the cannon under her apron, she went half-way up the stairs, turned and faced the police with the menacing weapon outstretched and said quietly:

"It's none of your business what's going on and you'd better not go a step farther!"

They argued and tried to outwit her in her position but she held firmly. Ten minutes were wasted and then one of them decided to call the station house for advice. The sergeant in charge of the jailhouse said he had no reinforcements he could send, the entire Harlem police force being busy in other and more useful, we hope, directions, the sergeant meantime giving them the merry heehaw for being outgeneralled by a mere woman.

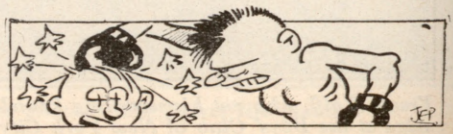
By the time the copper had returned to the door of the hall, the fight was over. Not a single pinch was possible. The boys had gone twelve great rounds and it was so even that the only decision that could have been given was a draw. But the mob had kicked in quite a respectable sum for the battle and both boys were happy.

* * *

THE fact that McFarland had received a broken left arm in the fight didn't figure much with Tommy. It was a bad splinter just above the wrist and he disdained anything but a mere bandage for it. So about three weeks later, again being a bit broke in a financial way, he was asked if he could take on a pretty tough fight.

The promoter didn't know Tommy's arm had been broken in that Mexican Kid fight, so when Tommy Gary couldn't go on with Ad Wolgast, then champion of the world, McFarland readily agreed to take the other Tommy's place. The match was in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, and Jack Brunkhorst was the promoter.

Tommy McFarland's only worry when he accepted the match at two days' notice was how he would pass the weighing-in examination. He thought nothing at all of the fact that he was fighting the lightweight champion of the world. Tommy was after a little dough.



It was a warm-up fight for Ad Wolgast, Manager

(Cont. on page 43)

Wrestler, Boxer, Actor

Jack Donovan, Former Boston College Star, Seeks to Emulate Vic McLaglen, His Mentor

By THE HOLLYWOOD GUIDE

A GREAT wrestler—proved—and a fine boxing man with a brief but telling record.

BUT—which shall it be?

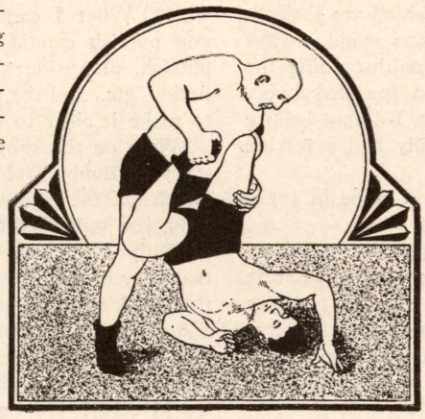
"You can't push me off the sidewalk in either event," says Jack Donovan.

And if you get an eye full of the eyeful Jack, you won't attempt to dispute him. He'll make good at one or the other, in fact already has done so.

Here's a Boston chap with a college and a pro background. He's temporarily "gone Hollywood" by playing in pictures with both the Fox and the Paramount studios. At the former place, he met up with Victor McLaglen, himself considerable of an athlete and a fightin' man in the years back. Vic is starring with Edmund Lowe in a picture called "East River" and Jack Donovan has a husky part, as becomes his six foot two and 218 pounds.

What more natural than McLaglen striking up a palship with Donovan, Vic having quite a ring record, which includes a six-round battle with Jack Johnson (a defeat unfortunately) up in Vancouver in 1909? McLaglen suggested that he himself take charge of Donovan's training to become a real ring star. So here they are now, out in Los Angeles.

* * *



LIKE a lot of the other big fellows of the ring game, Jack Donovan's initial athletic love was football. He went to Boston College, spent a year there, and the succeeding two years, '30 and '31, found him at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., where he got a lot of excellent coaching under Dick Hanley, present headman. And at this time it may be noted that "Pat" Hanley is coach at Boston College.

Donovan proved a pretty fair sort of a lineman, having speed and size, two requisites so much sought by the latter-day gridiron mentor. He weighed only 175 and 180 when he was at the purple school on the shores of Lake Michigan but he got heavier with a tremendous rush—almost overnight, Jack says.

Jack is blooded to go places in any sort of an athletic endeavor. He's Irish, English and French, the dad supplying the Irish portion of the breeding.

* * *

IT was while foolin' around at Dilboy Field in Cambridge, Mass., that he first got the idea of being a boxing man. It was at this American Legion playground that he renewed an acquaintance with Jimmy Byrne, southpaw heavyweight. He had previously known Jimmy on the Coast during one of his jaunts to that sector. Jimmy got him into the amateur end of it and Jack did fairly well, winning two decisions and getting a bye on his third attempt.

Among other feats was a three-round knockout of Archie Skinner, a big chap who afterwards went ten rounds to a defeat at the hands of Jack Sharkey. But Donovan didn't like the set-up in which he found himself, and got out of it pronto. It was in Toland's gymnasium in Boston that he got his first smattering of the wrestling game. That's the spot where wrestlers and boxers mix with each other in a training way, a condition that doesn't prevail generally in other sections of the country. Jack went in there with the idea of building himself up. He met the late Sammy Stasiak, whose unfortunate end came a short time back as a result of an infected elbow.

Jack got to pushing around with Stasiak and, in that way, started to pick up some of the fundamentals of the intricate art of grappling. Incidentally, he grew tremendously, raising his weight from 170 to 230, while Stasiak was taking such an interest in him that he showed him a lot about the rudiments of wrestling.

* * *

AGAIN Jack got the wanderlust and it wasn't long before he was in the far Northwest, roaming around Portland and Seattle. In the latter place he fell in with Pat Reilly, who was much concerned at the time with another college graduate, named, for wrestling purposes, Leo Numa. Now Leo, the lion-hearted, looked like a great prospect, and was a handsome fellow with a tremendous mane of carroty-blonde hair and possessed generally of great pulchritude—an asset that tended to draw the femmes into the house in considerable numbers.

And Donovan made a great contrast, being as dark as Leo was blondey, and so beautifully did they team up, as it were, and so well did they draw at the gate, that Jack then and there decided upon a wrestling career forthwith and henceforth.

And as he gradually got better and learned more, he got the higher grade of competition, and it wasn't long before he was taking on all of the topnotchers. In fact, he did wrestle them all with the exceptions of Jim Londos and Ed Lewis, they not happening to come into his list because Jack just didn't happen to be working where they happened to be.

Jack always happened to be in line for meetings with "Man Mountain" (317-pound) Dean most everywhere he went—lately, that is. He took Dean on first in Los Angeles and afterwards went against the Georgia Stonewall five other times for a total of six.

* * *

THE lad is rather proud of the excellent work he did on the mat but now that he is reverting to the boxing game under the McLaglen mentorship, he believes he will soon show them that he is even more adept at that game. You see, Jack has had a pretty fair sort of a boxing background, too, for while he was in Boston he was in Johnny Buckley's camps on several different occasions and had many opportunities of working with Jack Sharkey and the late Ernie Schaaf. Jack Conway, widely known Boston sports commentator, liked Donovan and often spoke of him as a lad with a great future.

That was along about the time that Phil Schlossberg sold his interests in Schaaf to the Buckley-Sharkey confederacy for some $13,500. Phil was doing his best to break Ernie of some bad boxing habits that he had assumed unconsciously and seemed to be doing an excellent job of it. Donovan considers Schlossberg one of the finest boxing coaches in the business.

But it is to Dave Deshler, former great lightweight, that Jack gives plenty of praise for showing him a lot about boxing. He was with Dave for four months and during that period he also had opportunities of boxing with Jimmy Maloney and the exceptionally clever Armond Emanuel of Los Angeles while the latter was in the East training for different fights.

(Continued on page 43)

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

IN reading the October edition of your wonderful magazine, I noticed a letter written by my brother. I got a real kick out of reading it, as there is hardly ever any news from South Africa.

In a recent RING, a writer expressed the opinion that the fans should send in their views on the ten best heavyweights of all time, each in his prime. Although I live in far-away South Africa, I am a regular reader of THE RING and am keenly interested in American boxing. My rating is: (1) Bob Fitzsimmons, (2) Jack Dempsey, (3) Peter Jackson, (4) Jim Corbett, (5) Jack Johnson, (6) Jim Jeffries, (7) John L. Sullivan, (8) Sam Langford, (9) Kid McCoy, (10) Joe Choynski.

In my opinion, Fitz was the pick of the bunch. Possessing cool craftiness, remarkable gameness, and a terrific punch, he would, in his prime, have polished them all off. People who try to belittle Fitz, point to the fact that he was twice beaten by Jeffries, but in his first fight with the Boilermaker, he entered the ring for the first time in two years, and was unfit. In the return battle, when he was over forty, he nearly murdered the Californian, when he happened to be stopped by a lucky punch in the eighth round. In his prime, I think that he would have beaten Jim with no great difficulty, and anyone else, for that matter, although he only scaled 170 pounds.

Jack Dempsey was the second best, and close behind are Jackson and Corbett. It is also my opinion that Johnson could always have beaten Jeffries, and Langford as well, notwithstanding the numerous tales about Sam acting the policeman for Jack, who, I think, was not given a fair chance by the public. I do not believe that Sullivan rates with the best. He undoubtedly had a terrific wallop, but that was all he had.

I suppose that if you publish this letter it will come in for a lot of criticism, but it is only one of many views.

Boxing has become very popular out here, especially in Johannesburg, where our greatest drawing card is the dynamic Laurie Stevens, our undefeated lightweight, who I think will one day be a world's champion. He has remarkable speed and stamina, and in his latest contest here, with the hard-hitting Aldo Spoldi of Italy, he showed he has a real fighting heart by being dropped three times with terrific rights, and yet winning.

M. BALKIND,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

* * *

IF, as one of your correspondents suggests, you promote a "Hot Stove League" contest on the ten best heavyweights, I send this as my effort.

Four points in the conditions of the fight are all important in making a choice:

1. Tape—This is a vital matter.

2. Size of gloves used—Six-ounce are usual now, but four-ounce in the old days. I believe eight-ounce were used in the Dempsey-Carpentier fight.

3. Size of the ring—Twenty feet now in some countries; twenty-four in others. Sullivan beat Mitchell in three rounds with gloves in a sixteen-foot ring, but only drew over thirty-nine with bare knuckles in a twenty-four-foot ring.

4. Distance of fight.

Also the psychological matter of speed and punch must be considered. Dempsey was fast against Willard and Firpo, slow against Brennan and Gibbons; Carpentier, against Beckett, was as fast as McCoy and hit hard, but was slow against Dempsey.

I send my ratings over various distances, presuming the men all fought, in other ways, under present New York State rules. Here is my list based on ten rounds:

(1) Dempsey, (2) Sullivan, (3) Langford, (4) Jackson, (5) Fitzsimmons, (6) Slavin, (7) Goddard, (8) Tunney, (9) Johnson, (10) Firpo.

Over fifteen rounds: **(1) Jackson, (2) Fitzsimmons, (3) Corbett, (4) Johnson, (5) Jeffries, (6) Dempsey, (7) Sullivan, (8) Langford, (9) Slavin, (10) Tunney.**

Over twenty rounds: (1) Jackson, (2) Fitzsimmons, (3) Corbett, (4) Johnson, (5) Jeffries, (6) Sullivan, (7) Slavin, (8) Tom Sharkey, (9) Langford, (10) Choynski.

I leave Dempsey and Tunney out of this. Neither fought over twenty rounds and to put them in here would be futile speculation. Tunney, however, would, I think, have had an excellent chance over this distance with Dempsey at his best.

Finish fight: (1) Jeffries, (2) Jackson, (3) Fitzsimmons, (4) Johnson, (5) Corbett, (6) Sullivan, (7) Slavin, (8) Tom Sharkey, (9) Langford, (10) Choynski.

Here Jeffries moves up, also Johnson; Jackson and Corbett down.

C. TAYLOR,
England.

* * *

AS a reader of THE RING for the last five years, I am writing to say I consider it to be better than ever. Your splendid photos and stories of old-timers, printed on good paper, appeal greatly to me. I have been following the game here since the Burns and Johnson fight. I also admire your straight talk, at times, which is all for the good of one of the best sports in the world. What I cannot understand, however, is why the books you publish cannot be had in Australia. I would like you to publish, alongside all the books, back numbers of THE RING, fiction, etc., and the prices for same delivered here, in our money, to make it clear to us.

While on the subject of old-timers, what about a picture and story of Bobby Dobbs and Ben Jordon? I have been wondering which are the right names in one article. In THE RING of June, 1934, you published a story of the Miners' Theatre, with a photo of Billy Plummer, which, I think, should read Plimmer. But that may be a printer's mistake. The same picture appeared some time back as being of Terry McGovern. It was in connection with a story of Pedler Palmer, British bantam. So much for that.

Was pleased to see Palmer, Henneberry and Blandon in your ratings. But what about Jack Carroll, whom we consider in the world class? He has to fight our heavyweight champion next as no welter or middleweight is available. Ask Morgan, Ramey, or Billy Townsend about him. I read with regret that Billy Petrolle retired without winning a championship. If ever a man earned one, he did. Here is one Australian who will not forget him, although it was through your book I followed him.

J. L. EDMONDS,
Sydney, Australia.

[Sorry for the error. Plimmer is correct.]

* * *

I WANT to congratulate you on the excellent article, "The Afghan Loves His Wrestling," by Ghoofar Khan. I have seen this man wrestle many times and have never seen such scientific, skillful wrestling. It is a pleasure to see how easily and quickly he can slip out of holds and apply painful holds of his own.

I have seen him use trick armlocks and jiu-jitsu devices which I have never seen another wrestler employ in this country. About the most thrilling and scientific match I ever saw was a twenty-minute bout between Ghoofar Khan and Poddubny. For real science and fast work, it had the "championship" bouts beat a mile. I only saw Ayub Khan once, but he, too, is excellent.

The Oriental wrestlers are undoubtedly the best in the world but most of them prefer to remain in their own lands where the wrestling is more popular and probably pays better than here. Articles like this, which are out of the ordinary, make THE RING even more interesting than usual, though it is always a fine magazine, of which I never miss an issue.

ALANSON WELLER,
New York City.

IN February's RING you asked for the three best fighters of modern times in each class. Here are the ones I picked:

Heavyweight—Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Sam Langford.

Light-heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Paul Berlenbach, Mike McTigue.

Middleweight—Dave Shade, Tiger Flowers, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb.

Welterweight—Joe Walcott, McLarnin, Petrolle.

Lightweight—Frank Erne, Canzoneri, Joe Gans, Lew Tendler.

Featherweight—Harry Gilmore, Dave Sullivan, Bat Battalino.

Bantamweight—Joe Lynch, Bud Taylor, Babe Herman, Jimmy Barry.

Flyweight—Pancho Villa, Jimmy Wilde, Frankie Genaro.

JIM BRACCO,
Haverstraw, N. Y.

* * *

I EXPECT you are by now tired of receiving bouquets for THE RING, which is a really *great* paper. Apart from its extreme interest to me as a fight fan, I consider it peerless in its leaders, style and expression, but what adheres me to it so closely is its entire lack of bias or prejudice.

I am glad to see that Tony Canzoneri's claims have rightly been kept forward by your editorials—more strength to them. I have many over here who are with me when I say that in the ranking of "fight writers" and great journalists, you don't get ranked No. 1, as we follow your custom of not ranking the champion. (Is this infringement of copyright?)

SIDNEY WILLIAM DIXON,
London, England.

* * *

ONE cannot help but open a letter to you by congratulating you on your splendid magazine. But there lacks something in it and that is real articles about the greatest puncher of them all—Stanley Ketchell.

He is my ideal, so I should feel that way. I don't remember ever having seen a picture of him in action. You have carried only poses just before his battles, and a few only at that. I am just twenty and have turned pro. I am out to emulate my ideal fighter—Ketchell. I heard that Dempsey was a big edition of him but this is not true. Dempsey usually tired after the sixth or seventh round because he fought himself out.

Please do start a series about Ketchell. He deserves it, especially after you left him in the dark for so long. Why not get Papke or Philadelphia Jack O'Brien to write about him? They knew him well.

Below is my choice of the best three fighters in every division:

Heavyweight—Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Jeffries.

Light-heavyweight—Fitzsimmons, Langford, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Middleweight—Ketchell, Papke, Greb.

Welterweight—Ryan, Walcott, Kid McCoy.

Lightweight—Gans, Lavigne, Leonard.

Featherweight—Driscoll, McGovern, Dixon.

Bantamweight—Herman, Al Brown, Joe Lynch.

Flyweight—Wilde, Villa, Midget Wolgast.

The pictures of the "Fights of the Month" is a popular feature and should be increased to four or five pages instead of one or two.

So long, I hope to meet you one day. Who knows?

HUSSEIN ZULFICAR,
Welterweight Contender for Egyptian Title,
Maadi, Egypt.

* * *

IN one of your recent issues you stated that you would welcome letters from RING readers telling what they thought about the greatest boxers in all divisions. Here is my choice:

Heavyweight—Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Peter Jackson.

Light-heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Georges Carpentier.

Middleweight—Stanley Ketchell, Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil, Billy Papke.

Welterweight—Tommy Ryan, Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy.

Lightweight—Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, Battling Nelson.

Featherweight—Johnny Dundee, Young Corbett, Terry McGovern.

Bantamweight—George Dixon, Jim Barry, Panama Al Brown.

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, Johnny Buff.

A RING READER,
England.

* * *

LAST summer, when living in Des Moines, Iowa, I ordered and received your "Universal Boxing Course." I am very much pleased with it and feel that it has helped me a lot. I have beaten several outstanding amateurs since then and am intending to enter an amateur tournament in Denver this winter.

I am attending the Colorado State Agricultural College and, as intercollegiate boxing has been discontinued here, I find that there are few boxers to work with. I do work with a few boys who don't know much about the sport. In the rest of my spare time I have been going out for amateur wrestling.

CARL HESSELTINE,
Fort Collins, Colorado.

[*Keep up your good work.*]

* * *

I AM a constant reader of THE RING, and read with interest the various questions put to, and answered by, you in your excellent publication.

In a recent edition of a New Zealand sporting paper, a list of the greatest boxers of all time was published—the list is enclosed—and readers were invited to send in their own opinions. I sent in my effort, a copy of which I enclose.

Now, although I do not profess to be an authority on boxing, I maintain that my rating is better than that of the newspaper authority. I also enclose another correspondent's ratings, so you may decide for yourself which of us is nearest the mark. I would like to have you publish the list and have RING readers comment on the selections.

Here are the lists, as they appeared in the New Zealand paper:

White fighters: Bantamweight—Jimmy Wilde; featherweight—Terry McGovern; lightweight—Benny Leonard; welterweight—Jack Britton; middleweight—Stanley Ketchell; light-heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons; heavyweight—Jack Dempsey.

Colored fighters: Bantamweight—George Dixon; featherweight—Kid Chocolate; lightweight—Joe Gans; welterweight—Joe Walcott; middleweight—Tiger Flowers; light-heavyweight—Sam Langford; heavyweight—Jack Johnson.

And here is the list of the world's cleverest fighters, toughest fighters, hardest hitters and trickiest ringmen as given by "Old Brigade," who says he has traveled to fights all over the world for upwards of fifty years. What do RING readers think of the choice?

Cleverest Boxers: Heavyweight—James J. Corbett; middleweight—Harry Greb; welterweight—Packy McFarland; lightweight—Joe Gans; featherweight—Young Griffo; bantamweight—George Dixon.

Toughest Fighters: Heavyweight—Tom Sharkey; middleweight—Mike O'Dowd; welterweight—Joe Grim; lightweight—Battling Nelson; featherweight—Oscar Gardner; bantamweight—Jim Barry.

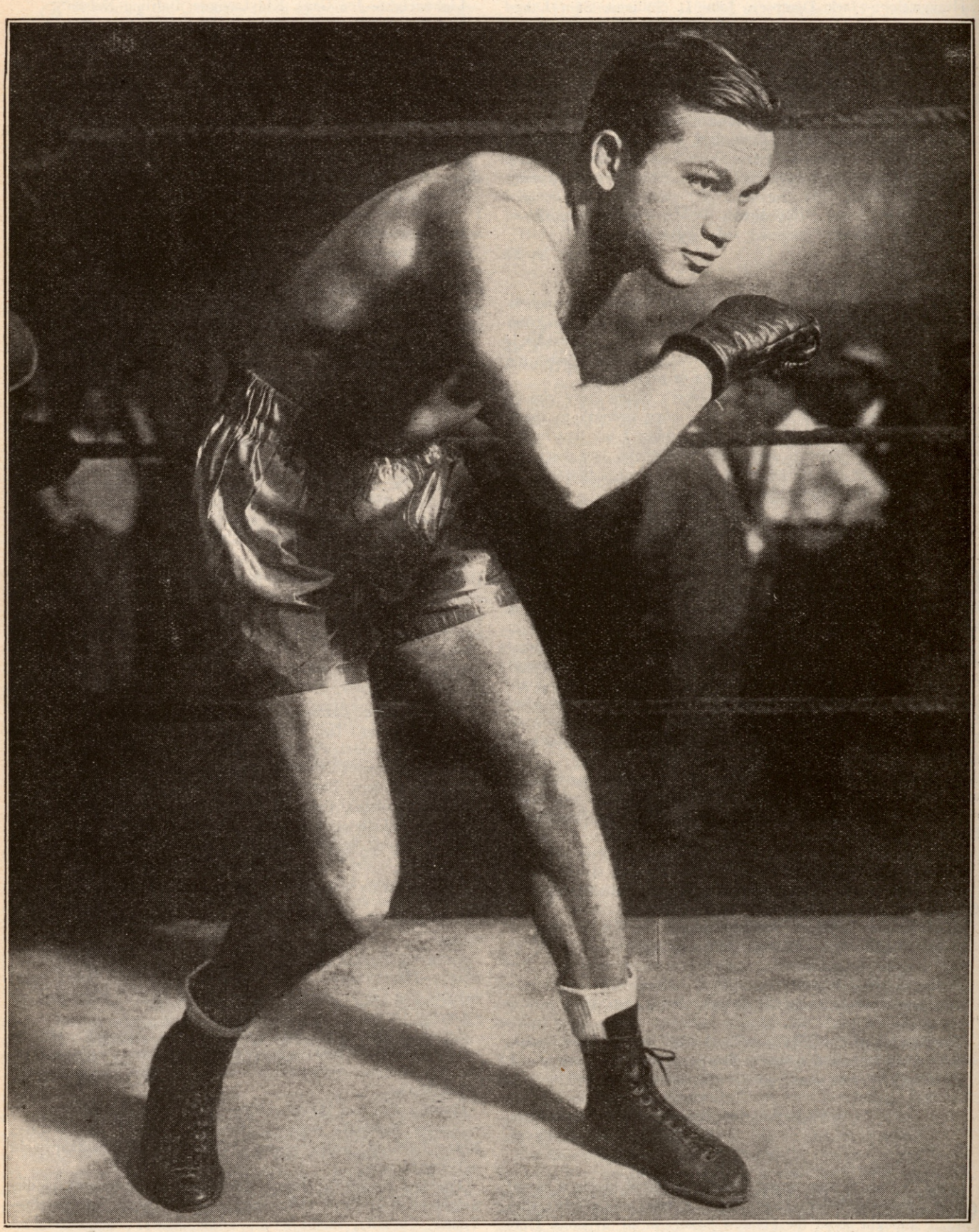
Hardest Hitters: Heavyweight—Jack Dempsey; middleweight—Stanley Ketchell; welterweight—Joe Walcott; lightweight—Benny Leonard; featherweight—Johnny Kilbane; bantamweight—Terry McGovern.

Trickiest Ringmen: Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons; middleweight—Kid McCoy; welterweight—Jack Britton; lightweight—Young Corbett; featherweight—Abe Attell; bantamweight—Johnny Coulon.

PIERCE CARROLL,
Thorndon, Wellington,
New Zealand.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 1



Barney Ross. Born Barney David Rasofsky in New York City on December 23, 1909. Started his fistic career as an amateur. Winner of the Golden Gloves championship. Began his professional career against Ramon Lugo in 1929. Made rapid strides and on June 23, 1933, he won the world's lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri in Chicago. He defeated Tony in a return engagement in fifteen rounds in New York three months later. On May 28, 1934, he won the world's welterweight title from Jimmy McLarnin in the Garden Bowl of New York, and lost it back to McLarnin in the same place on September 17, 1934.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. This man to his managers.
4. The man in the sketch.
9. The Cuban game, ...Alai.
10. First of the .... champs to win a world title.
13. To enter on a list.
17. To wait on.
18. Lindbergh and plane.
19. This man is ..... of his class.
21. Part of the verb to be.
22. Mexican coin.
23. Happy.
26. To cut to bits.
29. Defensive arms.
30. A cap.
31. Royal Engineers (abbr.).
32. Toward.
33. For a boxer his weight he is rather .....
36. Co-manager of this fistic star.
39. Clever Jewish grappler.
41. Set upon.
42. Cry to give notice.
43. Tunisian cap.
44. This boy heads this class.
49. An uproar.
50. Point of the compass.
51. Mistake.
53. Polish welterweight.
54. The man he took the crown from.
57. The "Whitechapel Windmill."
58. Narcotic (Plural).
59. Refusal.
60. Youthful (Plural).
61. Wager.

VERTICAL

1. That which causes hurt.
2. To pain.
3. Young Americans (Abbr.).
4. Proportion.
5. Man's name.
6. Past of saw.
7. It gives light.
8. He is often compared to Benny .....
9. He is ..... by birth.
11. Plans.
12. Road (Abbr.).
14. Cold desserts.
15. Sacrifice hit (Abbr.).
16. Hit lightly.
20. Objective of I.
21. A staff.
23. Stupendous.
24. Morning.
25. Behold.
27. A language.
28. Pronoun.
29. Practical skill (Plural).
34. His best punching hand.
35. Untruth.
36. Keep him away from your door.
37. He makes his home there.
38. Piermont, N. Y., welter.
40. Heeney's homeland (Abbr.).
44. Man's name.
45. Honorable Sir (Abbr.).
46. Clothes.
47. A sprite.
48. Chickens.
51. He dethroned Lavigne in 1899.
52. Uproar.
54. Tooth of a wheel.
55. Symbol for nickel.
56. Zoological Union (Abbr.).
57. Aside.

Answers on page 43

Cradle for Baby Hippos

(Continued from page 29)

grossed almost $43,000, there being nearly 24,000 paid customers in the place that night. It was packed and jammed at cheap prices.

Londos immediately started in to deflate the man of 315 pounds. Dean beat himself by making a flying leap for the prostrate Londos. But Londos wasn't there and Dean sat down so hard the impact was heard for blocks.

All the champion had to do, was to leap on him and pin those bulky shoulders. Then Jim picked him up in the second fall, threw him over the ropes and Dean quickly was on his way to a hospital.

Dean never displayed any wrestling skill, relying simply on his bulk. But folks went for him strong and he proved the biggest sensation ever put forth in wrestling arenas in Los Angeles. If he was handled skilfully from his own end he would have made plenty of money in and around Los Angeles. He got 17½ per cent the night he met Londos, a considerable amount of money.

But Joe Savoldi remains the best day-in-and-day-out wrestling card, not only in California but all over the country, and the former Notre Dame star deserves it, for a more willing worker and satisfactory performer is not to be found—anywhere.

Chief Little Wolf

(Continued from page 24)

at all anxious, said nothing more about it. Evidently the Indian and his manager needed money badly one day. Times were a bit to the ragged side and the manager suddenly broached the matter of a sale to the scout. They argued back and forth and finally the contract changed hands for a matter of $250, part of which was to come out of Little Wolf's future earnings.

* * *

THE scout took the Indian into Los Angeles and dropped him into one of Lou Daro's shows one evening, while "Toots" had a ringside seat. The bout was fast and spectacular and the Navajo descendant made an instantaneous hit with the big crowd.

"What do you think of my Indian?" asked the scout, leaning over "Toots'" shoulder after the applause had died out.

"*Your* Indian!" roared Mondt, turning around to the scout. "He's *my* Indian from this minute on," and the sale of the contract was made on the spot.

And Joe "Toots" Mondt, about as astute and thorough a handler of wrestlers as ever came down the path, took charge of Little Wolf the next day. That was just a few months ago and today Mondt is predicting freely that the Indian will be the next champion, pointing out that no wrestler he ever exploited in a big way ever missed the main title.

So if this member of the vanishing Americans isn't wearing the mat crown one of these days, scold "Toots" about a bum prediction and not me. Personally, though, I think the great little chap is little short of a wonder in every way.

There is plenty of money in the wrestling game for a sterling youth like the Chief, but even if his mat days were ended abruptly he could return to his tribe and make a good living. He was taught the art of silver welding and is an expert at making wrought jewelry. In common with most of the tribesmen he also is a skilled weaver and it is known that the Navajos are about the best rug and blanket makers in the world.

In his ring work Little Wolf wears a beautiful blanket of fantastic design that is at once the envy and despair of every woman and half the men who see it.

This descendant of the Tenario Navajo family once aspired to be a rodeo performer. He was a good horseman, riding always Indian fashion, or bareback. So one day he happened in on a rodeo where they were offering $50 to anyone who could ride Midnight, a notorious wild horse who had frustrated the hopes of many a tough cowboy. Our hero offered himself to the management and they gladly gave him the chance, customers being few so desperate was the horse's reputation.

It was "out of the chute" and when Little Chief threw a leg over this bad actor, the horse at once made a wild dash for the open arena. The boy stuck on amid the wild cheers of the vast throng.

Midnight made a straight line for a wire fence in front of the grandstand and, getting close, just stuck his fore hoofs into the dirt—and stopped suddenly. The Indian lad made an arc-like flight through the air and landed on top of that wire fence, chin first. When they picked him up he had a nasty gash across his throat and narrowly missed being decapitated.

"They gave me the fifty bucks all right," said Little Wolf in telling of the experience, "but it cost me thirty of it to get fixed up in a hospital."

The boy carries an ugly scar to this day.

The chief is a great walker. "When I was young I walked from six to fourteen or more miles a day," he relates. "It's the greatest exercise in the world and a wonderful lung builder."

Ring's Stormy Petrel Flies Again

(Continued from page 21)

Dick's last try at the auto park was with the late Tiger Flowers and Eddie Huffman and drew over 30 G's with it. Then he stepped farther into the city and hired Wrigley Field, scene of his final undoing. He matched Flowers and Leo Lomski, then Bert Colima and Hudkins, which drew close to forty thousand dollars, then a failure with Bud Taylor and Young Nationalista, this one falling below five thousand dollars. Sammy Mandell and Jackie Fields flopped at fifteen thousand dollars, because it was a twelve-round, no-decision affair and folks didn't go for that. They wanted a winner and a loser.

* * *

BUT after Dick and his backers recovered their breaths, our hero was back with a smash, featuring Hudkins and Sergeant Sammy Baker, a bloody affair between a couple of butchers with cleavers. It drew ninety-four thousand dollars. Johnny Adams was thrown in with Baker later but it drew only fifteen thousand dollars.

Then the match between Hudkins and Joe Dundee. The latter agreed to put his middleweight title at stake for a sixty-thousand-dollar guarantee. The money was in the house (Wrigley Field), but some of it was in checks, some certified and some contributed hurriedly by prominent business men. The cash in hand was forty-seven thousand dollars, but Max Waxman, manager of Dundee, wouldn't risk checks, so at 8 o'clock, despite strong protests, he left the front gate with his fighter—and never returned.

That was over seven years ago and marked Donald's finish until this January. No ticket money was returned and the angry crowd partially wrecked the ball park. And nobody ever gave a satisfactory explanation as to where the money finally landed.

* * *

THE handsome Olympic Arena, seating close to eleven thousand, was built ten years ago by J. M. Danziger, with Jack Root and the late Harry Pollok as partners. It was badly designed. Originally Pollok aimed at six-day bike races, ice hockey, even opera. It was unsuited to anything but boxing and wrestling.

Jack Root was first manager and Joe Levy the matchmaker. There were weekly packed houses, but the original cost was so high and the ground lease so burdensome that the sheriff soon was in the saddle.

Jack Doyle, flattened out at Vernon by competition, decided he'd take the big house over. Hayden Wadhams went in as matchmaker, in which capacity he had been with Doyle for a number of years. Doyle got many a packed house, too, but times became panicky, interest flagged and finally "Waddy" got out and Joe Levy went back in. He couldn't swing it. Wadhams returned to the wars, with no better success, and then Tom Gallery, let out by a change of administration at Hollywood Legion Stadium, was set in.

Lou Daro, operating wrestling, was on a thirty-five-thousand-dollar annual lease with Doyle, who had the boxing. Doyle wouldn't sign a renewal and Daro shouldered the entire burden. He found boxing vastly different from wrestling and quickly chucked that part of it.

Ralph Cohen, a business man, and Bill Loller, long treasurer of the Olympic, formed a combine with Gallery, but the trio failed utterly. Under the new deal, Cohen and Loller will play ball with Dick Donald in a sort of local N.R.A.

And strangely enough, while all this is going on, Hayden Wadhams hopped into the Avalon A. C., a new club operating monthly at Wrigley Field, as matchmaker.

Verily, there has been many a shake-up in Los Angeles boxing!

Boxing's "20-Year" Men

(Continued from page 19)

from Tom Cotter at Boston. True, Sullivan wasn't a world beater, but by the same token he was far from being the world's worst performer. Together with his twin brother, Mike, himself at one time a top-flight middleweight, they ran a prosperous trucking business at Cambridge, Mass., their home town.

Joe Walcott, who many critics rate as the greatest welter to don the gloves, put in better than twenty annums at the business of socking his fellow man. Walcott's first recorded battles date back to 1890. That year he kayoed a man by the name of Tom Powers in a couple of rounds.

More than twenty-one years later he fought a six-round no-decision battle with Henry Hall, at Eastport, Maine. Among Walcott's souvenirs are victories over giants of the ring like Joe Choynski, Sandy Ferguson and Sam Langford.

Joe wasn't such a terror among men of his own weight, but toss him in with a fellow thaat outweighed him twenty or twenty-five pounds, and he was the hardest nut in the business to crack.

* * *

THAT grand old master of skill and science, Jack Britton, put in an even quarter of a century as a competitor in the fistic game. Jack, a skinny kid, launched his career at Milwaukee back in 1904. Little did the spectators think that they were looking at a future champion the night he made his début against Steve Kinney, and was knocked colder than a mackerel in the opening round. Far from being discouraged, Britton came right back, and though he fought the best men the world had to offer during the next twenty-five years, he never suffered another "ten" count. Britton rang down the curtain on his fistic aspirations in 1930, by winning over Al Schell and Bobby Ruffalo.

An interesting contrast of ages was offered the night Britton and Hilario Martinez fought in the Garden at New York. Britton had been fighting a couple of years before the young Spaniard was born. A noble warrior, was Jack Britton. Too bad we haven't more of his type.

Jack Johnson, the ex-heavyweight king, was another who hung up the mitts after serving twenty years. Jack set out back in 1899. The big Galveston black dropped a five-round technical kayo to Klondyke, another colored gentleman, that year, for a starter. In 1919 we find him in there with Bob Roper, Marty Cutler, Joe Boyken and John Allen. Johnson won all of 'em, too, and Roper, a product of the United States army, wasn't the softest spot one could find at that time either. Johnson's last recorded ring appearance was a ten-round affair that he won from Homer Smith at Montreal in 1924. So it can be said that Johnson, like Britton, served a full quarter of a century in the harness.

* * *

ANOTHER old-timer who put in better than a score of years, was that colored wonder of twenty years ago, Sam Langford. There are competent fight critics who will tell you that Sam was one of the greatest warriors of all time. Certainly, had Langford been a white man, he would have won the heavyweight title. But like all colored heavyweights, he had two strikes on him before he stepped to the plate.

But back to the years he spent in the ring. It was in 1902 that Sam, a trim lightweight, and a native of Nova Scotia, went to the post the first time for the gold and glory that awaits a pugilistic champion. Twenty-one years later, in the bull ring at Mexico City, Langford and Jim Flynn fought their final battles. Langford, practically blind, kayoed Flynn in the third round. After that battle, Langford returned to Boston, and now is living on charity in New York City.

* * *

THERE are others who survived twenty years of wear and tear, but they are few. Perhaps there are a few that have slipped my mind. But outside of Bobby Dobbs, Denver Ed Smith and Tommy Burns, I can't think of any more who fought over a period of twenty years or more.

Johnny Dundee and Battling Nelson put in nineteen years of service, and sixteen to eighteen years are rather common. But when you realize that ten years spent in the boxing game is far better than the average, you can readily see how any man who is able to stand the gaff for twenty years is not far removed from the class of physical super-human beings.

Next time you see an old and battered veteran in there plugging away, don't hoot and jeer him when his timing is at fault and his footwork isn't as nimble as of yore, but stop a moment and try to realize that he has gone through enough wear and tear to have killed off many a hardy soul. If you are inclined to call a fighter a veteran after he has put in ten seasons, don't forget to speak a word of praise for those hardy souls who have "been through the mill" for twenty.

Managers, Attention—

Advertise your fighter and wrestler by means of postal card size photographs. Send one good picture of your boy to The Ring Photo Department with $8.00 and we will print 100 postal cards of your fighter on excellent paper so that you can send them to sports editors to have reprinted in the newspapers. This is the cheapest advertising you can get for your fighter or wrestler.

THE RING PHOTO DEPARTMENT
Madison Square Garden
825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

"The Fight Must Go On"

(Continued from page 36)

Tom Jones taking it more than anything as a test for his great "little Dutchman" who was just getting over a broken arm received in a fight in Milwaukee with Jack Redmond, a real tough kid.

McFarland passed the physical examination, telling the "doc" that his arm was bandaged merely because it had been injured a little and he was trying to strengthen it. So into the ring he got with a world's champion WITH A BROKEN ARM to fight ten rounds!

If any man could give a greater exhibit of gameness, you tell me! But the strangest part was yet to come. Wolgast's left arm, his greatest weapon, snapped again in the third round!

AND THERE FOR SEVEN ROUNDS TWO GREAT LEFT-HANDED FIGHTERS STOOD TOE TO TOE, EACH WITH HIS BEST WEAPON BROKEN! And the best part of it was the spectators voted it a fine contest—no decision at the end of ten rounds!

That to my mind, always stood out as the most astonishing show of gameness I ever saw.

* * *

WHEN he was about sixteen, Tommy decided there was a good field in San Francisco for his peculiar talents and he made for that extremely active portion of the pugilistic world. There were plenty of corking good lightweights there at the time and Tommy pretended he also was a man of that class, though by that time he was just around 125.

Only 17 at the time and having dodged every schoolhouse in Chicago and narrowly escaping a couple of reform schools, he landed in the big Coast town, lied about his age and weight, and started to fight the best of them. With success, too, and quickly his pockets were bulging, his clothes were of excellent type and he was quite happy in his new surroundings.

One day a brother, a Chicago physician, dropped in. It appeared to be a friendly call. Tommy showed him around the town for four or five days. One night Tommy came into his room and everything, including his clothes, was packed. "What's this?" said the surprised Tommy. "We're going home in about two hours," said the good doctor. "To Chicago and don't try to duck!"

There was no way out, so Tommy got on the train. At Sacramento, there was a stop of five minutes and Tommy sauntered out for a breezer. As the train pulled out, he stood on the platform and waved farewell to the brother, watching him from a Pullman window. Tom was back in San Francisco the next morning among his newfound friends.

The family, in despair, expressed his clothes back to him.

Tom had been away for three years on a fighting tour and his mother hadn't seen him in the meantime. "Why, what's the matter with your face?" she exclaimed upon first sight.

Her dear little wanderer had stopped a few in the meantime and looked somewhat different.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 41

TOUGH birds like Bud Anderson, "One Round" Hogan, Ray Temple (wasn't he the clever chap!), Herb White, "Red" Watson, Joe Azavedo, Babe Picato, Frankie Burns, Willie Hoppe, Phil Knight, ranged the Bay District and its adjacents at the time—probably as good a gang of lightweights as one could have found in any one spot under the sun at any time.

Of these, Tommy told me, and he fought them all, Willie Hoppe really was the most astonishing of any man he'd ever battled.

"We were fighting one night in San Francisco," Tommy related. "Fastest thing I ever saw. Big mixup out in the center of the ring, his arms flying like windmills. I got inside and knocked him down with a right to the chin. Maybe you wouldn't believe it but HE HIT ME THREE TIMES WHILE HE WAS GOING DOWN AND THREE TIMES WHILE HE WAS COMING BACK UP ON HIS FEET!"

Not half of the strangely funny and astonishingly strange things I know of this one McFarland of the several good ones that were in the game have I told you. What I'd like to do is to dramatize Tommy into a picture for young folks—the good and the bad exploited in turn, everything teaching a neat and telling moral.

Today Tom's a fine chap and through the courtesy of his pal, also of Chicago, Dr. James A. Rossiter, owns the Ringside gymnasium in Los Angeles.

Hercules Stubs His Toe

(Continued from page 23)

long-driven slap amidships doubled him up, and the quick-hoisting butt of a wrist straightened him out. The last struck him like a bolt of lightning and toppled him over in a backward somersault that landed him on the back of his neck.

The bruiser writhed and a mean leer twisted his bloody face. He started to lift his massive frame from the rough log floor, but a glance at the slim but unscathed greenhorn standing above him caused him to change his mind. Bullgine Cudmore did not know how to act under such circumstances—he was playing a new rôle.

He drew a rough hand across his bleeding nose, but lay like a licked dog awaiting his master's voice. Meanwhile the unassuming young man who had brought about his downfall looked down upon him soberly and silently.

It fell to old Johnny Benjamin, glowing with admiration, to break the silence. Humbly he shambled up to the victor and proffered a dipper of water in the way of refreshment. The tamer of Bullgine Cudmore took the dipper and dashed its contents into the fallen man's face. "He needs it more than I do," he remarked coolly.

Then addressing the erstwhile boastful bull of the "sticks," he said evenly, "Speaking of tackling the heavyweight champ, you'd better wait until you can lick the lightweight title-holder, but it'll cost you plenty of dough to get another match with me—and the next time I'll punch you instead of just slapping you! Now get up, you palooka!"

* * *

WITH this, the astounding young stranger turned on his heel, but only to find himself face to face with the camp boss. Grinning in embarrassment, he said apologetically, "I'm mighty sorry to have raised a rumpus in your camp, boss; I'll hit the trail in the morning."

Sam Braley, hard-boiled walking boss, chuckled and slammed a good-natured hand onto the new lumberjack's square shoulder. Turning to the crew, he announced, "Boys, I want you all to meet Tommie MacLeod, lightweight champeen of the world! Tommie come into the woods to git a little honest-to-gawd trainin' with a axe and peavey, but after what I just seen here, I dunno's he needs much trainin'. But I reckon we'd better keep him until spring in case any of you fellars want to do some sparrin'."

"Fightin' Tommie MacLeod!" shouted old Johnny Benjamin, speaking for the group of astonished woodsmen. "We should aknowed him frum his pitchers!"

A lusty roaring chorus almost lifted the roof from the low bunk-house, and a hundred horny palms sought the sinewy right hand of the modest champ.

"As for you, Cudmore," cursed the boss, "you git——"

But Tommie MacLeod interrupted quietly, "Come on, Johnny Benjamin, get some vaseline so we can patch up Bullgine."

Wrestler, Boxer, Actor

(Continued from page 37)

SO it is that during his brief but intensive career as a pro athlete Jack Donovan has managed to get a whale of a background and to pick up a fund of knowledge that few men possess at the age of twenty-five. That is all Donovan is right now and just the age when a heavyweight is supposed to come into his own in a physical as well as a mental way.

Jack never "went Hollywood" in a slang sense of that expression for he is a youngster of excellent habits and tremendous ambition and thoroughly believes that some day they'll be giving him banner lines in the newspapers in extolling his ring feats. Victor McLaglen, for whom he has doubled, though Vic is almost twice his age, feels the same way about him and that's why he has induced him to quit wrestling and go in seriously for boxing.

Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 13)

his face a mass of crimson, his legs barely able to support his weight, managed to counter time and again.

Even at this early stage it was apparent that Hamas was outclassed. He was swinging wildly, futilely, while Schmeling's short, jolting rights and lefts found their target with unerring accuracy. Through the third, fourth and fifth rounds Hamas retreated steadily, taking severe punishment about the body and buckling at the knees every time Schmeling shifted to the head and connected solidly with a right.

The battle really ended in the sixth round. After a good start, Hamas ran into a right-hand punch that dumped him on the canvas in his own corner for a count of nine.

Another right, and then another, sent the American down twice more for nine-counts. He staggered to his feet, absolutely defenseless as Max poured rights and lefts into his body in a steady fusillade, but the bell came to his rescue.

At the end of the seventh round, with Hamas in pitiable condition, the referee looked inquiringly at Harvey, but received no signal to halt the mill.

Down three times for counts of nine in the sixth round, Hamas gamely stuck it out for three more chapters while the crowd implored officials to give him quarter.

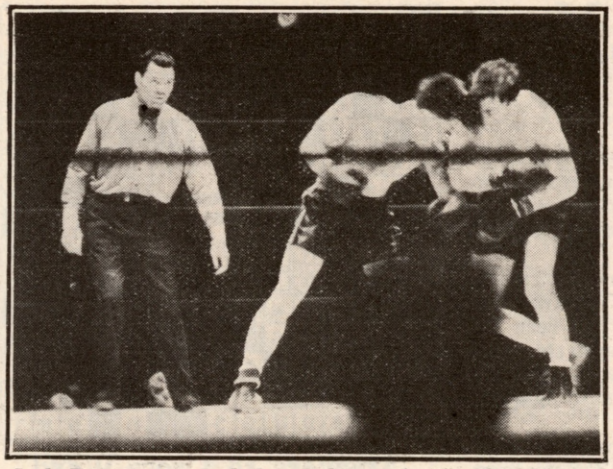
Hamas scarcely could raise a glove in his own defense in the last two rounds, rocking around the ring like a rudderless ship in a high sea as Schmeling grimly stalked him.

* * *

THINGS are beginning to look exceedingly dark for Madison Square Garden. The organization that once ruled supreme in the promotion of sports, especially boxing, is rapidly being shorn of its laurels, and strange as it might seem, those who were instrumental in making Tex Rickard what he was and gaining for his Garden the reputation it enjoyed until recently, are the persons who now threaten the very backbone of the House that Tex Built. It was a sad day for the Garden when Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund and Christmas Fund Show committees decided to sever hitherto amicable arrangements. The open break came last year when the Christmas Fund broke away from the Garden and staged its annual show, the affair between Barney Ross and Billy Petrolle, on its own, and so successful was that show, with Mike Jacobs, the ticket broker, acting as promoter, that it was decided to handle all future Milk and Christmas Fund boxing independently.

A few weeks ago, Jacobs, who also promoted the Barney Ross-Jimmy McLarnin bouts for the Milk Fund last summer and the Klick-Ross bout in Miami, organized the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, and to that organization henceforth will go all of Mrs. Hearst's boxing shows. In view of the fact that the Milk and Christmas Funds have staged the biggest and best of New York boxing matches during the past ten years, it is safe to predict a huge success for Mike Jacobs' new venture and a tremendous drop in the fistic income of the Garden and the Garden Bowl.

They are calling Jacobs the new Tex Rickard, and well might he be termed Tex's successor, for it was his shrewdness, financial aid and keen foresight that enabled Tex to reach the pinnacle of fame in the sports promotorial field, and with his background, his ingenuity, his marvelous leadership when it comes to handling an army of men and his close contact with the sports world, he will be able to set up an organization that will act as a thorn in the sides of the Garden.



Jack Dempsey earned the applause of a large gathering in Madison Square Garden by displaying high efficiency as third man in the ring in the Ambers-Fuller bout.

* * *

WITH the assured backing of Mrs. Hearst and the Hearst newspapers—something the Garden cannot obtain—and the whole-hearted support of Mrs. Hearst's representatives, Eddie Frayne, sports editor of the New York *American;* Bill Farnsworth, sports editor of the New York *Evening Journal,* and Damon Runyon, the most powerful figure in sports writing, Jacobs has a staff from the start that is worth half a million dollars to any promoter. Thus, with Mike's financial set-up and his newspaper set-up, he cannot miss.

It will not be surprising to see him gross a million dollars during the outdoor season in which he will stage, if his plans are fulfilled, five important bouts. It is Mike's intention to stage the lightweight championship mill with Ross defending his crown; a return engagement between Ross and McLarnin; a Baer match in September; a Yarosz-Dundee U. S. middleweight championship affair, and a fight for the featherweight title with Freddie Miller defending his title. All of these are scheduled to take place either at the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium, for which Mike has obtained a two years' lease.

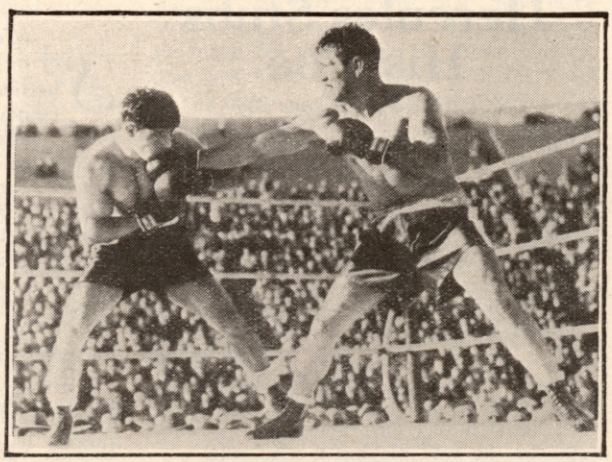
If Jacobs carries out his plans—and there is no reason why he should not be successful in doing so—he will have taken from the Garden every bout of any importance for the summer other than the one in which Baer must defend his heavyweight crown against the man named by the Garden. Thus, overnight, Jacobs will become the most powerful sports promoter in America, even bigger than Nate Lewis of Chicago or any of the Coast moguls.

The entrance of Jacobs into the boxing game with Mrs. Hearst's support was foreseen. It didn't come as a surprise, for it was well known in New York's fistic circles that unless the Garden released Jimmy Johnston, with whom Mrs. Hearst's representatives—Messrs. Farnsworth and Frayne—refused to do business for the Milk and Christmas Funds, Jacobs would become the Funds' promoter. Under the new arrangements, the financial yield will be far greater for the Funds and the promoter, who cannot lose. It is the safest business ever ventured into by a promoter, and Jacobs is to be congratulated on his business acumen.

* * *

IN view of the importance of the break of the Hearst Funds from its Garden alliance, a little sketch of the man who engineered the new deal is appropriate. Mike Jacobs has been a sporting and theatrical character in New York for upwards of thirty years, during which time he has enjoyed the confidence and has been the ally of bankers, brokers, theatrical producers and sportsmen to a high degree. Some call him the mystery man of Broadway, but he simply smiles when thus referred to. He is mysterious only while working out some important deal, but when his aim is accomplished, there is no mystery about him. In fact, he is one of the best publicity men in big business, because he can quickly sense a story and just as speedily have it broadcast to the four corners of the earth.

Ostensibly he is a ticket broker, but that is only one of his many ventures. For many years, those who are his friends,



A scene in the bout between Bep Van Klavern and Young Corbett III in San Francisco, which Corbett won. Van Klavern is seen on the left.

were aware of the fact that he was the man behind the throne in Madison Square Garden. Even when Rickard was at the helm and at the height of his career, it was Mike Jacobs who guided Tex along the path to fame.

It was Mike, not Rickard, who made possible the success of the Carpentier-Dempsey venture and it was Jacobs who turned the two Dempsey-Tunney fights into million-dollar gates after both looked like financial flops. His keen judgment steered Rickard out of a tangle, from which at one time, it seemed Tex would never be able to extricate himself.

* * *

HE was born on the lower East Side of New York fifty-four years ago and, like many successful New Yorkers, he started his business career as a newsboy. Later he worked on the Iron Steamships plying between New York and Coney Island and still later he went into the theater ticket game. As Mike tells the story, "One night I had a cheap ticket for a fight. It was the first fight ticket I ever bought. The house was a sell-out and a fellow came up to me just as I was about to enter the club and said:

" 'How would you like to get five dollars for that ticket?'

"Of course I grabbed at the opportunity because I had paid only one dollar for it. That gave me an idea. I said to myself, if that fellow wanted a ticket so badly that he was willing to pay me four dollars extra for it, why wouldn't others be willing to pay more than cost price for a ticket if they would be assured of a good seat even if there was a sell out? So I went out and started to buy up tickets in the front rows of successful Broadway plays and good boxing matches and before long I was the leading ticket broker in New York.

"Which reminds me—I started off as a promoter in the same way. Mrs. Hearst's representatives of the Christmas Fund figured that too much was being spent on the rental of the Garden and the Bowl, so they asked me if I would be willing to act as promoter of both Funds either by renting the Garden and the Bowl or staging the fights wherever I thought it best. I accepted and took the first show to the Coliseum and turned away ten thousand people. I then leased the Bowl for the two McLarnin-Ross fights and the public knows what I did. Had I not been compelled through weather conditions to postpone the second show so often, I would have set a new record for fights other than a heavyweight championship mill.

"Of course, I realize that it is the splendid cooperation I get from Ed Frayne, Bill Farnsworth, Damon Runyon and other newspapermen in New York that enabled me to get where I am today as a promoter. I'm glad to say that I have the wholehearted support of the sports writers of all the papers in the Metropolitan district, and that is quite an item in sports promotion. My biggest aim is to make as much as I can for Mrs. Hearst's great charitable organizations and it is for the success of those funds that I have definitely cast my lot among America's fistic promoters."

Those who know how Jacobs works won't be surprised to see boxing take a new lease of life under Mike's direction. He did it before and he can do it again. Suffice it to say that he starts off like the babe who was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, with the greatest newspaper support that money could buy—the Hearst papers—and with that in back of him, he has the Garden licked in one jump. There will be no competition—it will be all one-sided. Here's wishing you success, Mike.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in this issue is the story of the rapid rise of Joe Louis, Negro heavyweight, from a mere novice, a Golden Gloves product, to one of the world's outstanding fighters. If he continues to add to his prestige as he has in the past three months, nothing can stop him from reaching the point where public opinion will demand a meeting between him and the heavyweight king, regardless of Joe's color.

Only recently I took occasion to attack the unwarranted stand of the Hitler government in refusing Jews the same privilege accorded others in boxing, and when the color line is used as a subterfuge in this country, there can be no difference between such a stand against the Negro race than there is against the Jews by Hitler.

We in America are true sports and in the name of sportsmanship, I hope that there will no discrimination against Joe Louis in his rise to fistic fame. He is a product of young America and, as such, THE RING wishes him godspeed on his career.

* * *

AND while on the subject of Louis, I want to congratulate Paul Gallico of the New York *Daily News*, the man who has made possible the staging of Golden Gloves competitions throughout the country. It was he who organized the New York competition that has risen to such heights that it is now ranked as America's foremost amateur boxing competition, overshadowing even the national A. A. U. championships. From among winners of the Golden Gloves have come some of the best professionals now competing, among them Barney Ross and Joe Louis. But those two constitute only a very small percentage of Golden Glovers who are in the pro spotlight. Bob Olin, Leo Rodak, Julian Katz, Louis Salica, Bob Pastor, Leonard del Genio, among others, are products of this great amateur competition. In the recent Golden Gloves finals in the Garden, that spacious arena could have been sold out twice, so popular has the *Daily News* tourney become. Professional promoters could afford to take a lesson from the managers of the Golden Gloves in staging shows.

* * *

THE month of March was one of action for the heavyweight division, for in addition to the Schmeling-Hamas bout, several other important contests took place that held public interest. Although this issue went to press before the Lasky-Braddock bout was staged, and because of the time limit, was unable to go into details about the Impellitiere-Carnera fight, which will be covered more fully in the next issue, those two contests and the Hamas-Schmeling affair have acted as a spur to boxing.

Activity in the smaller divisions also perked up the interest in the sport, with Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, leading the way. American fistic followers are proud of Freddie, for he lived up to the standard of a real fighting champion.

The Black Menace

(Continued from page 15)

shot. Wills was a big, strong chap, inferior in science to Johnson, yet a formidable fighter with a long list of victories to his credit, including wins over Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Battling Jim Johnson and Lester Johnson, all topnotchers of the black brigade.

It will be remembered how persistently Wills advocated his claims to a Dempsey bout, only to be switched off the main track quite as adroitly as Jackson was in Sullivan's era. In fact, the rumor gained currency that Dempsey was secretly scared of Wills. This was not the case. The champ was perfectly willing to take on Wills. But Tex Rickard, who, after the unpleasant aftermath of the Johnson-Jeffries battle, swore he would never promote another heavyweight affair with a white and colored man as principals, turned a cold shoulder to the proposition, and other promoters followed suit.

* * *

GEORGE GODFREY, six feet, three inches tall, scaling two hundred and forty pounds in trained condition, was a much greater "black menace," as it is phrased, to white heavyweight supremacy than Harry Wills. Godfrey combined unusual strength and astonishing powers of endurance to highly developed skill and generalship of first-class caliber. He began fighting in 1924 and, if you glance at his record, you will be surprised to note the number of knockouts to his credit during the earlier years of his career.

The man was a veritable grizzly bear in strength, and about the time Tunney was getting ready to pass up the game for good, Mr. George Godfrey, in the opinion of many experts, could have gone right down the line of big scrappers and trimmed them all, black and white, with equal celerity. But—the trouble was the color line again. Nobody among the promoters wanted a colored champ. Godfrey had to eat in order to keep his huge carcass going. So, one never knew, when he stepped into the ring, whether his handlers had taken the bracelets off him or not.

Perhaps the "powers that be" will see to it that a fair-play precedent is established in the matter of Joe Louis' progress toward the championship goal. And perhaps not! Yet, despite the curse of racial prejudice and wiles of crooked gamblers, and easily-swayed promoters, it may be that his ring performances, if continued on such a brilliant scale, will muster public opinion to his aid and result in his obtaining the fifty-fifty break which is all a good man asks.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 35)

Championship. It was about this time that Victor turned professional and almost immediately distinguished himself. His knowledge of the game and his scientific application of telling holds soon won him fame and recognition and today he is one of the leading contenders for the light-heavyweight title. He has filled out nicely, weighing 175 pounds of brawn and muscle without an ounce of superfluous fat.

Weber is an expert shot putter and javelin thrower but his sole interest is in wrestling. He has but one ambition and that is to win the championship of his class and hold it against all comers.

Harry Foley

HARRY FOLEY, light-heavyweight from Hot Springs, Arkansas, sent in this piece about his favorite wrestler.

Joe Hulsey, former boxer and promoter, is now a wrestler. He is rated as the welterweight champion of Arkansas although he has been wrestling only a little more than a year. Joe claims to be the strongest welterweight wrestler in the world and is willing to back his claim any time. One of his feats, which he does with ease, to keep his wrists strong and supple, is to bend 40 and 60 penny spike nails into staples with only his hands.

Joe is of Irish and Cherokee Indian parentage. He delights in taking on all the rough and tough guys, because that is his particular style of wrestling. He has plenty of color and showmanship and always gives the crowd plenty of unexpected thrills. He specializes in flying tackles, leg scissors and the Indian death lock.

Joe Gunther

JOE GUNTHER, handsome young Nashville grappler, is rated one of the outstanding middleweights in the country. Gunther, with a perfect physique, is fast and clever, and has accumulated a lot of experience in the four years he has been wrestling as a professional.

Only twenty-three, Gunther started wrestling while attending Nashville Central High School and continued it later at Columbia Military Academy at Columbia, Tenn. Since he turned pro, he has wrestled in Canada, the Middle West, and throughout the South, Southwest and on the Pacific coast with great success.

* * *

Barney Cosneck, former Big Ten champion from the University of Illinois, has built up quite a reputation in the Southwest. This handsomely proportioned Jewish lad is another former collegiate grappler who is now ranked among the topmost professionals in the light-heavyweight division. He is a pupil of Paul Prehn, one-time Illinois wrestling mentor and since a member of the athletic commission of the state of Illinois. Barney is just another reason why the lighter boys are drawing great houses in Southwestern states.

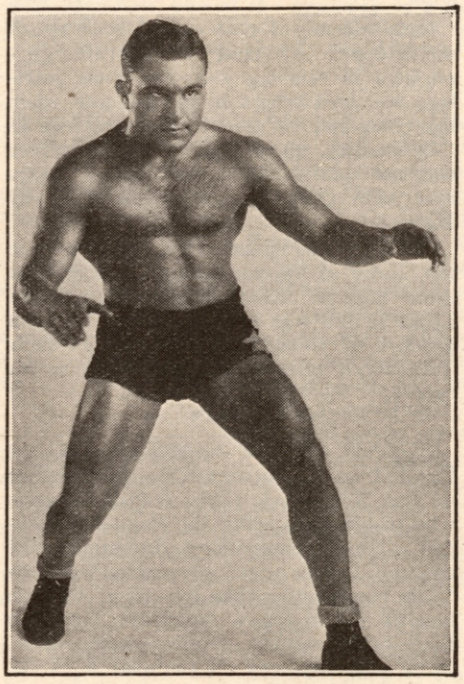
Eddie Pope

"JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES, and master of none" is an adage which seldom proves to be wrong, but in the case of Eddie Pope, light-heavyweight champion of Ireland, it has gone sadly askew. While Eddie isn't exactly a Jack-of-all-trades, he practises two of them, for he is both a chiropractor and a wrestler, and a master of each. In fact, it is Eddie's ambition when he retires from the mat, to return to his original practice.

Eddie Pope was born in Traymore, Ireland, not far from Waterford. It is a small village but internationally known for the breeding of thoroughbred horses. From early childhood, Eddie spent his time outdoors enjoying the wild life of his native land and, incidentally, developing his body and building himself up into what later was to become one of the best conditioned athletes in the light-heavyweight division.

He practiced chiropractics for a while in Waterford, but the call of athletics was strong in him and temporarily he closed his office doors and sought an outlet for his excessive energy as a wrestler. Pretty soon he became champion of South Ireland and later of all Ireland. It was after winning this championship that he came to America.

His success in this country was instantaneous. He first won the middleweight championship but outgrew the division and became a full-fledged light-heavyweight. Pope's ambition is to win the light-heavyweight crown and later, when he has made his pile, to return home and hang up his chiropractor's sign. Incidentally, his knowledge of chiropractics has stood him in good stead as a wrestler. Being thoroughly conversant with the make-up of the human body, he has developed punishing holds with telling effect.



Barney Cosneck, former Big Ten champion.

Pepey Oberhoffer

FROM laughing, singing and dancing Vienna has come a mat champion to our shores—Pepey Oberhoffer. This young Austrian athlete has proved himself a welcome addition to the light-heavyweight Big Parade, in which he is not only an adornment but a real menace. He is a strong, well-built young man who knows his mat onions, as it were. In his country he was the undisputed champion. He undertook a tour of Europe and disposed of every rival his weight. Returning to Vienna, he was given a reception which was headed by the mayor and attended by every representative in the field of sport.

Pepey was presented by his proud compatriots with a belt emblematic of his prowess amid much fêting and rejoicing. The event was a sort of double celebration in that it also was in the nature of a temporary farewell. He had received an offer to come to America and compete in the field of young athletes who have been revolutionizing wrestling and have been removing the heavy, lumbering, elephantine type of grapplers for the quick, active and splendidly proportioned athletes now known as the light-heavyweights.

Arriving in the United States as champion of Austria, Pepey caught on immediately. His style, somewhat resembling that of a dancing master, appealed to the imagination, but his prowess was very soon evident when he clamped on holds that were punishing and damaging and which soon had his rivals crying enough.

Pepey's ambition is to win the light-heavyweight title and carry it back triumphantly to Vienna. However, there are quite a number of lads who have the same idea about winning the title and Pepey will face plenty of competition this winter before he can accomplish his ambitious project. Oberhoffer is well versed in the tricks of the trade. He is not what one would term a rough-and-tumble artist, but when it comes to that style, he can hold his own.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 31)

again when he starts training for his championship bout with Ed Don George for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund. Jemmy deserves a little rest, for he has been a most active wrestler since winning the title.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S from Bernice Sandboe of Texas:

Houston has a new wrestling and boxing commissioner who is none other than Lloyd Gregory, sports editor of a local sheet. Lloyd executed his first bit of authority by suspending Karl Davis for failing to appear for a match.

* * *

Orville Brown exhibited a bit of poor sportsmanship that is likely to tone down his popularity here. During his match with Doc Sarpolis, he removed a bandage from the Doc's sore knee and proceeded to work on said knee until the referee was forced to pull him off and give him the match. The Doc's knee was in a bad fix and it was several minutes before he could limp out of the ring. Orville, who has heretofore enjoyed popularity here, was soundly booed out of the arena.

* * *

One of the highest spots of the Brown-Sarpolis tussle occurred when Doc bounded off the ropes to get his flying scissors on Brown. Little Orville ducked, but Jack League, the referee, forgot to, and Doc landed atop him, much to Jack's acute dismay.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Chief Chewchki says his favorite movie picture star is Kay Francis. Jack Dempsey taught Pat Reilly that awful wallop he packs. Pat once knocked Joe Muhl, the referee, out cold. Pat, though a young fellow, is baldheaded. Tom Pack's real name is Anthanasios Napoleon Pakitos. They call Juan Humberto the Mexican Beau Brummell. Lou Daro, Los Angeles promoter, always wears a carnation in his lapel. Marsh Blackstock's little boy is a darling—resembles the unfortunate Baby Lindy. Paul Jones filed suit for bankruptcy. Paul used to own a local floral shop and a race track. Dory Roche, stocky little miner, is back in the South again after a visit to his native Ohio. Mayes McLain is an Indian. Morris Sigel, Houston promoter who bosses the burly rasslers around, only weighs in at 145.

* * *

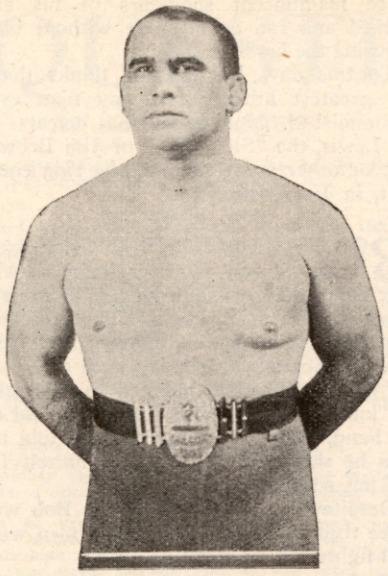
Two eastern boys, Frankie Taylor, Newark, N. J., and Jack Kennedy, Cleveland, O., are doing themselves right proud in Oklahoma and Texas rings.

* * *

Frank Wolff, grim-visaged German, will continue to knock on the door of Champion McGuirk if his performances of late are a criterion. The Frankenstein sent Clarence Eklund, former champion, back to his sheep ranch after drubbing him in a tough scrap at Tulsa recently.

* * *

Former Champion Hugh Nichols has returned after two months of campaigning in California and already has challengers in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas seeking cover. The Mexia veteran says he is ready for anybody, including the champion, and there aren't many pretenders to the throne denying his right to No. 1 challenger's position.



Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who defies Jack Sherry to meet him in a finish bout.

* * *

Reports from Little Rock and Ft. Smith, Arkansas, and Joplin, Mo., have it that there is another member of the Zaharias family winning himself a place in the wrestling world. This one is George's younger brother, Ted, and he has been making the light-heavies sit up and take notice.

* * *

Mississippi fans have been watching with interest the advent of Henry Kolin into the light-heavyweight ranks. Henry has shaved off the House of David beard that marked him as "Whiskers" Kolin when he was a terror among the welters and middleweights.

* * *

Wildcat Pete, once the leading middleweight card in Honolulu, is another who is becoming a full-fledged light-heavy in Mississippi rings.

* * *

MANY of the wrestling fraternity were on hand at Oklahoma City on April 10, 11 and 12 for the National A. A. U. mat tournament. Oklahoma is a hotbed for the Simon-pure matmen.

* * *

Coach E. C. Gallagher, of Oklahoma A. and M. College, has led his products to one hundred and one dual meet victories with only three losses. He has developed some thirty national individual wrestling champions. Among his former amateurs who have done well by themselves as professionals are Earl McCready, heavyweight; Bobby Pearce, welterweight contender, and LeRoy McGuirk, present light-heavyweight champ.

* * *

The smaller matmen have been giving the heavyweights something to worry about at Wichita, Kansas. With cards like Jimmy Logas, Paul Orth, Frank Wolff, Logger McDonald, Barney Cosneck, and others, the Wichita A. C. has dealt the local American Legion Post and its big boys a stiff blow.

* * *

Alvin Britt, the Luray, Kansas, farmer boy and "trust buster" among the light-heavies, has returned to Arkansas rings after a three-months' layoff. Britt has been on a journey into Wyoming and Colorado, where he got himself back into tip-top condition, working out with the old veteran, Clarence Eklund.

* * *

Red Lyons, one of the better of the light-heavies, has been doing his wrestling of late around rings at San Francisco, Hollywood, and other points in California.

* * *

George Sauer is another of the lighter group who has made himself a drawing card in the Far West.

* * *

Promoter Tony Bernardi of Little Rock, Ark., has secured a woman wrestler in the person of Barbara Ware, who is tossing the local talent around with abandon.

* * *

THE following comes from Ohio:

The international and world's wrestling ratings which Jimmie Amann, THE RING's correspondent in southern Ohio, compiled and placed on sale three months ago, have attained such a high order from the many fans all over the world that he has been forced to place a service charge of twenty-five cents in coin and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for these ratings.

The ratings include, by percentage on activity, the ratings of every well-known and many lesser lights of the heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight divisions. Address Amann at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

* * *

Frank Duncan, Middle West mat impresario, has been featuring with fair success Ray Steele, Sol Slagel, Strangler Lewis, Billy Edwards, Jim McMillen and many more of the heavyweight leaders at his Cincinnati shows.

Duncan started at the Armory, then moved to the Friar's Club, which he recently vacated. Duncan intends to star his heavyweights at the new Ace Club, Price Hill, soon.

* * *

Johnny Stote is now located around Oklahoma, with Tulsa his headquarters. He has been busy of late and is planning on an invasion of the West Coast in quest of a match with Lord Finnegan, the newly recognized champion of the National Wrestling Association, who recently dethroned Jack Reynolds.

* * *

Olof Hanson, Swedish star, lifted the junior middleweight title from George Gable at Cincinnati on March 2. On the same card Midget Fischer successfully defended his light-heavyweight crown against the Great Mephisto. Hanson has yet to defeat Billy Thom, the other claimant of the light-middleweight crown.

* * *

The lightweight wrestling title, long on the shelf due to the lack of interest in the 135-pound division, might be brought back into the running if Cincinnati promoters go through with their scheduled elimination to determine a lightweight ruler.

Jack Britton, Ex-Welter King

(Continued from page 9)

sport writers as a wonderful example of longevity in ring service. But Britton was fighting six years before Dundee ever donned a glove.

* * *

JACK BRITTON has seen three generations of fighting men come and go. When he began his career of twenty-six years as a gladiator, Jim Jeffries hadn't retired; Abe Attell was leader of the feathers; Johnny Coulon ruled the bantam roost; Joe Walcott was still in the spotlight as a welter wonder; Tommy Ryan held the middleweight title; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was getting ready to knock out Fitzsimmons for the light-heavyweight crown; Joe Gans was monarch of the lightweights, with Battling Nelson hot on his trail. Many illustrious names succeeded the foregoing on Fame's fistic roster, whose owners have since passed into the shades of oblivion, while Britton kept milling sturdily on.

What was the secret of Britton's ability to endure? If you asked him, he'd tell you there was no secret about it. He was never a faddist about diet. "Eat plain food and plenty of it," he would say. He took a drink now and then, if he felt like it, smoked a good cigar occasionally, but never dissipated in any way, shape or manner.

He trained faithfully, but never turned his training into drudgery, boxing never became purely mechanical with him, he liked the game and got a kick out of it. This system, or lack of system, whichever you like to call it, suited Jack Britton, although it might not prove equally successful in the case of the other fellow.

Probably the fact that he could control his appetites was the real answer to the question of how he managed to "pursue the even tenor of his way" without stubbing his toe or conforming to any hard-and-fast rules laid down by advocates of different schools of conditioning. Whatever the cause; Jack Britton today is as fine and healthy a specimen of athletic manhood as you could wish to see. Besides being a boxing "professor," he is also a judge of boxing for the New York State Boxing Commission.

His professorial career has been a pronounced success for over three years, as might have been expected in the case of such an old master of the science of hit, stop and get-away. One wishes that he could impart some of that hard-earned knowledge to a majority of the young men now engaged in the beak-busting business—and that goes for most of the so-called topnotchers, too! Lord knows they need it!

Fables of the Ring

(Continued from page 33)

many lessons from his fellow Greek, Tofalos, who was an Olympic games winner and came to America as a wrestler; terribly strong but a little too light at the time to cope with the giants then in the game.

Anyway, Londos one day shouldered exactly five hundred pounds in weight on those magnificent shoulders of his and walked and ran a full mile without once relieving the horrible strain.

To this day, Jim Londos thinks that's the greatest athletic feat any man ever accomplished. Not even ring defeats of Ed Lewis, the "Strangler," or Jim Browning, or other great stars in the ring equal that, in Jim's estimation!

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS is said to have been the only fighting champion who ever halted in the middle of a bout to publicly rebuke a spectator. The freckled Cornishman disliked a bloody battle and took no pleasure in winning such an affair. So when a ringsider shouted to him once to "knock that big bum out," Bob held up his hand, walked to the ropes and told the man he should be ashamed of himself for making such a remark.

Despite that strange complex, Bob won three titles, and won them when men were real fighters.

Are Fighters Sissies?

(Continued from page 11)

to tell his mother all about it over the telephone and had to assure her that he had not injured the other man; Jack Sharkey, who stood in line at a cemetery shrine to pray so that his child might see better; good-natured Jack Johnson, whose forebears were savages in Africa but whose grin hardly broke over the face of a man killer; Gene Tunney, who hated fighting. Killers all!

There have been rare figures in fighting who have had truly mean, lowdown streaks. But these men were not listed as killers. They liked to play with a foe as a cat plays with a mouse, hurting, cutting, slashing.

The men whom we have known as arch possessors of the killer instinct are those who have tried to stop their men in short order. The knockout need not be painful or harmful. It is anaesthetic, soporific, the easy way to prevent hurting your opponent. It is the ether of the square circle, the laughing gas of the roped arena.

In reality the term knockout is badly chosen. The general public believes that it knocks a man out of his senses, maybe out of his life. It means that the recipient has been knocked out of time—that he could not "come to scratch" inside of ten seconds. So you see, the much maligned knockout really is the most peaceful, the kindliest agency of the game demonstrated by those who so often are miscalled Killers.

In conclusion, I'll answer that question. Fighters are sissies!—that is, when it comes to employing the "Killer instinct" in the ring.

On the night when Dempsey opened his beautiful, spacious restaurant opposite the Garden in New York City, I asked him what he thought about the query, "Are Fighters Sissies?" I laid stress on his own case to prove my conclusion and Jack smiled and answered:

"Gosh, Dan, no fighter, no matter how hard-boiled he might be, wants to injure or maim a fellow who is opposing him. I believe I did have "killer instinct," but not in the sense which the average person would interpret that term. I went after an opponent to settle the argument as quickly as possible, because I felt that the longer the fight was prolonged, the more chance there was of my opponent being hurt.

"If you remember, in the case of Bill Brennan and Miske, I took things easy because I liked both fellows immensely and I didn't care to do much damage, but in the long run, I found it best to put them out of their misery by stopping them. That is what might be called 'killer instinct.' The same may be said of my bout with Willard.

"If you recollect, I went after him from the start. I employed true 'killer instinct' in that fight, even though you don't think so. I was determined to win that bout and the championship, even if I had to die doing it. That's why I sailed into big Jess and gave him the worst beating any heavyweight has ever received. But again my 'killer instinct' was employed only to end the mill as quickly as could be done because I feared I might kill the champion if I kept punishing him round after round.

"So you see, there is such a thing as 'killer instinct' in the ring, but as I have already remarked, no fighter, at least not the average man, is out to do bodily harm to the fellow who is opposing him. That part of your deduction is true, but when you call the fighters 'sissies,' you're using wild imagination.

"I realize that you differentiate between the true meaning of the word 'sissy' and what you want to convey as the meaning to your readers, but I should think you would be far better off to have written your story in a manner to prove that we fighters, no matter how hard-hearted, are not cold-blooded killers—then you would be correct."

So there you have Jack Dempsey's answer to my query, "Are Fighters Sissies?"

In his statement, Dempsey has the backing of the Editor of this publication, his friend, Nat Fleischer. Nat, you will recollect, wrote a book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," in which he plays up big the "Man Killer instinct" in the Manassa Mauler, and to call Jack a "sissy," I have found, is treading heavily on Nat's toes. But Nat has given me permission to explain my views on the "killer instinct" fighters, and perhaps our readers will now oblige by writing to the Editor and giving their views. Do you agree with the writer or with Dempsey and The RING Editor? Let's hear from you, pals.

Now Ready
The Greatest Record Book of all time
FRANK G. MENKE'S
1935 EDITION OF THE
"All Sports Record Book"
Contains a world of information on all variety of sports. No sports follower or newspaperman should be without it.
Surpasses any book of its kind ever published.
Highly recommended by sports critics
Send **$1.00**
THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Ave. and 49th St. New York City

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jack Romley, London, England.

Q.—What is the seating capacity of the Garden and the Garden Bowl, Convention Hall of Philadelphia, Boston Garden, Chicago Stadium and Philadelphia Arena?

A.—Garden of New York, 18,200; Bowl, 76,000; Convention Hall, 35,000; Boston Garden, 14,000; Chicago Stadium, 21,000; Philadelphia Arena, 10,000.

John H. Gaye, St. Anthony's College, Kandy, Ceylon.

Q.—In an amateur bout, a boxer commits an accidental foul. Isn't it a good policy for the referee, after a caution, to ask both boxers to shake hands and to continue boxing?

A.—No. The referee should warn the fellow who fouled and then, without a handshake, have the boys continue. The handshake during a bout is unnecessary and wastes valuable time.

Q.—Are boxers allowed to bandage their hands according to the American amateur rules? The British rules don't allow bandaging, but the Olympic rules do.

A.—Yes. They should be allowed everywhere as a protection.

Q.—Will it not aid the sport if referees and judges are asked to give their reasons for the decision each makes?

A.—In America that is always the case. The judges and referee write the reason on the slip given them for that purpose.

Q.—Is it not better to knock out a groggy boxer than to keep on punishing him?

A.—No. The referee should halt such a contest immediately he sees that one opponent is so far inferior that he is subjected to unnecessary punishment. You'll find many interesting questions and answers such as you have asked in my book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight."

Q.—Are there any bad effects from a knockout?

A.—Sometimes. It depends how the knockout is scored. An ordinary k.o. does not affect the victim.

Q.—Which is better, to win by a knockout or on points?

A.—A knockout is more effective because such a victory is decisive.

S. S. Filas, Spokane, Wash.

Q.—Where can I get mats and photos of the star wrestlers?

A.—"The Ring" Photo Department sells photos, sizes 8 by 10 inches, of any star wrestler for $1.00 each or seven for $5.00. Also a group of wrestlers, listed in advertisements in this issue, at seven for $2.00, but groups are not broken up. They are sold only as a group. No mats are available.

Fritz, Toledo, Ohio.

Q.—I am fifteen years old and weigh 115 pounds. I am studying Hackenschmidt's strength course. Is it O.K. for me? Will I benefit by same?

A.—Yes. I know of no one better qualified to teach that than Hackenschmidt.

Q.—I was told that when Fitz appeared in the Jolly Blacksmith at Ashtabula, a cabby knocked him down and followed the knockdown punch by running over Fitz with the cab. The cabby's name was Clarence Sweet. Is that a true story?

A.—Never heard of it before. Many stories go the rounds, but not all are bona fide.

Q.—What are the measurements of Luis Firpo?

A.—You can get that in my book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," where all measurements of all of Dempsey's opponents are listed.

Q.—Do you think Hackenschmidt was a better wrestler than Gotch?

A.—Matter of opinion. I think that Gotch was the greater. Jack Curley, who handled the affairs of each, says Hackenschmidt excelled Gotch. Take your choice.

Miss Jones ——

Q.—How can I get rid of a "spare tire" around ribs? I have considerable fat around the hips. How can I get rid of that? What exercises can I use? I also have a high stomach. What remedy to rid myself of that?

A.—The old stand-by of raising arms high over head and then, without bending knees, touch floor with finger tips and later with flat palms of hands, will soon get rid of that spare tire. You will soon be able to touch the floor without any effort and watch the difference. Rolling around the floor will soon thin the hips. The high stomach will simply evaporate with those simple exercises.

For your bust, would suggest that you find some swimming pool and take up swimming. Nothing better. It will also help your other ailments. By the way, Miss Jones, it will pay you and all of your sex who have the same trouble, to get a copy of "Height Increasing Exercises" and practice those exercises regularly. They are not simply for height increase but for reducing, building up and general development—the finest exercises one can take for getting rid of surplus fat, protruding hips, heavy stomach and fallen busts. Stretching exercises such as are in this book are invaluable for your kind.

Helen Morelli, Texas.

Q.—I have fallen busts and there is a thick layer of fat around them. How can I get rid of this?

A.—Same as above. In your case, I would also advise stretching high over head and massaging that section whenever the opportunity presents itself, especially after your bath. Rub the skin strongly upwards, not downwards, as I recently told another girl by error. Another good exercise is to place your body across a chair, stomach down. Then, balancing yourself, raise the head and chest upwards and backwards to give heavy stretching to the section around the busts.

Currie McDonald, Richmond County, C. B.

In answer to your queries: Dempsey in all probability visited McIntyre Lake as he visited plenty of other sections of Canada. Dempsey was kayoed only once in his career by Jim Flynn when he first started fighting. Dempsey was much better than Schmeling. Dempsey was twenty-nine years old when he fought Firpo. Ross was never kayoed. Paulino was rated better than Neusel. Neusel was kayoed by Schmeling in nine rounds. Paulino was never knocked out. Jack Pettifer is back in England doing the best he can. Neusel is twenty-six years old. Canzoneri can be reached at Marlboro, N. Y. Paulino is thirty-five years old. Walker is thirty-three years of age.

V. "Red" Paz, Olsa, Hawaii.

Q.—How do you rate Max Baer with the great heavyweights of the past?

A.—We don't. He doesn't measure up as an all-around fighter to the past masters. In my opinion, he is the best of the recent lot, but as a hitter, he was surpassed by several of the stars, and for all-around work he would not have stood a chance against Corbett, Fitz, Johnson, or Jeffries. He would have fared on even terms against Hart and Burns, but Dempsey, who was a great hitter and also was much faster than Baer, would have taken Max's measure. That is only an opinion, pal.

Otis L. Law, Des Moines, Iowa.

Q.—I am a wrestling fan and would like to know if any back issues of THE RING contain articles on Ray Steele or Roland Kirchmeyer. If so, what issues, and is it possible to obtain them?

A.—Yes. Just write for the issues containing story on these men. The price is twenty-five cents each, plus postage of ten cents for the two.

Miss M——, Missouri.

Q.—Can you give me some exercises which are successful in developing the bust? How can I reduce or eliminate round-shouldered condition. Would tennis and running help? What exercises are helpful in making the hips more slender and graceful? Would hill-climbing and rope-skipping help?

A.—See answers to Miss Jones on this page. Any exercises that develop the chest, also will develop the bust. In my book called "Height Increase Exercises," there are any number of exercises which would help you considerably, such as: Raising the arms shoulder high, palms facing downward, then rotating the hands in a backward circular movement, tossing the shoulders back as far as you can. Then repeat this exercise with a forward rotating motion. 2—The ordinary breathing exercises, such as throwing the arms shoulder high, rising on the toes, then throwing the hands over the head and coming down to the original position. For exercise 3—you can take the toe-touching exercise. From the standing position, throw your hands over your head as high as you can get them, stretch on your toes, then from that position bend your body forward and try to touch the toes with the finger-tips. When you are able to do that, repeat the same exercise without stretching on your toes and try to touch the floor with the palms of the hands without bending the knees. These are only a few, but I would suggest that you get my book and pick out all exercises along the outline above.

There are many exercises in this book for hip reducing and gaining slenderness and gracefulness. Hill-climbing and rope-skipping will help considerably. Rolling along the floor will reduce the hips. Walking will aid in slenderness. Swimming is a fine exercise.

Gay Viljoen, South Africa.

Q.—Was Don McCorkindale good as a heavyweight boxer, and what has become of him?

A.—McCorkindale impressed very highly in this country, but was forced to retire from the ring because of eye injury. He is now living in England but retired from ring service.

Jack O'Connor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Johnny Fox ever fight Harry Felix? If so, when, where, and who won the fight? Did Fox ever meet Eddie Brady and Marty Silvers? What do you think of Pete Mascia of Brooklyn? Did he really whip Leonard Del Genio, and if so, why do the papers say that Del Genio is undefeated?

A.—We have no record of Fox ever meeting Harry Felix. Fox was beaten in 1920 by Eddie Brady in a twelve-round bout and also lost to Marty Silvers in four rounds and again in six during 1921. Mascia is a clever boxer but will never go higher than his present ranking. Mascia whipped Del Genio when he first started fighting but Del Genio has improved considerably since that fight.

Wallace Conway, Covington, Ky.

Q.—I am five feet six and a half inches and weigh 125 pounds. I have a reach of 66, chest normal of 33, expanded 36½, thigh 19½, wrist 6¼, biceps 10¼, and forearm 10½. How are my measurements?

A.—Very good.

Q.—What was Joe Walcott's reach?

A.—66¾ inches.

Q.—Do you think Carnera would have beaten Billy Miske?

A.—Yes, I do.

Harvey Harland, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I am nineteen years old, weigh 147 pounds and stand 5 feet 7 inches. Do you think that, with the use of your "Height Increase Exercises," I can gain three inches by the time I am twenty-two years?

A.—You certainly will if you follow the exercises carefully and keep doing several every time the opportunity arises.

Charles Fishman, New York City.

Q.—I have your "Height Increase Exercises" and think they are great. I have been training faithfully since last October and I have added an inch and a quarter in four months. Is that good? I am twenty years old and weigh 167 pounds. I am 5 feet 5 inches now and need one more inch to qualify in height for a special examination. Will I make it in six months?

A.—Yes, you will. Keep on training.

Al Baumhover, Dubuque, Iowa.

Q.—What is Patsy Perroni's record? Was Joe Louis ever knocked off his feet?

A.—Perroni is ranked one of the leading heavyweights of the country. Has beaten Risko twice and many other outstanding names. Louis has not been off his feet since turning professional.

Alice Johnson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—My brother has purchased a copy of "Height Increase Exercises" and both he and I have been using them. They are simply marvelous. I like the type of exercises listed, but find one fault with your course. You do not grade the exercises so that a person may know just which to follow first and how often to keep on doing each. Can you enlighten me?

A.—Yes, I'm sorry for not having incorporated that in the course. Well, Alice, this is what I would advise: Follow the exercises in the order in which they are given. Do about six the first day, and continue on those six until you know them without looking at your book. Then add six more and perfect those, likewise, and at least twice a day, morning and night, review all twelve. Keep up that method until you have a fine knowledge of all the exercises in the book and then, whenever the opportunity presents itself during the day, do several at random. For example, after you have mastered the first twelve I have listed, you can do several stretching exercises such as raising high on toes and stretching both hands, then only one, high over head with finger tips pointing upwards as far as possible. You can go through the motions of pitching, tennis playing, walking on the toes for fifty steps forward and fifty steps backwards, leaping in the air, tossing basketball—any and all of those can be practiced for five minutes several times a day at work or during recess periods. Then you get the full benefit of the stretching exercises and what you most need, the benefit of light exercising during the day.

Sam Levin, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, are the five best Jewish boxers of all time?

A.—A very difficult query because of the different styles and types of fighters in the old days of pugilism, as compared to those of the present. Your guess is as good as mine, but for argument's sake, here goes: Joe Choynski, Benny Leonard, Daniel Mendoza, Abe Attell and Ted Kid Lewis.

Q.—Who are the five best Jewish wrestlers performing at present?

A.—Sammy Stein, Abe Coleman, Sid Westerich, Dr. Fields, Herb Freeman.

Q.—How do you rate Benny Bass?

A.—Past his peak.

Q.—Who are the best five managers and the best five promoters in the game today?

A.—Max Waxman, Sammy Goldman, Eddie Mead, Jack Hurley, Sam Pian, among the best managers. Jim Mullen, Nate Lewis, Jimmy Johnston, Al Weill and Herman Taylor.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ALTHOUGH the Schmeling-Hamas fracas in Germany monopolized the headlines during the month of March, several other important mills took place. The nine-round technical knockout that Schmeling scored over Hamas, of course, was the month's outstanding feat. Next came the bout between Joe Louis and Lee Ramage and Louis and Barry, in which Joe continued his rise by registering knockouts over both. Bob Olin was beaten in an overweight match by Heavyweight Dutch Weimer; Freddy Miller was beaten in an overweight bout by Maurice Holtzer, a legitimate featherweight, but defended his crown successfully against the onslaughts of Jose Girones; Tony Canzoneri lost to Chuck Woods; Lou Ambers moved into the ranking contendership for lightweight honors through his clean victory over Sammy Fuller, while Babe Risko redeemed himself by whipping Paul Pirrone in the middleweight ranks. Those bouts stood out for the month.

Here are the month's most important results: In the heavyweight division, the Max Schmeling-Steve Hamas match in Germany attracted world-wide attention and resulted in the restoration of Max Schmeling as the leading heavyweight contender. Joe Louis flattened Lee Ramage in two and Red Barry in three sessions. Barry drew with Charley Massare, who was stopped by Al Borros due to a cut eye. Borros was beaten by Buck Everett. King Levinsky scored a series of knockouts over mediocre competition, each of them ending in two rounds. They were Salvatore Ruggirello, Jack Townsend, Bob Savage and Jack Wagner. Charley Retzlaff disposed of Stanley Poreda in one session. Steve Dudas scored over Abie Feldman. Al Ettore won from Artie Sykes.

Obie Walker disposed of Meurant in one heat. Larry Gains kayoed Charley Smith in three rounds. Tony Galento kayoed Larry Johnson in five rounds. Hank Hankinson kayoed Fred Feary in one round and Haskell Howard in two. Isadoro Gastanaga disposed of Malibran in two rounds. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Jack Petrie in the second session. Tony Cancela scored over Hans Birkie. Roy Lazer whipped Artie Sykes and kayoed Joe Jordan in four rounds. George Manley won over Jimmy Lynx. John Pacek defeated Eddie Hogan. Charley Belanger disposed of George Bennett in one round and Jack McCarthy whipped Tom Patrick.

Besides Dutch Weimer's victory over Bob Olin, light-heavyweight champion, he won from Johnny Vorce. Maxey Rosenbloom kayoed Rosy Rosales in two rounds and whipped Bob Godwin. Godwin drew with Tony Shucco, who trimmed Joe Knight, Joe Lipps, and drew with Buck Everett. Knight scored over Paul Marques. John Henry Lewis disposed of Frank Wojack in three and Terry Mitchell in six rounds. Al McCoy disposed of Tait Littman in seven rounds. Ambrose Palmer kayoed Son Tealey in seven rounds. Adolf Heuser finished Royer in the third. Tiger Warrington kayoed Steve Carr in nine rounds. Billy Ketchell whipped Anson Green, kayoed Chester Palutis in two rounds but was beaten by Sammy Slaughter. Joe Lipps scored over Izzy Singer. Frank Rowsey whipped Johnny Miler. Harold Anderson defeated Battling Bozo, while Joe Banovic kayoed Jack Hawthorne in seven rounds.

Young Corbett captured the spotlight in the middleweight division with his victory over Bep Van Klaveren while Babe Risko regained prestige in whipping Paul Pirrone. Pirrone also disposed of Eddie Shapiro in two rounds. Frank Battaglia kayoed Solly Dukelsky in five rounds and won over Al Diamond. Dukelsky was also beaten by Alabama Kid. Freddy Steele disposed of Jimmy Rivers in nine rounds. Carmelo Candel whipped Ignacio Ara. George Black won over Johnny Phagan and Chuck Heffner.

Jack Gibbons defeated Jack Charvez. Hookey Jackson whipped Joe Gorman. John Anderson was beaten by Gus Lesnovich and drew with Jackie Aldare. Mickey Bottone scored over Tommy Rios. Red Affinito defeated Jay Mecadon. Johnny Rossi won over Bob Turner. Tommy Romano scored over Al Salbano. Al Trulmans outpointed Roy Williams. Roscoe Manning whipped Gene Mickens. Carmen Barth defeated Stanley Willardson and Christy Lewis scored over Pete Suskey.

Kid Azteca takes precedence among the welterweights with his victory over Izzy Jannazzo. Jannazzo won over Jackie Davis. Davis was also beaten by Phil Furr but whipped Werther Arcelli and Nick Pastore. Arcelli won over Tom Jones. Willard Brown, in Australia, kayoed Jimmy Kelso in five rounds and defeated Tod Morgan. Kid Frattini bested Billy Miller. Jmmy Leto scored over Billy McMahon. Bobby Pacho was beaten by Al Casimini and Davey Day. Babe Marino, too heavy for the welters, scored over Andy Callahan. Paulie Walker whipped Six Second Powell. Tony Herrera scored over Eugene Paris and Eduardo Duarry drew with Pancho Villa.

George Gibbs whipped Eddie Cerda and Tony Falso. Falso also lost to Vincent Reed. Cocoa Kid whipped Ray Napolitano. Ray Napolitano was beaten by Joe Rossi and Cocoa Kid. Frankie Britt won over Harry Devine. Morrie Sherman drew with Christy Lewis and kayoed Pedro Nieves in six rounds. Billy Hogan whipped Pete Mascia. Baby Joe Gans scored over Hal Hoxwood. Ralph Fulton won from Frankie Hughes. Jack Hood whipped Charley Baxter.

Tracey Cox kayoed Jumbo Rovira in the second. Joe Pennino drew with Eddie Marks. Bucky Jones drew with Wildcat O'Connor. Lou Lombardi disposed of Jimmy Murray in three rounds. Dick Sisk scored over Mickey O'Shea. Fritzie Zivic whipped K. O. Castillo. Sammy O'Dell kayoed Johnny Martinez in four rounds and Billy Wallace drew with Tiger Al Lewis.

Lou Ambers stepped into the most prominent lightweight spot through his fifteen round victory over Sammy Fuller. Chuck Woods, too heavy for the lightweight ranks, stepped out with a victory over Tony Canzoneri. Tiger Humery scored over Jackie Kid Berg. Eddie Cool outpointed Benny Bass. Lew Massey outscored Leonard Del Genio. Wesley Ramey whipped Jimmy Vaughn while Jimmy kayoed Young Kid Chocolate in two rounds.

Jimmy Walsh whipped Jimmy Stewart. Maxie Strub whipped Joey Ferrando and Frank Bojorski. Steve Haliako scored over Honeyboy Hughes. Lew Feldman whipped George Levy and Levy defeated Jimmy Brady. Paul Junior disposed of Ginger Beck in four rounds. Johnny Jadick defeated Fritzie Zivic. Joe Vignali whipped Mike Marshall and Fred Chynoweth. Cecil Payne defeated Dominic Mancini while Toots Bashara scored over Lew Terry.

Freddy Miller had a busy sojourn during the month. He kayoed Jose Girones in one round, Johnny Peters in four, whipped Stan Jehu, Benny Caplan and lost to Maurice Holtzer. Mike Belloise scored Paul Lee. Lee also lost to Young Rightmire who whipped Jackie Sharkey. Nel Tarleton whipped Norman Milton and kayoed Hal Cartwright in eleven rounds. Petey Sarron whipped Baby Manuel, Patsy Severo and Frankie Covelli.

Covelli scored over Irving Eldridge who stopped Eddie Burl in three and Jose Santos in five rounds. Vernon Cormier whipped Llew Edwards. Claude Varner kayoed Joe Hall in five rounds. Al Hamilton whipped Varias Milling who in turn scored over Orville Drouillard and Jimmy Buckler. Tommy Paul whipped Andy Bundy and stopped Alton Black in two rounds. Tully Corvo scored over George Hansford. Conrad Conde won over Johnny De Foe while Mose Butch whipped Roger Bernard.

Young Tommy heads the list of celebrated bantams with a victory over Joe Tei Ken. Louis Salica outpointed Dick Welsh while Welsh scored over Al Ragone. Pablo Dano stopped Bobby Olivas in four rounds. Little Pancho whipped Lew Farber while Lew outpointed Cris Pineda. Poppi Decico kayoed Boy Finnigan in one round and whipped Hans Schiller.

Midget Wolgast, still leading the flyweights, defeated Juan Zurita. Jackie Brown whipped Henri Barras and kayoed Orlando Magliozzi in four rounds. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Weiss in one round. Valentin Anglemann scored over Maurice Filhol. Tommy Pardoe disposed of Young Siki in seven rounds. Bobby Magee whipped Charley Hazell, Joe Doyle, Jackie Campbell and kayoed Roy King in nine rounds. Phil Milligan kayoed Ellis Ashurst in ten rounds while Ashurst whipped George Marsden. Percy Dexter drew and whipped Ike Pratt.

Flyweight—Joey Carr, England.
Bantamweight—Billy Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio.
Featherweight—Wesley Martin, Akron, Ohio.
Lightweight—Mike Cusimano, New Orleans, La.
Welterweight—Emil Calcagni, Cresskill, N. Y.
Middleweight—Ossie Stewart, Augusta, Maine.
Light-Heavyweight—Butch Nichols, Hartford, Conn.
Heavyweight—Gunnar Barlund, Finland.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Here are my ratings for the month ending March 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Schmeling	Maxey Rosenbloom	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Primo Carnera	John Henry Lewis	Young Corbett	Kid Azteca
3—Joe Louis	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Harry Dublinsky
4—Art Lasky	Al McCoy	Paul Pirrone	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Cerefino Garcia
6—Patsy Perroni	Lou Brouillard	Frank Battaglia	Willard Brown
7—King Levinsky	Al Gainer	Jock McAvoy	Kid Frattini
8—Walter Neusel	Ambrose Palmer	Fred Henneberry	Jimmy Leto
9—Charley Retzlaff	Adolf Heuser	Freddy Steele	Izzy Jannazzo
10—Natie Brown	Bob Godwin	Carmelo Candel	Phil Furr

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Jackie Brown
3—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
4—Tiger Humery	Nel Tarleton	Pablo Dano	Joe Mendiola
5—Jack Kid Berg	Petey Hayes	Speedy Dado	Maurice Huguenin
6—Cleto Locatelli	Petey Sarron	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
7—Eddie Cool	Henry Armstrong	Baby Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8—Lew Massey	Merv Blandon	Joe Tei Ken	Bobby Magee
9—Wesley Ramey	Vernon Cormier	Mickey Miller	Phil Milligan
10—Leonard Del Genio	Frankie Covelli	Lew Farber	Maurice Filhol

Now Ready!

Just what you Weight Lifters have been looking for.

The Book every athlete who wants to become a weight lifter or who wants to gain exceptionally strong muscles, should have.

"WEIGHT LIFTING"

Made Easy and Interesting

With More than Fifty Illustrations from Photographs.

By W. A. PULLUM

British Holder of 200 Weight Lifting Records

For Sale only at

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
825 8th Avenue New York City

Send $1.50 and 10 cents extra for Postage.

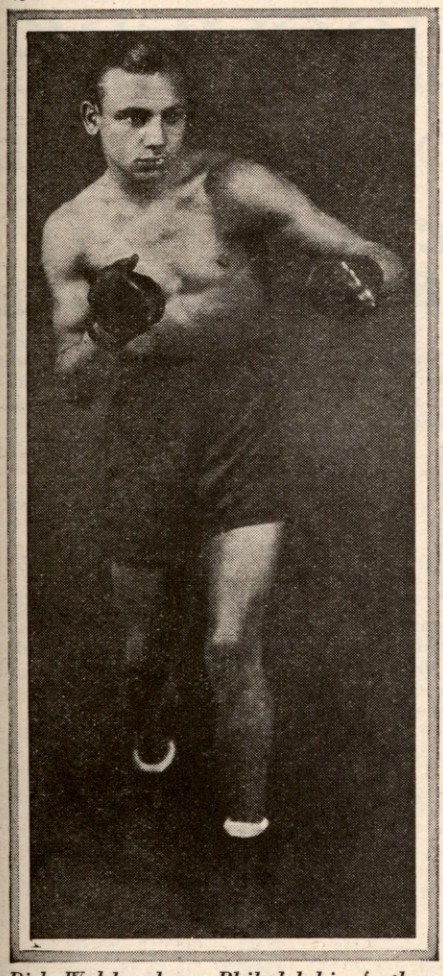
SOMETHING NEW

An Excellent Picture on a Postal Card of Jack Dempsey, World's most popular fighter, autographed by himself. **Price 25 cents.** Send money order or cash to **The Ring Book Shop, 825 8th Avenue, N. Y. City, N. Y.** Also plain postal card picture of Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin and Vince Dundee. **Price 25 cents.**

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

FITE-NITES were few and far between throughout the Dominion, most of March. The game slowed down to its customary late-winter walk, with hockey enjoying its spot in the limelight with the approach and fiery competition of the play-offs. Montreal was absolutely barren of fistic action, the local battlers plying their trade elsewhere, if at all. Toronto had a couple of shows that failed to attract much interest and Ottawa remained fightless with Promoter Harry Goldberg marking time until April.

Vancouver continued with eliminations for the vacant Canadian welterweight throne and the field has narrowed down to Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, and Tommy Bland, Toronto's Canadian lightweight titlist who is out to add the welter laurels as well, as he is finding it harder to make the lightweight limit. Wallace whipped Ronnie Headley, Ottawa, and then eked out a close win over dusky Sonny Jones, of Victoria, B.C., in a torrid twelve-rounder. The tourney is attracting attention from Vancouverites as Wallace and Jones drew a reported attendance of 6,500 enthusiasts.



Dick Welsh, classy Philadelphia featherweight, now making New York his home.

Bland gets the crack at the crown after having been eliminated in Toronto. He dropped a decision to Frankie Genovese, Toronto, in the incompleted Queen City tourney, but Genovese defaulted the right to carry on as his father insisted that the 19-year-old Italian lad was too young to compete with higher graded opposition. Bland was elected to replace him and accepted the offer from Jack Allen, Vancouver promoter, to battle it out with Wallace for the title.

Henri Pilotte, hard-hitting Montreal lightweight prospect, is going strong in his campaign of New York rings. First, he kayoed Al Miller in two heats at the Stapleton A.C., Staten Island, then made a hit with Jersey City fans by walloping Jimmy Slavin out of the picture in four rounds. Pilotte is living up to advance notices and will prove a popular attraction in Montreal when he returns, making it a worth-while investment for the local sportsmen who financed his campaign.

Rumors that Jimmy Riddell, well-known Montreal sportsman, and R. Haddlesey, who backed the still-to-be-completed world's bantam tourney at the Forum, would combine forces to promote bouts, likely carrying on the tourney too, are gaining ground.

Amateur boxing is not doing as well as in previous years. The cause is not apparent, though all kinds of reasons are advanced from various sources. Charity will get its annual play from the amateurs at the Y.W.H.A., when the Guards Club of the Y.M.H.A. stages a ring-cabaret show in aid of the Athletic Equipment Fund of the Neighbourhood House, a charitable institution. Lou Capelovitch and the Phillips brothers, Irving and Larry, are the main directors of arrangements for the event, along with a little assistance from yours truly, and it is anticipated that the successes of previous years will be maintained, if not surpassed.

STRAY SHOTS—Joe Gollob may display his flashy wares in the Boston Garden shortly . . . . should he come through his April tests favorably he will be sitting pretty . . . . two big events occurred in amateur ring circles on March 2nd . . . . Tommy Sullivan, popular ex-welter star who held Provincial and U. S. Junior National titles and is now an official, and Eddie Heathfield, Canada's bantam representative at Empire Games last summer, signed up their "sparring partners for life." . . . . Sullivan married Miss Clare Carroll and Heathfield wed Miss Rose Verville of Drummondville . . . . here's wishing them all kinds of luck, happiness, etc. . . . Sullivan's wedding took place in the morning . . . . Heathfield's in the afternoon of the same day . . . . Famous Photo Studio's new quarters eye-filling . . . . and then some . . . . classiest studio in city both in appearance and results (no advt.) . . . . all fighters have their pictures taken there by the popular proprietor and operator, Fred Dobran . . . . is more conveniently located now at 676 St. Catherine St. West, corner of University Street, opposite Eaton's . . . . amateur boxers prepping for big meet of year, the Provincial Championships in April . . . . Eddie Wenstob, Alberta light-heavy, and Battling Sig Tracey, globe-trotting middleweght, doing well in European rings . . . . in the meantime we will say au revoir until next month . . . . when news should be much more plentiful.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

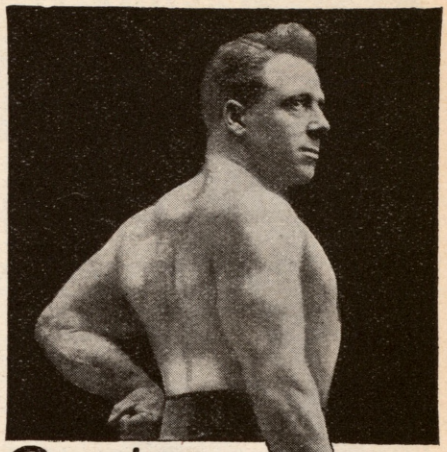
AL BOROS of Bridgeport, Conn., and Buck Everett of Gary, Ind., put up a slashing ten-round heavyweight go in Washington, with Everett the winner. Mike Tardugno, of Washington, and Harry Jeffra, of Baltimore, fought a fast six-round draw. Roy Kid Ingram belted out Andy Kroll in two heats and K. O. Riley lost to Roy Manley in six heats.

Charlie Gomer, of Baltimore, lost a close one to Joey Allan, of Newark, in the feature eight-rounder in Baltimore. Gomer was a last-minute substitute for Jimmy Tramberia who begged off sick the day of the match. Leroy Zinkham belted out Bobby Burns in less than two minutes and Joey Finazzo bested Young Vetra in a heavyweight battle of six heats.

Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia was far too good for Fritzie Zivic, of Pittsburgh, in ten rounds at Washington. Jadick hit Zivic with everything but the bucket and the best Fritzie would do in return was to hold for dear life. Roy Kid Ingram beat Laurence Gunn in six rounds and Pete Bevens decisioned Joe Ferrone in six rounds.

Phil Furr won a questionable duke over Jackie Davis, of Cleveland, in the feature ten-rounder at Washington. Furr made a final two-round spurt that took the eye of the judges, although Davis appeared the winner in most of the rounds. Furr was the harder puncher and hurt Davis on many occasions, but Jackie threw plenty punches that had Phil bewildered many times. Roddy Davis beat Roy Manley in the six-round semi-final in the best fight of the evening. Joey Green and Leroy Dougan boxed even in six heats in a crowd-pleaser, while Red Journee won over Joe Gorman in six rounds.

PICKUPS—Goldie Ahearn is now making the matches for the Auditorium in Washington, having replaced Fats Cornell who followed in line with Frankie Mann in giving up the post as being unfit to hold boxing shows to advantage. Pete Sarron, Washington's best featherweight, is doing good in Miami and will not return to these parts for a return shot at Joe Rivers, which would be a sure sell-out in Washington. Georgie Sheppard of New York calls my attention to the fact that Joey Greccio boxed Stumpie Jacobs a draw in Richmond, Va., and was not defeated by the Richmond battler as previously reported in this column. Greccio licked Jacobs in a previous battle, also. Marty Gallagher, the Washington heavyweight, has not had a glove on since he soundly beat Ray Impellitiere in the nation's capital, and says he may never box again since he is now operating a stable of saddle horses. Gallagher is very popular in Washington and his new enterprise is being well patronized by the sporting fraternity.



Get this . . .
STRONG MAN'S LIBRARY

These books show how to build any part of the body to Giant Proportions!

ONLY 25 C. EACH
All 6 for $1.00

THINK OF IT! A muscle building course showing how to develop a definite part of your body for only 25c or six courses which show you how to develop the entire body for only $1.00. That's my special offer. I will show you how to mould a mighty arm or how to mould a mighty chest, mighty legs, a mighty back or a grip of steel, or I will teach you strong man stunts.

Scientific Training

I show you how to add inches on your arm, how to put steel cables on your chest, how to get a back of might. I show you how to develop legs of a giant and a grip of steel. The strong man tricks which I reveal will amaze you and your friends. Moulding mighty men is the business of George F. Jowett, The Champion of Champions. Let him show you how to possess a herculean, Samson-like body.

Rush the Coupon TODAY!

All six books are profusely illustrated and will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid. Just slip a dollar bill in an envelope with the coupon below. For any single book just send 25c. I will include a FREE copy of my book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles like Iron."

FREE BOOK WITH PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

"Nerves of Steel, Muscles Like Iron" SENT FREE!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 575c, 422 Poplar St.
Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send, by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing_____

☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
☐ Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
☐ Strong Man Stunts Made Easy 25c
☐ All 6 Books for $1.00.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

It Is Easy to Develop These Qualifications

That sounds like a pretty broad statement, doesn't it? But it's a fact. There is a system by which you can develop and school your muscles and, at the same time, cultivate poise, alertness, quick thinking and self-confidence right in your own home. Hundreds have already done it. How? Through

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing & Health Building

Please do not confuse my course with other books or lessons in boxing. It is entirely different. Through its study you develop your mind as well as the body. The lessons show clearly and graphically how to perform every movement. With a half hour's practice daily, you will be surprised at your ability and condition within a few weeks. In it you get all the knowledge of boxing and physical training that you require.

It teaches you all the tricks, how to overcome fear and timidity, how to make your punches effective. The proper time and place to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, etc. How to successfully defend yourself and handle bigger men. How to be aggressive without fighting blindly or wildly. In fact, everything from **"How to Make a Fist" to "Ring Generalship."**

Also special exercises to develop all muscles, strengthen weak parts, straighten shoulders and back, raise the chest and correct general defects in physique. What to eat, how to eat, how to reduce or increase weight, how to overcome common ailments through natural methods.

I already have hundreds of students in all parts of the world. Many of them have written me telling of the wonderful benefits derived from this course.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Nine Lessons-- *that's all!!!*

Two Weeks for Each Lesson—

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact.

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL

In order that you may develop your body properly, you also get free, two books, "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."

Then Here's ANOTHER Feature—

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport.

Therefore, I am making this extra offer. With every enrollment, you and your pal will receive free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI

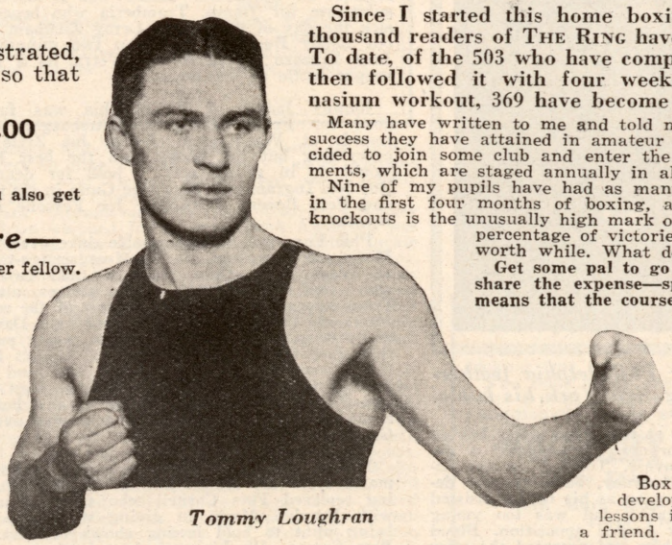
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN

The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the **Greatest Ever Offered by Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.**

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.



Tommy Loughran

Since I started this home boxing course, almost a thousand readers of THE RING have become my pupils. To date, of the 503 who have completed the course and then followed it with four weeks of intensive gymnasium workout, 369 have become amateur boxers.

Many have written to me and told me that after the great success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the **Golden Gloves** tournaments, which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Nine of my pupils have had as many as 29 amateur fights in the first four months of boxing, and their percentage of knockouts is the unusually high mark of 81 per cent, and their percentage of victories is 87. That's a record worth while. What do you think?

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books or $6.00 for two sets) to

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Size of Trunks.....(Free) Pal's Size of Trunks.....(Free)

Size of Shirt.....(Free) Pal's Size of Shirt.....(Free)

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

EMIL CALCAGNI scored another win at the Airdrome in Teterboro when he easily outpointed Joe Farr in the main bout of six rounds. The semi-final, scheduled for five rounds, ended abruptly when Tony Grabowski hooked a hard left to Frankie Williams' jaw, sending the latter to the Land of Nod in 1:20, of the second round; Vinnie Funk disposed of Frank Losche in four heats; George Townsend decisioned Ernie Taggert, while Young Buckey edged out Elmer Robinson in two other fours.

Morrie Sherman kayoed Pedro Neives in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder that featured the card at Bert Willings' club in Paterson. Steve Ketchell beat Andy Zorilli (ten); Johnny Koscis stopped Sam Haytab (four); Jim Williams put the crusher on Jack Taylor (two); Bobby Larkin disposed of Andy Garcia (one).

Tony Grabowski fought his first main go of a short career, and lost a close decision to Joe Cazar in six rounds at Teterboro. Incidentally, this was the first setback against Tony since turning pro. Joe Farr beat Willie Sandwald (five); Jackie Connors lost to Connie Morris (four); Mickey Sciortini knocked out Bob Holder (one); Paul Cortlyn won over Jesse Jones (four).

Jack Doyle, local wrestling promoter, presented Harry "Babe" Jacobs, weighing 315 pounds, to local fandom, opposed to Dick Shikat, former world's champion, losing to the latter in 25 minutes flat, with a leg spread. Shikat scaled 223 pounds. In the semi which preceded the main go, Tom Allen, 205, threw Sun Jennings, 230, with a "surf board" hold in 30:34; John Swenski, 203, and Mayes McLain, 223, tugged to a 30-minute draw, while Ben Marfuggi, 215, threw Abe Goldberg, 204, with a flying tackle and body press in 14:53.

Morris Sherman and Christy Lewis fought a return which was again called a draw at the termination of ten rounds in Paterson. In the prelims, Mickey Salem won over Eddie Gura (six); Carl Duva beat Dave Bungy (six); Charlie Ruben kayoed Lester Miller (three); Bobby Larkin decisioned Sammy Santillo (four); Johnny Filizolla beat Jackie Bradley (three).

Approximately 2,000 fans turned out to witness Emil Dusek being subdued by Jim Browning, former world's champ, in 32:14, with a series of Japanese twists. Joe Dusek grappled Frank Brunowicz to a 30-minute draw; Tom Allen got the decision over John Swenski in a 30-minute bout, while Ben Marfuggi scored a fall over Ernie Stevens in the curtain-raiser in 15:48.

As the writer predicted in last month's RING, Billy Cheslock, Allie Ridgway's pupil, and Emil Calcagni came to grips before one of the largest fight crowds ever to witness a fight in the Airdrome at Teterboro. Referee Whitey Healy gave Calcagni the decision after one of the most spectacular bouts seen in Bergen County. To the writer's opinion a draw decision would have done justice to both boys. A return go between them will pack any arena in Bergen County.

The preliminaries to the Cheslock-Calcagni bout were as follows: In the semi-final go of five rounds, Dom Pascalli and Red Cassen fought to a draw; Ernie Tedesco beat Joe Ferraro in a special four-rounder; Al Perelli drew Mickey Sciortini in four, while Joe Farr lost to Young Buckey in the curtain raiser.

Frank Zamoris knocked out Joe Kukal in three rounds of the main go at Paterson. Young Buckey drew Andy Sorilli (four); Joey Biss outpointed Tony Gangarm (four); Midget Doyle beat Sammy Miller (four).

Patsy Bernadella decisioned Andy Teleymondi in the feature go of six rounds in the Airdrome at Teterboro. Vince De Cola kayoed George Hightower (five); Joe Cazar beat Sonny Staudt (four); Bob Norton outpointed George Clark (four); Bobby Larkin beat Ernie Tackett (four).

The Babe Orlando-Allie Ridgway managing combine would like to hear from fighters of all weights with good reputations. For any information in regard to our enterprise, address either to 526 New York Ave., Union City, N. J., or call Palisade 6-3347-W. Till next month, adios!

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN his first bout in six months, Paulie Walker easily outpointed Six-Second Powell of Plainfield in the feature bout which marked the resumption of boxing shows at the Amusement Academy in Plainfield. Powell tried hard to reach Walker with his hard-hitting right, but landed few solid blows. Referee Jack Phelan gave Walker five rounds, Powell one and called two even.

Ralph Fulton, Trenton welter, won over Frankie Hughes, of Washington, in a ten-round wind-up in Philadelphia. Fulton held a clear edge in the first seven rounds, Hughes rallied in the last three, but was too far outdistanced to catch up by that time.

Lew Feldman, of New York, showed Trenton fans that Geo. Levy has plenty to learn, by winning every one of the ten rounds and making Levy look like a novice.

The promoters imported Jack White from somewhere up-state to do battle with Stanley Pyontek. White stood around for the first round, but in the second, went down and out. Joe Barry gave a good impression of a human punching bag in his bout with Joe Caxar, late of the Army, but now of Trenton. Sid Berowitz and Mickey Ballerino fought to a six-round draw, both from Trenton. Billy (Squint) Mahan stopped Jack Lewis in the first round.

The sooner the promoters here in Trenton learn to make the right kind of matches the better it will be for them. There are plenty of good fighters right here in Trenton, and a lot of good matches that could be made. Trenton has always been a good fight town, but the fans want the best.

Geo. Levy won over Irish Jack Brady of Elizabeth in a ten-round bout at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

LOU BRIX, well-known fistic manager, who has handled the affairs of many high-class fistic talents, has gone over to the matchmaking role for the Garden A. C. of Hartford, Conn. On Brix's first presentation, a card of five bouts, a ten spot, two fours, an eight and a six were presented at the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford.

In the star bout, Charley Massare, Pittsburgh heavyweight, conqueror of Eddie Unknown Winston, gave Donald Red Barry, heavyweight puncher of Washington, D. C., a hard battle in a ten-round tussle. The bout was called even.

Charley Eagle, Waterbury's hard-hitting middleweight, made short work of Al Zappala, of Lawrence, Mass., by scoring a sensational knockout in six rounds. Eduardo Duarry, Cuban welterweight, held Pancho Villa, New Bedford battler, to a bruising draw in the eight-round semi-final. Jimmy Richie, of Hartford, stopped Mickey Dillon, New Haven, in the second stanza of a scheduled four-rounder. In the other four-rounder, Eddie Mays disposed of Jimmy Martin in the third heat.

Some of the noted fistic celebrities that were present at the show were Joe Jacobs, manager of the former world's heavyweight champion, Max Schmeling, Eddie Borden and Tom McArdle, former matchmaker for the Madison Square Garden.

Al Nelson Gainer, the New Haven colored light-heavyweight, journeyed to Pittsfield, Mass., to whip Dave Shade in ten rounds. Three years ago, Shade defeated Gainer in a ten-rounder at the Old Armory, Waterbury, Conn.

Steve Carr, the New Haven middleweight, made his Florida debut and scored a kayo over Kid Baisden, of Columbus, Ga., in the second round of a billed ten-round bout at the American Legion Armory.

Al Caroly, matchmaker at the New Haven Arena, gave the fans a real treat in staging the greatest fistic attraction of the year between Benny Leonard, retired undefeated lightweight champion, and Chick Brown, in a four-round exhibition.

Louis Cocoa Kid displayed old form when he scored an impressive eight-round victory over Ray Napolitano, of Brooklyn, New York. Johnny Alba, lightweight, of New York, who substituted for Irish Jack O'Connors, was the victim of a technical knockout in the fifth round at the hands of Phil Baker, of Norwalk.

Tiger Jack Renault, New Haven middleweight, clouted Bull Davis, of New London, out for the night in the first frame. Jerry Maloney slammed his way to a victory by a technical knockout over Al Brouilliard, of Danielson, in the fifth heat.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

IN the first show of the year at the Moose Temple, Marty Simmons, formerly of Michigan, but now fighting in this vicinity, won by T.K. over Harry Jacobs, a stablemate of Teddy Yarosz, in the first round. Jacobs was on the floor twice and upon rising after the second knock-down was wobbly, and the referee, Joe Zivic, wisely intervened and sent Jacobs to his corner. Jimmy Belmont defeated Pee Wee Jarrell, of Fort Wayne, in the semi-final of ten rounds, flooring Pee Wee three times during the bout. Billy Nichy, Charleroi light-heavyweight, who has been fighting out of Buffalo the past few years, showed greatly improved form in winning over Red Bruce by T.K.O. in the last round when the referee stopped the fight because of a badly cut eye suffered by Bruce. In the six-round opener, Ray Eberle won the decision over Billy Conn. The fights drew a fair-sized crowd.

Cecil Payne, of Louisville, Ky., won a disputed decision over Dominick Mancini, of Pittsburgh, in a ten-round main bout at Louisville. Al Farone, also of Pittsburgh, lost to Emory Helms in the eight-round semi-final.

Boxing Commissioner Dr. W. D. McClelland, whom everyone in the fight game idolizes for his fairness and likable nature, is trying to get a reduction of managers' licenses from $40 to $25.

Doc Morris, of New York, former sports scribe, is making his home in Pittsburgh. He is trying to build up the wrestling game in this section.

The winners of the Junior A. M. A. championships, held at the North Side Arena are: 112-lb. class, Minnie Demore; 118-lb. class, Gene Augulik; 126-lb. class, Emil Josephs; 135-lb. class, Mike Koroly; 147-lb. class, Steve Walters; 160-lb. class, John Chapman; 175-lb. class, Scotty Riffle; heavyweight class, Lou Berg.

Teddy Yarosz is back from Miami, where he went to recuperate from the injury of his knee sustained in his bout with Babe Risko. Ray Foutts, Teddy's manager, is also up and around after being operated on for appendicitis. It is now the turn of the local promoters to go to bed, as Manager Foutts is asking for thirty-five thousand dollars to have Teddy Yarosz defend his title this summer against Babe Risko.

WHAT SOME OF THE FORMER LOCAL FIGHTERS ARE DOING—Tug Phillips operates a gymnasium in Charleroi . . . . Dick Loadman owns a poolroom in Homestead . . . . Vic Brog is a shoe salesman in Louisiana . . . . Jack Barry owns a restaurant and promotes fights in Erie . . . . Natie Darling is a pharmacist and owns one of the finest drug stores in the city . . . . Sam Martin works in the mailing room of a local newspaper . . . . Ray Gardner owns a garage in Detroit, Mich. . . . . Ed Miller is working for a newspaper in Newark, N. J. . . . . Tim Drexler is a constable in Moon Run . . . . Young Mordell is a women's apparel salesman . . . . George Chip owns a poolroom and referees fights in New Castle, Pa. . . . . Frank Moran, of "Mary Ann" fame, and Jack Perry are in Hollywood working in pictures . . . . Jack McClelland is living on the north side and is retired . . . . Jack Henderson works for the Pittsburgh Coal Co. . . . . Jack O'Boyle is a deputy constable . . . . Jackie Fromme is a traveling salesman . . . . Tom McMahon is a policeman at the Bainbridge race track near Cleveland . . . . Bud Sentry is a bouncer in a local beer emporium . . . . Jackie Lightning is vacationing in Miami and according to reports is doing very nicely at the Hialeah race track . . . . Tony "Kid" Stinger drives a truck for a local newspaper.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

MAX SCHMELING saved the day for Madison Square Garden by the decisive manner in which he took Steve Hamas into camp, and incidentally, he gained for himself the topmost rung of the contender's ladder through his knockout victory. By disposing of Steve, the ranking American contender, in the ninth round, Schmeling's comeback is now complete and it won't be surprising to see the Garden pit him against Baer next June in a heavyweight championship bout. Schmeling, the German, against Baer, the Jew—there's a natural at this stage if ever there was one, and with these two colorful fighters as the headliners, the Garden cannot miss reaching the half million dollar gate—a novelty in these times.

Schmeling's victory was decisive and proved beyond a doubt that he is the only logical opponent for Baer for he alone can conceivably be given an even-up chance of winning back the title and breaking up all tradition in the heavyweight ranks. If he turns the trick, he'll be the first in ring history to gain such spotlight.

Madison Square Garden gambled on the possibility of Schmeling winning over Hamas and was assured of Joe Jacobs' support before he left this country. Jacobs has combined forces with the Garden outfit to fight off the latest competitor for the open-air shows, the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, which is affiliated with the Hearst Milk Fund benefits, and is using the name of Mike Jacobs as the promoter.

A pleasant war is expected this summer with the Milk Fund in charge of the two ball parks and the Garden using the Long Island Bowl for its exploitations. It is reasonable to assume that the Milk Fund with its powers of publicity will be able to secure the most advantageous matches. However, the Schmeling victory bolsters the Garden stock and before the summer begins, they will have the decided edge with the coming Baer-Schmeling heavyweight match a real knockout tilt.

Lou Ambers, New York State Commission's delegate for titular honors, came through with colors flying in his fifteen-round bout with Sammy Fuller at the Garden. Ambers was a fighting nymph in action and displayed a brand of fighting that will be difficult to conquer. He has youth, spirit, courage, a dashing attack and the confidence of a Viking. He is a varied combination of many great fighters and his style exudes confidence in every move. He darts in and out, a difficult target to hit solidly, and is going to prove a menace to Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, or Jimmy McLarnin if he outgrows the division.

Fuller was outclassed throughout the fight and his only winning rounds were recorded in the third and final sessions. In the concluding round he cut Ambers' eye and that spurred him onward to the point where he hurt Ambers with some stiff body punches.

But there was no question of Ambers' victory. He stands in a good position now. Barney Ross must fight him before he comes to New York to meet McLarnin, if the present attitude of the Commission remains unchanged. Ambers' other alternative is to tackle Tony Canzoneri, which will insure him a lucrative purse, but a defeat would eliminate that titular battle with Ross, for the time being anyway.

Jackie Davis finally got a chance in the Garden as a substitute. He whipped Werther Arcelli, of Boston, in six spirited rounds. Steve Haliako gave Honeyboy Hughes a thorough beating but Hughes was game in defeat. Louis Salica was very lucky to secure the verdict over Dick Welsh in a hot six-round scrimmage. Salica's spurt in the closing two rounds was effective, but Welsh won three of the first four rounds. Irving Eldridge disposed of Eddie Burl in the third round after giving a thorough beating before the referee halted the bout. Tony Scarpati whipped Frank Moran in the four-round opener. The show grossed about nineteen thousand dollars.

Jack Dempsey was given the referee's post for the Ambers-Fuller match and he performed excellently. There was no previous announcement about Dempsey's appointment. Had this been done, it would have helped the attendance by several thousand dollars. The fighters would have benefited, the state and government taxes would have been of a larger amount, but through the Commission's narrow-minded policy, they refrained from announcing their intentions beforehand.

It is indeed peculiar that, in each of Dempsey's appearances around the local clubs such as the Ridgewood Grove, Coliseum, Jamaica Arena and the Regiment Armory, where wrestling is conducted, a fanfare of publicity was displayed showing that Dempsey will make his appearance there, but in the largest arena in New York State, the silence campaign continues. Why, Messrs. Phelan, Wear and Brown? And still you argue you are not discriminating against the Garden!

Dempsey's Restaurant opened during the month and it occasioned the turnout of some of the greatest celebrities in the East. Political dignitaries, stage, screen and radio stars were there to pay tribute to the greatest and most glamorous figure that the boxing game boasts. His hold on the public is something to marvel over. The amazing manner in which his appeal is distributed is one of the eighth wonders of the world.

A pair of upsets were recorded at the St. Nick's with Frankie Covelli turning in the most important one by winning over Irving Eldridge, for the latter's first defeat. This does not alter the fact that Eldridge is an exceptionally promising youngster and this defeat should not interfere with his progress.

Conrad Conde, the Cuban, was the short ended against Johnny De Foe, but turned in a win after some hot fighting. Dick Welsh easily whipped Johnny Clark on the same card—Nat Rogers and Sammy Milton are handling the affairs of Johnny Edwards, a rugged, tough welterweight, who formerly fought under the name of Johnny Consiglio. Johnny has beaten Louis Jallos, Eddie Shapiro, Carmen Knapp, and holds a one-round knockout over Ralph Fulton. In his first start under the Rogers-Milton banner, he whipped Caspar La Rosa.

Paddy Lento, the midget with the brain of a giant, is boosting the fighting prowess of Joe Pennino, Mulberry Bend welterweight. From this section came many great fistic stars and Pennino has that psychological advantage to aid him—Harry Gordon returned from Europe several weeks ago. He says that the greatest treatment ever accorded him and Wesley Ramey on their trip around the world was received at Johannesburg, South Africa, where good sportsmanship and fair play prevail.

Bob Olin and Tony Canzoneri ran into some unpleasant treatment in Detroit recently, but they still survive the ill effects, although their vanity suffered. Referee Slim McClelland, who participated in those weird decisions, probably had plenty of explaining to condone his inaccurate calculations. Dutch Weimer was on the floor in the last round badly beaten when he was picked off the floor to have his hand raised, while in the Canzoneri-Chuck Woods scrap, Woods was in bad straits during the last three rounds and lucky to last the distance, but McClelland lived up to form by declaring Woods the winner.

We have discussed on previous occasions the shortcomings of McClelland's methods of calculation at arriving at a winner. Good fighters refuse to enter the ring when McClelland is announced to referee. It is time for the Michigan Athletic Commission to take a hand in the matter.

Harold Scadren and Sammy Goldman, managers of Olin and Canzoneri, are too fine to complain needlessly, and when they have a complaint that appears justified, THE RING will gladly take up the cudgels in their behalf. Fair play to all, is our motto.

Joe Louis seems to be the fair-haired boy of Fistiana wherever he appears. Louis is of the type who will bring money into the box office, and that is what boxing needs. He went to the Coast and disposed of Lee Ramage and Red Barry in succession and proved a boon to boxing in that vicinity. Although he is a youngster and headed for certain stardom, it is possible that racial prejudice might hinder his future progress. Louis has reached the stage where he is ready for Levinsky, Lasky, Hamas and Schmeling, but it is unlikely that that quartet will consider any matches with him and use the time-worn adage about "drawing the color line."

Such a condition should not exist, and it is barely possible that Louis will escape that ban, but the possibilities are only remotely in his favor. Harry Wills had plenty of trouble in his quest for titular consideration, but his case is entirely different.

Louis is a colorful, punching fighter, a type that the fans worship. Wills was a strong, cumbersome type who used brute strength rather than science to attain his ends and the advantage is on Louis' side because, if it developed that Louis emerged as the most powerful contender for Baer's title, public opinion would favor Louis in his quest. If that condition arose, Baer's egotism would assert itself and he would insist on the fight whether his managers approved or not.

Freddy Miller is going along with an amazing array of conquests abroad that defy all explanation. Miller, a southpaw, found it difficult to secure any worthwhile engagements in this country, but since making the foreign invasion, Freddy has been going at a weekly clip, sometimes fighting two and three times weekly. He defended his title against Jose Girones in Barcelona and received approximately ten thousand dollars for work that required less than three minutes.

Miller's only serious defeat was at the hands of Maurice Holtzer, in an overweight bout in Paris. Holtzer was in New York several years ago and looked very promising, but seems to have improved considerably with sterner competition. Gaston Charles, a good featherweight of several years ago, was instrumental in Holtzer making the American trip and his first managers here were Eddie Mead and Joe Lewis of Cleveland. They sent him to New York, where Eddie Walker handled his reins successfully. His labor permit expired in this country and he returned to France, where he worked his way into the French featherweight championship and now looms as one of the most dangerous of foreign featherweights.

Bobby Pacho seems to be the type that loses fights but always makes it tough enough where there is a question of doubt and hence is a sure repeater. He lost a close one to Sammy Fuller in Boston, shaded by Lew Massey in the Garden, beaten by Al Casimini at the St. Nick's, and then went to Chicago, where he lost a tough one to Davey Day. Pacho brought his family East, wife and two charming youngsters, but does not lack for work and has found it easy to secure engagements because of his style. Win or lose, Bobby makes it mighty tough for them.

Babe Risko had to go to Philly to prove that he is a far better fighter than what he showed in New York against Vince Dundee. Against Paul Pirrone, some of his timidity vanished and he fought a very fine fight. He won the verdict and that put him right back into the running. A match between Risko and Teddy Yarosz in Pittsburgh will draw plenty of money.

Although Leonard Del Genio lost a tough fight to Lew Massy in Philly, the defeat should be more helpful than harmful to the youngster. Lenny has been accustomed to having things his own way in New York and the visit out of New York should improve his fighting accordingly. Del Genio is still the brightest prospect in New York today.

Nearly twenty thousand fight-starved enthusiasts crowded every nook and corner of Madison Square Garden to watch the Golden Gloves boys in action and after four and one-half hours of continuous fighting which provided few thrills and hardly came up to the expectations of the crowd, which contributed $46,082.20. Excitement was lacking and in this instance it can be attributed to over-exploitation. In former years, the top price was scaled at $3.30 but this year, of all years, they scaled the box seats at $5.50, which attracted a tremendous gathering but it left the impression that something was missing. When people spend $5.50 they expect something out of the ordinary and the Golden Gloves tournament failed to provide that something this year. The champions were crowned as follows: Flyweight—George Coyle, Chippewa Club; bantamweight—Billy Genz, unattached; featherweight—Johnny Cabello, Salem-Crescent Club; lightweight—Marty Pomerantz, First Avenue Boys' Club; welterweight—Johnny Clinton, unattached; middleweight—Chester Rogers, Anchor A. C.; light-heavyweight—Phillip Sommese, unattached; heavyweight—James Howell, Salem-Crescent Club.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BEING a "bull," that is, always an optimist as concerns boxing, it is a tough thing to have to admit that there has not been a "pro" fight tourney in or near Boston since January 10. Such, however, is fact and not fiction. At this particular writing the sport is in a very low state, not only in the Hub but throughout Massachusetts. The exact "why" of it all no one seems to know for a surety but—it is so.

To give the readers some idea of the state of fistic affairs, from July 1, 1934, to March 1, 1935, there have been but nine boxing shows in Boston, the total net gate receipts from such being but $40,663.30. This net does not represent profits but merely what was left after state and other tolls had been deducted from the gross. Whatever the profits, such were negligible. Compare the foregoing figures with the fact that in former years a lone ring show in Boston has drawn as high as $56,000, which was tops, while another went to $43,000. Gates from $15,000 to $25,000 were not a rarity. An amazing transformation—something dumbfounding.

Here is another line on the situation. On March 1, a hearing was given before a legislative committee at the State House on a bill in re lowering state license fees as such pertain to small clubs—basing such fees on seating capacity rather than a definite $600 for all clubs, large or small. For years boxing men have howled against this definite fee—have declared that many small clubs would open up were it changed to a seating capacity basis. Despite this and other agitation for lower fees and other changes of an extremely vital nature, the day of the hearing but two men actively connected with boxing in Massachusetts took enough interest in their own interests to appear at the hearing and speak in favor of the bill. One of these was Homer Rainault of the Valley Arena A.A. of Holyoke, whose club will not be affected by the change, and the other Al Clementi of Boston, former manager of Tony Shucco. Such was the representation of the state's boxing fraternity concerning a proposed bill to be enacted for their benefit.

Homer Rainault, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, whose club at Holyoke is the lone boxing organization in the entire state that clicks, and has done so for years, with anything like regularity, recently announced his formula of correct boxing promotion. "For years," he said, "we have staged shows every Monday night. Some of our offerings have been good and some bad. Some have shown a profit and others a loss, but whatever the result, the following Monday night we had another show. By clicking every Monday night, fair weather or foul, we have established that evening as boxing night in the western part of the state. We have educated the sporting public, or caused it to form the habit of coming to our arena on Monday, a sort of always something doing in our ring on that evening. The boxing talent, aware that we have a regular clientele, is glad to show in our ring. In the face of the depression and other obstacles we have made money, both for ourselves and the state."

Another futurity star of hope will light Boston skies, when Irish and Canadian amateur boxing teams, invading competitors, will meet an All New England defending team in the Boston Garden. The event should go over in a big way. It is possible that Dr. P. O. O'Callaghan of Ireland, the Olympic shotput champion in 1928 and again in 1932, will accompany the Irish boxers to this country. The tourney will be sponsored by the Irish American A.A. of South Boston and N.E.A.A.A.U., and will be the first revival of international amateur boxing since Irish, Belgian and Norwegian teams competed in Boston in February, 1931.

By refusing to be discouraged, Frankie Britt, a Fall River welter, has at last made the goal he sought—the N.E. welter title. At the Casino A.C. of Fall River, which club functions on occasions, Britt defeated Harry Devine of Worcester, the champion, in a twelve-rounder to a decision. Both were under 147 pounds. Months ago Britt met and defeated Devine who, though but a welter, curiously enough held the N.E. middleweight honors as well as those for the 147-pounds division. As Britt had to come in over 147 pounds, he acquired the 160-pounds crown. It was the welter belt, however, that he wanted and, by keeping after Devine, finally won it.

Johnny Buckley, manager of many fighters, now is out on the Pacific Coast with Lou Brouillard, who has done very well there, and hopes to send his man against Young Corbett III, before returning to Boston. Brouillard meets Babe Marino at Tony Palazolo's club with the Corbett bout in the near offing if he wins. In a letter to the writer, Buckley has much to say in praise of Joe Louis of Detroit, whom he saw stop Lee Ramage in two heats, also for Leroy Haines, a colored heavy, and Frank Rowsey, a light-heavy. Buckley opines that Joe Louis will yet make plenty of trouble for Max Baer.

Boxing got a bad setback at Bangor, Me., the latter part of February. Al McCoy, a big card in his home state, was to have met George Courtney of Oklahoma and, though it might not have lasted very long, the desire to see McCoy had the fans all "het up." Courtney failed to appear and a last minute "sub," shipped to Maine from New York, was barred by the police because of the wide difference in weights. Result—the show was called off, many fans were disappointed and the promoter, the goat, lost money for ever having anything to do with boxing. So the sport is back in the Bangor cemetery.

Johnny Rossi of Worcester, who looms up as about the best of the New England 160-pounders, journeyed over to Pittsfield where Mart Cronin, a veteran, occasionally promotes, and defeated Bob Turner of Newport News, Va. The distance was ten rounds and the bout a busy one.

The return to Boston of Babe Ruth recalls an episode of years ago when he could swing his fists as well as a baseball bat. Though with the Red Sox club, the Bambino was practically matched to meet Young Bob Fitzsimmons at the Boston Arena—a scrap with the gloves which would have jammed the place to the doors. It was a fine idea, all right, and was going along swimmingly until Ban Johnson, then head of the American league, decreed that Babe's place in the limelight was on the diamond and not inside ring ropes. So Ban threatened a ban and the great expectation was crashed out of existence.

Heard a new one the other day about Sam Langford, the former Boston "Tar Baby," who, in his ring prime, could take Carnera and Baer one after the other the same night and dispose of them both. According to our informant, H. C. Reilly, a Boston hotel man and follower of sport for years, when Sam was a youngster he was shooting craps with a number of boys in a Cambridge lumber yard. An argument arose and Sam was challenged by a larger chap, and one who had some ring experience, to fight it out. Though Sam was a mere tyro, he was willing. So they went to it and before the principals were thoroughly satisfied they had battled for about four hours. "I saw the fight," stated Reilly, "the longest Langford ever had in his career. It had much to do with deciding him to go in for boxing as a regular trade."

Jock McAvoy, the British middleweight champion, and a fighter of class, may or may not be a Boston visitor early in April. The Boston Garden reports that McAvoy is going to make the crossing and probably will show several times in its ring. The report has yet to be confirmed, however. McAvoy's presence in Boston would be a fine thing for the fight game if suitable opponents can be secured to meet him.

Sammy Fuller of Boston, home from his defeat by Lou Ambers in New York, announces that he is all done with the lightweight division and never again will attempt to make 135 pounds and fight at it. This seems to be good judgment on his part. Fuller, however, occupies an unfortunate position. Because of his limited stature it is unlikely that he will ever be a full-fledged welterweight—that is, come up to 147 pounds and be able to fight at it, while he is a bit too sturdy to make 135. His future bouts are likely to be at about 140-142. As regards the lightweight title, that dream is over.

Boxing came back to the Boston Arena for the first time since December, in the shape of an inter-city amateur tourney between teams representing the Hub and Newark, the make-up of the latter being largely Golden Glove champions of New Jersey. Bouts were staged in all eight classes from 112 pounds to heavyweight, with Boston taking five of the events. The boxing was very good, while the affair attracted about 3000 spectators, all of which was not bad for these times.

The outstanding performer on the card was Ray Miller of Newark, N. J., a light-heavyweight, who defeated Bill DiMarzio of Norwood, Mass., the defending heavyweight. Though the latter was no slouch and also had fully 25 pounds, if not more, on Miller, the Newark boy went round him like a cooper round a barrel, and in the third heat had so plastered his man that a towel was tossed in from the Bostonian's corner. We know very little about this Miller and had no time to find out, but will say for him that he is the classiest shaping amateur boxer above the 147-pounds class we have seen for several years. He is a straight hitter, good on offensive and defense and a pretty fair ring general. Also, he can slam with either hand. He impressed us very much—resembled in many respects the famous Jack Britton when he was beginning to go places. Miller, if rightly handled and not exploited, has a real ring future ahead of him. The tourney winners were as follows: 112-pounds class, Sammy Dalton, East Boston; 118, Charley Little, Roxbury; 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, Jack Caparell, Roxbury; 147, Frank Welch, South Boston; 160, Stanley Yotka, Ridgefield, N. J.; 175, Bill Comiskey, Paterson, N. J.; heavy, Ray Miller, Newark.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

WERTHER ARCELLI, of Boston, outpointed Tom Jones, Brooklyn, ten rounds. Mark Hough, Brooklyn, won by a technical K.O. over Tony Celli, Leominster, Mass., ten rounds. Billy O'Brien, Springfield, won over Joe Geno, of Boston, in six rounds. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won over Harry Gentile of Hartford, Conn., four rounds.

Danny London, New Rochelle, N.Y., outpointed Johnny Bangs, of Holyoke, in ten rounds. K. O. Castillo, of Texas, won over Jimmy Murray, N.Y., ten rounds. Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke, won over Eddie Millson. Dave Castillone, of Bath, was lucky when the vote went to him over Freddie Foran, Hartford, in the six spot. Ray Rowe won over Henry Sweeney, Springfield, in the opener of four rounds.

Jimmy Leto, ever popular Hartford scrapper, won over Billy McMahon, N.Y., in the main bout of ten rounds. Frankie Herilihy, of Boston, lost to Gordon Donahue, N.Y., in eight rounds. Billy O'Brien, Springfield, won by a technical K.O. over Tom Grady, Springfield, in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Joe Gelinas, of Athol, won a six-round decision over Lou Maguire, of Worcester. Johnny Scibelli, Springfield, won over Nick Motyka, Holyoke, in four rounds. Fritzie Zivic, 139 pounds, Pittsburgh, won over K. O. Castillo, San Antonio, Texas, ten rounds. Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, 141 pounds, K.O.'ed Jimmy Murray, New York. Romeo Ducharme, Easthampton, won over Omer Cote, of Chicopee, in six rounds. Ray Rowe, Springfield, won a technical K.O. over George Sweeney in the second round of a four-rounder.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Johnny Rossie of Worcester, Mass., won over Bob Turner, Newport News, Va., in the main bout of ten rounds at the Berkshire A.C. in the Auditorium at Pittsfield, Mass. Before the main bout, Dave Shade challenged the winner. Tin Can Romanelli, of Stamford, Conn., won a decision over Angelo Manna, Worcester, Mass., in six rounds. Eddie Gates, of Pittsfield, won over Walter Carley, Bennington, Vt.

Harry Conley, of Bennington, Vt., is coming to the front in the boxing game, winning the Johnny Evers Trophy, at Albany, in the 160-pounds class, although he makes 152 pounds.

Send your mail to me before the fifth of the month to 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Special — Special — Special

Become a Real He-Man

Learn How to Box

Cultivate poise, alertness, self-confidence, quick thinking and a keen mind by becoming proficient in boxing.

You can get all this through

NAT FLEISCHER'S

Universal Boxing Course

Many of our readers have informed us that they would like to obtain this boxing course but couldn't afford to spend $5.00 for it. They have asked whether it is possible to obtain the course without the trunks and shirts which are offered with the $5.00 course.

Hence, here is our special offer

To you who want to get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course **without the trunks and shirts,** we will send

THE ENTIRE NINE BOOKLETS

which comprise the course in addition to "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills" for

***Only* $3.98**

Fill out this blank and send with money order to **THE RING BOOK SHOP, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.**

Please send me Nine Booklets comprising Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course used by many colleges and Secondary Schools, **without trunks or shirts, for $3.98.** If you want an extra complete set of books for your pal to study with you—Add 52c to the above and send a money order for $4.50 for 2 complete boxing courses **without any shirts or trunks, and with "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

A CROWD of nearly 12,000 saw a desperate fight at The Empire Pool, Wembly, between Jack Petersen (British and Empire heavyweight champion) and Walter Neusel (the "Blonde Tiger") from Germany.

The bout, scheduled for fifteen rounds, went into the eleventh round, when "Pa" Petersen skied the towel as a token of surrender.

His son Jack was being battered about unmercifully by the "Blonde Tiger" let loose, and it seemed that the referee was about to bring the bout to a close, but the action of chief second "Pa" saved the referee the trouble.

A newcomer from Canada, Eddie Wenstob, took the big crowd by storm when he battled against Ben Foord, South Africa, who was twenty pounds heavier, over eight rounds.

The referee started a small riot by calling the bout a draw. Wenstob has made himself immensely popular with the boxing fans.

Freddie Mitchell hit too hard and fast for Bob King in their twelve-round bout at Plumstead Baths, and after rising from a five-second knockdown in the third round, he looked all in, and it came as no surprise when he retired in the fourth round.

Although putting up a gallant fight, Eddie McGuire was fortunate to receive a share of the honors, when he met Archie Sexton in a twelve-round bout at East Ham Baths. The bout was called a draw.

Dave Crowley defeated Tony Butcher, who subbed for Benny Sharkey who failed to appear at the Stadium Club.

In the chief supporting bout, Harry "Kid" Farlo scored a K.O. over "Tiger" Bert Ison in the second round.

Great Britain, this season in the open air, will be the mecca for the heavyweights. Harry Levene, who manages Larry Gains, means to keep the ex-Empire champion busy for the next three months, so that he will again be able to challenge for the title when the open air season opens.

Harry "Kid" Farlo and Con Flynn met over twelve rounds at the Devonshire Club and after a hectic battle the referee raised the hand of Farlo as the winner of a great bout.

Paul Schaefer (the Jewish Canadian welterweight), with a Jack Dempsey wallop, met Chuck Parker at the Pavilion Arena and Schaefer met with a points defeat. After a doctor's inspection he was advised to rest his right hand for at least two months.

Nel Tarleton stopped Hal Cartwright at Wolverhampton, in the eleventh of a twelve-round contest.

Tom Curran was called to act as a substitute for Archie Norman to meet Del Fontaine, and a mighty good one he turned out to be.

The referee, after a hard bout, declared a draw. The plaudits of the crowd were directed to young Curran, who seems to improve every time out.

Jimmy Wilde is trying very hard to form a Boxers' Union, and is touring the country attempting to raise funds to put the Union on a strong footing.

Larry Gains, the Canadian heavyweight and ex-holder of the British Empire title, is one of the most popular colonials to have visited this country. Larry is always ready to box exhibitions for charity and pays his own expenses.

Johnny Brown, former English bantam king, who toured the states some years ago, is now a referee . . . . Iron Hague, the man who gave Sam Langford a cauliflower ear, is now a potman in a small Yorkshire Inn.

Arthur Crane gave a clever display when he outpointed Glyn Evans after twelve rounds at Streatham.

Charlie Rose, who took Phil Scott, the British heavyweight champion, to the States, has attempted to bring back Jack Pettifer, the British Carnera. In his first attempt Pettifer knocked out Alf Sauvage, of France, and his manager thought he would look good against Jack London. London knocked out Pettifer in four rounds, and now the syndicate has gone into another consultation about Mr. Pettifer's future.

"Ginger" Foran outpointed Hans Schiller over twelve rounds at Liverpool Stadium. The bout did not come up to the expectations of the crowd.

Panther Purchase gained a points victory over Ivor Pickens at the end of fifteen rounds at Maestag. Purchase scored a knockdown in the seventh and dealt out severe punishment to Pickens, who finished a game loser.

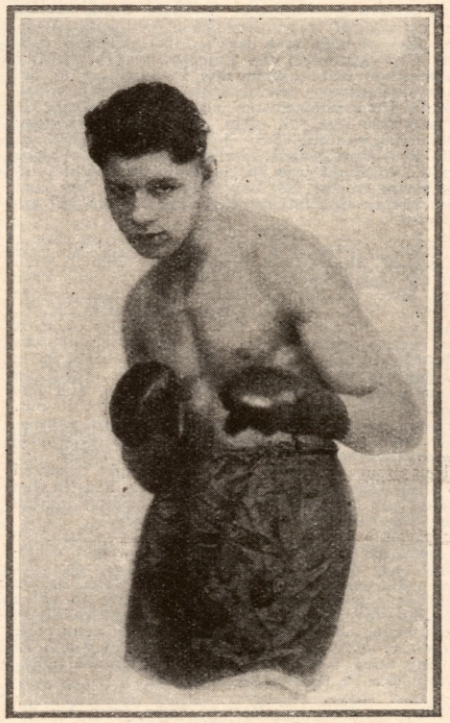
When Ted Kendall was boxing George Odwell at the Vel Hall, Kilburn, on a Sunday night, a call came through that his house was on fire. His wife, who was at the ringside, dashed out to find the house burned, but their three children saved.

Kendall pluckily fought on against great odds and the referee intervened in the eighth round after he had taken plenty of punishment.

Pat Palmer made his début as a professional when he defeated Billy Johnson over eight rounds at the Ring, London.

Another ex-amateur champion, Dave McLeave, outpointed Bob Nelson, Liverpool, after ten scrambling rounds.

Eddie Phillips won the British cruiser-weight championship at Mountain Ash, when he defeated Tommy Farr on points before a crowd of 10,000. Farr boxed well in the early rounds but fell away as the bout went on and was well behind at the end of the fifteenth.



Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada's, hard-hitting middleweight.

Jack Hood gained a narrow points victory over his local rival for title honors, Charlie Baxter, when they met at the Embassy Ring, Birmingham, over twelve rounds.

Nel Tarleton scored a narrow win over Norman Milton, after ten speedy rounds in the latter's home town.

Archie Sexton, boxing in good form, used Del Fontaine as a punch bag for eleven rounds at East Ham Baths, before the referee stopped the bout and declared Sexton the winner.

Freddie Mitchell and Fred Turpin provided fireworks at the Pavilion Arena that kept the fans on their toes. Mitchell scored with left- and right-hand punches to the body and lasted the better for the twelve rounds. He ran out a winner on points.

Cock Moffitt forced Eddie McGuire to retire at the end of the fourth round at Liverpool. Moffitt scored a knockdown in the third, and when McGuire's eye became worse he wisely retired.

Jack Pettifer seems to have a hoodoo following him around. After his K.O. by Jack London at Crystal Palace, he met Bert Ikin, and after four rounds was ruled out for delivering a low blow.

Before the disqualification of Pettifer, he had put Ikin down for three counts and can be considered unlucky to lose, when it looked like a certain K.O. victory.

Johnny McGrory scored a ten-round K.O. over Teddy Hayes at Glasgow. Hayes was the receiver throughout, but put up a game show.

A rather peculiar scene took place at the Ring, Blackfriars, during the contest between Benny Caplan and Tony Butcher. In the sixth round Caplan, who has a habit of ducking between the legs of his opponent, caught the Liverpool lad, Butcher, in the stomach, and a cry of a "foul" went up, but the referee, Mr. Johnny Summers, refused to take notice of it, and missiles were thrown into the ring.

The timekeeper, Mr. C. H. Nicholls, who had started the count, reached to four when a large apple was thrown from the gallery and caught the timekeeper on the side of the head.

At the end of ten rounds Caplan received the decision on points, which led to further votes of disapproval. Jock McKenzie, of Scotland, was put in to meet Frank Hough and when he chose his corner, on throwing off his dressing gown he stood there *without any shorts on.* A pair soon arrived for the blushing Scotchman, but he did not need them for long as he was knocked out in the third round.

The lightweight championship of Ireland changed hands when Billy Smith, Belfast, defeated the holder, George Kelly, Dublin, on points at Belfast. In the chief supporting bout, Billy Maharg, Belfast, K.O.'ed Jimmy Walker, Manchester, in the first round, with a right to the jaw.

Jackie Brown made a successful comeback when he K.O.'ed Orlando Magliozzi in the fourth of a twelve-round bout at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Fully 8,000 people gave Brown a royal reception when he entered the ring, and when he showed his best form during the four rounds the big crowd went wild and stood on their seats and cheered their local favorite.

Brown gave a sparkling exhibition and simply overwhelmed the plucky Italian, who was in difficulties from the first round.

In the fourth the Italian lad was put down for nine from a right to the jaw and on rising was K.O.'ed by another right-hand punch.

Jimmy Walsh came a step nearer the British lightweight championship when he defeated Jimmy Stewart over fifteen rounds. Walsh has become the popular fancy because of his surprise wins over Harry Mixler, when he was champion, and also Wesley Ramey, and his two victories over Maurice Holtzer who recently defeated Freddie Miller in Paris.

The B.B.B.C. have named ten boys to fight it out. It seems a pity that Walsh and Stewart were called in so early a series. The fight drew a record crowd of 7,000 and many people were turned away.

Benny Sharkey put one over on the critics and incidentally, also, on Benny Caplan, when they met in a twelve-round contest at Newcastle. After an even first round, Sharkey caught Caplan with a fine right to the point, and put him down for the count after one and a half minutes of the second round.

After the surprising points defeat of Freddie Miller in Paris by Maurice Holtzer, Pete Reilly and Miller took a plane to Barcelona to meet Girones, the Spanish and European champion, six days later, for the featherweight championship of the world.

The referee, Mr. Devenez of Switzerland, had an easy task, and after 2 minutes 17 seconds of the first round, Girones was counted out from a terrific left uppercut that sprawled him out on his back.

Armed police had to escort Miller and Reilly to the dressing room and the wild Spanish mob booed their own champion for his poor show.

Archie Sexton was in a hurry at Alcazar, Edmonton, when he met George Newton in a bout scheduled for twelve rounds. Forty seconds of the first round was enough for Newton who, after receiving a left hook to the body, was K.O.'ed with a short right to the jaw.

Jackie Brown gained an easy points victory over Henry Barras at Blackpool after twelve one-sided rounds. Brown showed that he is fast getting back to the condition that proclaimed him to be one of the speediest ringsters at the present time.

"Gameness Personified" is the only way to term the great up-hill bout Benny Caplan put up against Freddie Miller in the return match at the Ring, London. The first bout was declared a draw and the return over ten rounds showed Miller in furious fighting form, and the punishment that the ex-amateur took in the fifth and sixth rounds was more than some fighters take in six bouts.

In all, Caplan was put down for eight counts and fought pluckily to the end, when Miller was returned a popular winner.

"Kid" Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, and Gustave Humery continued their Albert Hall slugfest when Jeff Dickson took the bout to his palatial Palais Des Sports, Paris.

Again this pair of wildcats tore into each other and the Parisians, who love a warrior, gave Humery all the encouragement during the bout, and gave a special cheer for Berg after the great bout he put up.

The bout, although not as fierce as the Albert Hall show, was exciting enough to have 16,000 people who gathered at Jeff Dickson's show on their toes.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE LAST BELL—Harry A. Jones, Sioux City's leading boxing promoter, is dead. Mr. Jones died in a local hospital after a ten days' illness, which started with influenza and later turned into typhoid pneumonia. Mr. Jones was one of the leading promoters in Iowa and, with his passing, the boxing game has lost a friend that will never be replaced . . . . He never promoted a fight that was not on the level . . . . He paid his fighters well . . . . I know of many kids that received an extra five-dollar bill . . . . He reaped dividends during the harsh years, when other promoters fell by the wayside . . . . He was a success because he was honest and played the game on the square . . . . We will miss Harry Jones, because his type is mighty rare in this day and age.

The winners of the sectional Golden Gloves boxing tournament, sponsored by the *Sioux City Journal* and Junior Chamber of Commerce, were as follows: Dallas Olson, flyweight; Lowell Sweeney, bantamweight; Bob Morley, featherweight; Ralph Anderson, lightweight; Johnny Kriss, welterweight; Warren Grandle, middleweight; Lawrence St. Onge, light-heavyweight, and Elden Skinner, heavyweight. The boys competed in the *Chicago Tribune* tournament at Chicago, and gave a fairly good account of their fistic ability before going out.

"Speedy" Clayton, Sioux City's lightweight comer, is much in demand these days. "Speedy" is going like a house on fire, and I think he is going places.

One of the largest boxing organizations in this section has been formed here. The company, known as the Sioux City Boxing Enterprises, will be booking agents, managers, trainers, and in fact anything connected with the boxing program. Three of Sioux City's veteran boxing men are in the organization: Sailor Burke, connected with the game in this section for fifteen years as a promoter, manager and trainer, heads the list; Howard Graack, veteran publicity man with many years spent in the mitt game, and "Pop" Slater, with twenty years' rights as a trainer. Boxers and managers wanting action in this neck of the woods would do well to get in touch with these men. Address all mail to Howard Graack, 2205 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Burlington, Ia.—Jack Burns, Lone Tree, Ia., and Ray Beetner, Burlington, slugged twelve rounds to a draw. Hack Cobert, Oquawka, Ill., beat Tommy Maroon, Oskaloosa, Ia., in six; Bud Manges, Oskaloosa, shaded Ernie Barry, Monmouth, Ill., in another sixer; Wild Bill Henderson, Oskaloosa, outpointed Chuck Wilhelmy, Burlington, in the opener.

Atlantic, Ia.—Albert Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia., lightweight, stopped Jackie Myers, Arcadia, Ia., in two rounds; Nach Manriquez, Atlantic welterweight, won over Russ Beals of Scranton, Ia., in the six-round semi-windup.

Atlantic, Ia.—Jimmie Wooten, Council Bluffs, Ia., middleweight, knocked out Young Ennenbeck, Manning, Ia., in one round; Gene Winchester, Atlantic, Ia., lightweight, shaded Harry Devore, Massena, Ia., in six; Wayne Welton kayoed Bob Fleming, Council Bluffs, Ia., in two rounds; Skeet Preston stopped Young Spud Murphy in the fourth round.

Hartley, Ia.—Kid Swezey, Spencer, Ia., featherweight, knocked out Young Kid Gonzales, of Sioux City, in the third round of a billed eight. Speedy Clayton, Sioux City lightweight, and Al Pahl, of Moville, Ia., battled to a fast eight-round draw. Kid Block, Sanborn, Ia., scored a T.K.O. over Don Reinke, of Hartley, in the third round.

Onawa, Ia.—Jimmy Wooten, Council Bluffs, middleweight, knocked out Dewey Heinsman, Inwood, Ia., in the first round. Kid Newman, Merrill, Ia., shaded Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs, lightweight, in six; Tut Jackson, Sioux City colored welter, drew with Bobby Nordaker, of Soldier, Ia. Bob Fleming beat Bert Woods; Grit Shellenberger won from Jimmy Dale; Red Burke knocked out Cecil Dale.

Managers, boxers and promoters—The dead line for notes is third of each month, so you fellows will help me out a lot by getting your news into my hands by that date. Mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Al Pahl, local junior welterweight, and one of the best crowd pleasers booking out of Sioux City, has moved his headquarters to Chicago, where he is a good card . . . . Everett Rightmire, our coming featherweight boxer, is still in the race for fistic honors . . . . Everett, during the past month, has scored over Pete De Grasse, of New York, and Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis . . . . It is my honest opinion that Frankie Pasha, right-hand man to the late Harry Jones, would be the logical man to fill the matchmaker's position at Riverview Park this summer . . . . Frank worked under Mr. Jones for years, he knows the game, is a square shooter, and would do well . . . . We will know more about this matter next month . . . . Amon H. "Curley" Miller is trying to put the game on its feet at Spencer, Ia. . . . . "Curley" is giving the fans some dandy shows.

Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., light-heavyweight, dropped a decision to Maxie Rosenbloom out on the Coast . . . . The writer's dad, who, by the way, is getting around eighty years old, has watched many of the old-timers in action, such men as Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Griffo, Dixon, Gans, McGovern, Sullivan, Ketchel, and just a pile of others . . . . "Dad" says the fighters nowadays would not last two rounds with the old-timers . . . . Ronny Malcolm, Waterloo, Ia., welterweight, is still knocking the boys out . . . . Tommy Grogan, former star Omaha lightweight, will try a comeback . . . . Phil Homerin, of Albia, Ia., has entered the boxing game, and showed well in his first start . . . . Seal Van Sickle is promoting fights at Hawarden, Ia. . . . . Milton Aron, Dubuque, Ia., lightweight, is going good in Chicago . . . . Ben Irving, Sioux City feather, lost to Eddie Jackson in Chicago . . . . Davenport, Iowa City, Burlington, Dubuque, and Sioux City, entered boxers in the Golden Gloves tournament at Chicago . . . . The best-looking prospect for the month is Ray Lindley, Onawa, Ia., light-heavyweight, who looks like he might develop into a good boy.

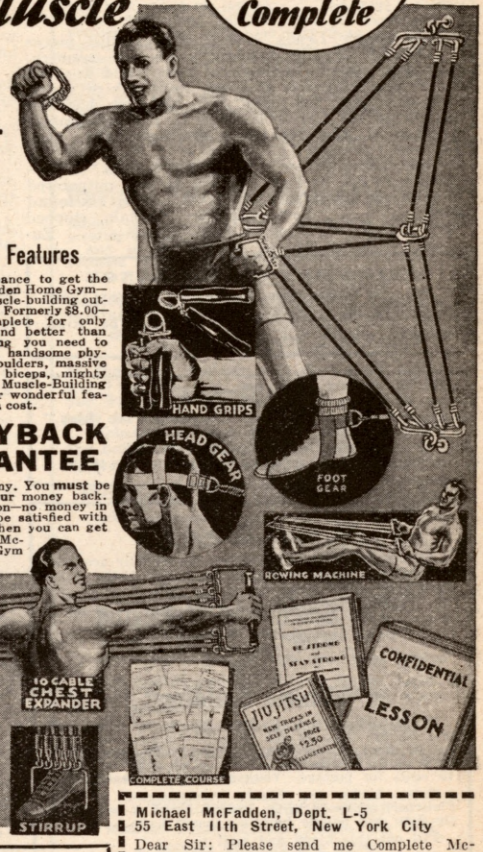
ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS—D. V. W., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Dan Desmond is correct, none of the boxers in the Golden Gloves tournament whose hands we bandaged had any trouble. Sailor Burke and I used the procedure as outlined in Nat Fleischer's book, "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer." We took care of nearly one hundred boxers during the tournament, and did not have one bit of hand trouble. Thanks to Mr. Fleischer. I suggest you get this book from THE RING book shop. W. L. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Mail me the pictures, or send them in to THE RING yourself. H. C., Davenport, Ia.—There is no charge for carrying your news in THE RING magazine, nor for pictures either. P. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Get in touch with the Sioux City Boxing Enterprises. I am certain they can book your boy. A. S. M., Chicago, Ill.—This is a small spot, your boy is too good, they can only seat five hundred, and are only paying $12.50 for six rounds. H. H., Des Moines, Ia.—Yes, about ten years ago. W. F., Fort Dodge, Ia.—I am making a list now that will contain the best spots, and the ones to stay away from, also amount being paid, gate charge, seating, etc. It is a great deal of work, hence it will take a little time. A. W. L., Fargo, N. Dak.—Stay out of that burg. Read the proof I am sending you. S. E. R., Onawa, Ia.—Yes. No. Packey McFarland looks like the makings of a good boy, but he will have to get into a bigger spot. Thanks for the kind words and your interest. Ed. H. F., Hawarden, Ia.—Good town, get in touch with the promoter, and I am pretty sure he will use your boy. M. D. R., Omaha, Nebr.—The last show there drew around eight hundred dollars, according to the dope I have. Send the promoter dope on your boy. Readers—I am always glad to answer your questions, and it would be appreciated if you would send a stamp for your reply. It would save a great deal of much-needed space in THE RING. Thanks.

SPECIAL EXTRA! PRICE SMASHED!!

The Famous McFadden HOME GYM

Now Only $3.95 Complete

Develops Every Muscle



1—**Wall Exerciser**—A wonderful muscle-builder and conditioner. The ideal exerciser, worth price of entire outfit.
2—**10-Cable Chest Expander**—Progressive, adjustable (300 lbs. resistance)
3—**Rowing Machine**—Complete attachments for giving you the marvelous body-benefits of rowing.
4—**Head Gear**—Adjustable for developing powerful neck muscles.
5—**Foot Gear**—Develops amazing strength of ankles and calves.
6—**Scissor Grips**—High tension, gives you a grip of iron, strong hands, wrists, forearms.
7—**Complete Instruction Course**—12 weeks' expert training in progressive body building. A complete system for developing powerful muscles and a handsome, symmetrical physique.
8—**Foot Stirrup**—Patented, non-slip. Does wonders for muscles of legs, thighs, stomach.
9—**Encyclopedia of Health and Strength**—Big Book full of vital facts about your body and its development.
10—**Boxing Book**—Complete art of self-defense taught by famous champion.
11—**Knock-Out Punches**—The great punches that win fights explained and each illustrated.
12—**Muscle-Building Charts**—Pictures and diagrams showing how to develop each and every muscle.
13—**Book on Jiu Jitsu**—Secrets of amazing Oriental art explained makes you master of any man you meet.
14—**Professional Skip Rope**—Indispensable to every athlete for developing speed and wind.
15—**Confidential Sex Lesson**—Startling facts revealed. Intimate, daring information that will surprise you.
16—**Feats of Strength**—How to develop the super-strength that will astonish your friends.
17—**Bicep-Building**—Special methods for developing a magnificent pair of giant biceps.
18—**Eating for Strength**—Foods that build firm, solid muscle, give energy and endurance.
19—**Health Hints**—Valuable advice on "Keeping in the Pink".
20—**For Men Only**—Priceless counsel on sex mistakes, health protection, vigorous manhood.
21—**Increasing the Chest**—How to develop a powerful, massive chest and great lung-power.
22—**Strengthening the Back**—Special methods for gaining tremendous power for weight-lifting and other feats.
23—**Clear, Healthy Skin**—How to keep complexion clear and glowing with health, free from pimples.
24—**Care of Hair**—How to promote strong, thick hair growth, relieve dandruff, etc.
25—**Dual Handles**—Special constructed handles with *double* row of loops for attaching cables.
26—**EXTRA-Strength Cables**—Made of multiple strands of live para rubber for extra strength and elasticity.
27—**Body Symmetry**—Complete method for developing body in proportion, the secret of a handsome physique.

READ WHAT YOU GET

27 Great Features

Here's your chance to get the **genuine** McFadden Home Gym—the greatest muscle-building outfit you ever saw. Formerly $8.00—now yours complete for only $3.95, bigger and better than ever. Everything you need to gain a powerful, handsome physique—broad shoulders, massive chest, bulging biceps, mighty legs. Complete Muscle-Building Course and other wonderful features at no extra cost.

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE

Don't risk a penny. You **must** be delighted or your money back. Just mail coupon—no money in advance. Why be satisfied with cheap outfits when you can get the genuine McFadden Home Gym for only $3.95?

See the McFadden Home Gym for yourself—try it—before you decide. Mail Coupon without any money. Pay Postman $3.95 plus actual postage on delivery. Money-Back Guarantee. Rush Coupon or write to:

SEND NO MONEY

MICHAEL McFADDEN
55 East 11th St., Dept. L-5, New York City

Michael McFadden, Dept. L-5
55 East 11th Street, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me Complete McFadden Home Gym as described. I'll pay postman $3.95 plus actual postage on delivery. My Money Back if not satisfied upon examination. Note: if you prefer, enclose $3.95 and I pay postage. Same Guarantee. Outside U. S. cash must accompany order.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....State.....

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PAUL PIRRONE, ranking middleweight contender, fell victim to Eddie (Babe) Risko's crushing attack at the Philadelphia Arena before a howling mob of 6,000 fans! . . . . The fight regained what prestige Risko lost when he dropped a decision to Vince Dundee in Madison Square Garden, and once more placed Risko foremost among the contenders for the championship!

Those who panned Risko following his Dundee fight failed to take into consideration the fact Babe was fighting on the Big Time for the first time in his career . . . . It is a far jump from the smaller clubs to a shot in Madison Square Garden . . . . Instead of squawking over the Boxing Commission's act in reversing the decision (which was first given to Risko), the Babe took it like a good sport and charged it up to experience . . . . Keep your eyes on this youngster . . . . As we said before, he is going places!

Genovese has been fairly swamped with offers from the leading promoters throughout the country for Risko, but has a good business head on him, and is biding his time and accepting the bids that are most attractive, and at the same time is careful to match Risko against aggressive fighters instead of fancy boxers . . . . California promoters have offered Genovese $10,000 for a Risko-Young Corbett bout this summer on the Coast . . . . Boston wants Risko with Lou Brouillard . . . . To our way of thinking, Babe will romp home the winner in both matches.

Joey Brown, Genovese's star featherweight, continues his climb to the top. On the Risko-Pirrone card at Philly, little Joey tore down the house in a sizzling slugfest with Joe Foglietta, Philly Italian. Brown sprayed punches with machine-gun accuracy and cut Foglietta's right eye in the first. After six thrilling rounds the decision was announced a "draw." This displeased fans who thought Brown had won, and a multitude of boos and catcalls followed the verdict. Brown is going places and is ready for Mike Belloise, Lew Feldman, Pete De Grasse or any of the other ranking feathers.

John Henry Lewis, one of the greatest pieces of colored fighting machinery in the country, showed his wares in the local Arena and knocked out Frankie Wojack of Utica in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Wojack had ten pounds on the California wizard, but was unable to stave off John Henry's withering attack.

Other results on the Lewis-Wojack card—Christy Lewis, brother of John Henry, outpointed Babe Amos of this city in a blistering six-round semi-final . . . . Tommy Baxter, Buffalo, stopped Tom Joseph, Scranton, in two rounds . . . . Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, local Negro, outpointed Al Traino, Rochester, in six; while Sherman Rosen, Utica, accounted for a knockout over Bud Fisher, Newark, in the second.

Johnny Nelson, hard-hitting Syracuse Negro light-heavyweight, journeyed to Bennington, Vermont, and handed Tony Celli, tough Boston heavyweight, an artistic pasting. Nelson is one of those "Joe Louis punchers," and few have been able to stay the limit with him.

Jack McCann, Irving Robbins and Jackie Brady are keeping their boys busy here. McCann and Robbins have big stables, while Brady is content with a few choice bruisers. Ernie Bennett has a couple of gladiators, while Joe Netro works hand in hand with the Syracuse, Buffalo and Scranton clubs.

Amateur boxing and wrestling have faded from the local sport picture for the time being . . . . Your scribe was just released from the Crouse-Irving Hospital, where we underwent another of our series of throat operations . . . . Better now, thanks.

SHORT STUFF—The mailbag was unusually light last month . . . . We received less than fifty letters . . . . May we once more request those who seek information as to boxing in this sector to please enclose a stamp . . . . Our address: 1000 Cadillac St. . . . If Richard (Ritchie) Fox is in California, please get in touch with this writer . . . . Wild Man Bartollo has gone back to the land of oranges after a visit to the home town without getting any action . . . . Al Salbano dropped one of those odd decisions to Tommy Romano at Albany . . . . Those who handled Al tell me he won, but lost points by getting rough! . . . . Rochester is still without a pro show, although the amateurs are packing them in . . . . With the weather outlook more promising, weekly shows will be back in vogue here . . . . Al Wise wants to do a comeback . . . . Syracuse friends of Jack Lewis dropped into Jack Dempsey's new restaurant in New York and once they mentioned Lewis' name were treated like kings by the famed Manassa Mauler, who even took time off to autograph their menus . . . . Great guy, Dempsey . . . . Gabe Genovese has purchased a new car . . . . And Babe Risko will soon have that chicken farm he has his heart set on . . . . Tommy Bland, Irving Robbins' Canadian lightweight, is going to California . . . . Rumors are rampant that Jack McCann will promote boxing in Auburn . . . . Primo Carnera will train at Enna-Jettick Park in Auburn this summer . . . . The glamour of the prize ring attracts many types of people, but one of the most interesting persons we have ever met in this spine-tingling business is Tommy Lewis, and Tommy knows his boxing . . . . We will be glad to help out-of-town boxers break in here.

John Henry Lewis made such a hit in stopping Frankie Wojack that he was brought back to box Terry Mitchell of Boston. The Hub battler checked out in the seventh heat after being on the floor several times. Results of the other scraps: Christy Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz., awarded decision over Pete Susky, Scranton (eight); Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, took a close verdict over Johnny Van Durick, Scranton (six); Sherman Rosen, Utica, drew with Bud Fisher, Newark, N. J. (four); Pete Brellish, Scranton, dropped the duke to Earl Weaver, Syracuse (four).

WILL BUY OR EXCHANGE

Old, rare boxing books or books out of print; Colors of famous old time fighters; any relics of old time fistic stars. Address, Nat Fleischer, **The Ring, 825-8th Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.**

WANTED

Several copies of Doherty's **"Giants of The Ring."** Will pay cash or exchange for my books.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Now Ready

After considerable trouble, we have finally acquired a number of the famous Earle Liederman books which have been out of print for a long time—

"The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu"

and

"Muscle Building"

These books, which have always sold for **$3.00** each and which still sell for that in places where they can be obtained, are now available at **The Ring Book Shop** at the reduced, special price of **$2.00** each plus **15** cents for postage. **You save $1.00 on each book.**

These books are highly recommended by **Nat Fleischer,** as books which every student of wrestling, jiu-jistu and muscle building should have.

Fill out this blank and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

for your books. Save $1.00 on each.

Please send me **The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu ($2.15). Muscle Building ($2.15).**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ALTHOUGH Johnny Freeman, of Salamanca, defeated Big Boy Brackey in their first encounter, the large one believes he will even things up next time. Freeman has had wide experience fighting around this country and also overseas in Australia and South Africa. Two bouts with the late William L. (Young) Stribling are included in Freeman's record.

There are plenty of rumors going the rounds that Brackey will refuse to sign with his present manager, Thomas Timlin, when their contract expires in March. Jimmie Dunn, well-known Cleveland mentor, is said to be Brackey's choice for manager. Dunn formerly handled Brackey, bringing him out from Canton, O. However, it was Timlin who got the Big Boy started in Buffalo and who was instrumental in getting him a taste of big money.

Lou Scozza has been idle most of the winter. Seems to me Lou could still make some money in other spots. England and Australia would welcome Scozza for a series of matches.

Tommy Paul has returned to the West Coast and taken his family there to live permanently. This little spark-plug was of championship stock. Too bad he wasn't handled right. He might have annexed the featherweight title.

Amateur boxing is booming in Jamestown and also at the Orioles here in Buffalo. Some new faces for the professionals should come out of Simon-pures this season. And how the pros need new faces!

Talk is rife here that a new boxing club will get started. Common sense should tell anyone who aspires to finance a boxing club that without an exceptional matchmaker, one who knows the sport like a book and who has the right connections, there isn't a single chance to ever build up a clientele. The fact remains there are not half a dozen good promoters in the United States.

THIS AND THAT—Steve Halaiko is doing most of his boxing around New York . . . . Steve was a good prospect when he started and made a couple of good fights here but he never could click as a drawing card . . . . Halaiko did flourish in Rochester as a box-office magnet and drew some fine gates . . . . Vince Plunkett is trying to uncover a few new faces for his stable . . . . Tommy Timlin says a manager is better off with a good job these days . . . . And who isn't? . . . . Red Carr, erstwhile mentor for the former light-heavyweight star, Jimmy Slattery, is now employed by the city water department . . . . Red is not paying much attention to boxing these days . . . . Bobby Clary and Bobby Hamilton, two fine little fighters of a few years back, are working for the ERB . . . . Playfair Brown, live-wire boxing promoter of Toronto, Ont., is trying to bring the game back in the big Canadian town . . . . Wrestling is rapidly going down the hill to the gate marked "Exit" . . . . Danno O'Mahoney can't wrestle a lick and yet the promoters are trying to build him up. It just can't be done . . . . The renaissance of boxing will come next season unless your correspondent is badly mistaken.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights, with records, who have no managerial contracts, will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AL HAMILTON, the little bulldog lightie from Price Hill, broke into the big-time ranks during the past month at the Music Hall sports arena in Cincinnati, when he pounded out a neat trimming over Varias Milling, Filipino ace, over the ten-round route.

It was quite an upset in favor of manager Bob Bonner's hilltop twenty-year-old youngster, who was figured to be a step-up into a match with Tiger Walker, dusky state champion.

Ray Nash, New York junior welterweight, and Al George, of Columbus, traveled their ten-round scheduled distance with a draw verdict, while Jimmy Buckler, Louisville, defeated Billy Burke, of Cincinnati, in another tenner.

The new Ace Club, located at Eighth and Depot Streets in Cincinnati, was recently thrown open to the public and a goodly crowd turned out for the "house warming." An all-star wrestling card was presented and the writer is handling the business and matchmaking for the club at the present time.

By the time this goes to press the Ace Club will be one of the most modernly equipped gyms in the Middle West and all visiting fighters and wrestlers are personally invited, via this column, to make this their headquarters while in this sector.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lew Lawhead, sports writer on the *Enquirer*, received quite a dash of mention through his nifty result of the Hamilton-Milling go . . . . Bob Bonner is cashing in on Lew's editing . . . . Hamilton would be a big card in the East were he matched with any of the leading ten . . . . the city of Cincinnati, headed by Councilman Joe Woeste, recently presented and passed an ordinance for the governing of wrestling along with the present five-man boxing commish . . . . another headache for those certain individuals . . . . Eddie Sicking offered his first boxing card at St. Bernard with Al Hamilton and Jimmy Buckler on top . . . . Tiger Walker made it two straight over Orville Drouillard, the Canadian, at Music Hall . . . . however, it was disputed and Walker gained little recognition from the victory morally, but publicly plenty.

The four divisional, heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight, wrestling ratings which the writer inaugurated two months ago, have become so heavy in orders that I will be forced to place a 25 cents in cash coin and a self-addressed stamped envelope as the tariff. On the first set orders came in from as far off as Australia and California, and the time and work placed in each individual set of copies forced the writer to raise from the former price. Ratings will be released each 15th of the month.

Fighters with good records who want reliable connection in Cincinnati and vicinity should contact Bob Bonner at 911 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O. Information, etc., in regard to boxing and wrestling, can be had by addressing the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose a self-stamped envelope for a prompt reply.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

THE Detroit Olympia's second venture of the year turned out to be the outstanding boxing show of the month in the state of Michigan. The show did not draw as well as it might have, but it drew a very fair house at that.

The actual bouts revealed two of the most startling upsets to occur in this or any other burg for some time. Tony Canzoneri, for a decade a top-notcher, and Bob Olin, world's light-heavyweight champion, were the victims of the upsets, and Chuck Woods, Detroit lightweight, and Dutch Weimer, Arizona 180-pounder, the upsetters.

Woods and Canzoneri met in the feature of a card which included three ten-rounders. Woods was probably the least known of the six principal performers, but right now he is one of the most talked of boys in this part of the country.

Olin, who took a disputed decision over Maxie Rosenbloom in New York some time ago to annex the light-heavyweight crown, was treated to a very unpleasant evening by Frank "Dutch" Weimer, a willing youngster from Phoenix, Arizona. Weimer belted Olin all around and had the champion worried on several occasions.

Wesley Ramey made his first appearance in the United States since returning from England, and outscored Jimmy Vaughn, baby-faced Clevelander, in the other ten-rounder. Jimmy Brady's boys came through in the other bouts on the card, K. O. Morgan outscoring Tony Scalba, of Chicago, and Lefty Gwynne taking the measure of Lenny Cohen, Chicago bantam.

WHAT SOME OF THE FORMER FIGHTERS ARE DOING—Ward Sparks, classy bantam of years ago, is coaching the Holy Redeemer amateur team . . . . Bert Lamb acts in a similar capacity for the Plymouth Club . . . . Ansell Bell is top hand at the West Side A.C., a gym for professionals . . . . Tommy Enright is running a beer garden in Bay City . . . . Wilbur Chevalier works at the Chevrolet in Bay City and manages boxers also . . . . Clarence Rosen referees fights, and is a pretty popular official . . . . Stanley Yoakum lives in Saginaw, and trained the Bay City amateur team for the Golden Gloves . . . . Sammy Caruso is seen at the amateur shows in Bay City . . . . Al Van Ness, former bantamweight, trains amateurs in the western part of the state, as does Emmett Curtice . . . . Chuck Doris is managing fighters . . . . Patsy Drouillard manages his featherweight nephew, Orville.

One of the best prospects to loom on the horizon for some time is Gene Stanley, Detroit middleweight. Stanley won the novice middleweight title in *The Free Press* Golden Gloves in 1932, and then went abroad, where he boxed for Jeff Dickson. Since returning home some time ago, Stanley has cleaned up everything in his class, and is now looking for more to conquer.

Speedy Johnson, classy Pontiac featherweight, has been going good lately, his most recent victim being Mike Kolnick, who was outpointed in eight rounds at Hazel Park. Johnson is a great prospect.

Oliver Johnson, Saginaw's lightweight, is under the management of Wilbur Chevalier, former top notch featherweight. Johnson is a nice prospect, as he combines cleverness with hard hitting. Wilbur is managing five boys now. He is doing business for Carmen Hill, Bridgeport, Conn., lightweight, who has mingled with some of the best boys in the game. Fighters with reputations would do well to get in touch with Chevalier at 110 Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

Thomas Wilson, of Detroit, writes, telling of the prowess of Paul Thurman and Max O'Conner, light-heavyweight and middleweight respectively. Thurman was a great prospect awhile back, but hasn't done much actual fighting for some time. O'Conner has been inactive also.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight, returned from his tour which took him to Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, England, France and Spain. He celebrated his return by turning in some good fights.

Joe Louis continues to bowl them over. His second knockout victory over Lee Ramage was expected by Detroiters. There is no stopping Louis. He can take care of himself with the best of them.

U. S. Chocolate continues to rest up. This good colored featherweight is not fighting as often as he used to.

Chuck Woods settled his quarrel with Amsey Rinnson, stopping him in the sixth round. Rinnson had boxed him a draw in their first meeting.

Jimmy Brady continues to manage all the good fighters Jimmy handles the reins for Chuck Woods, sensational lightweight; Lefty Gwynne, promising bantam; and K. O. Morgan, the clubbing clown.

The I.M.A. in Flint has one of the best gymnasiums in the state. Eddie Kaercher takes care of the gym, and acts as instructor for the amateurs. Among the pros that train there are Roger Bernard, Ray Johnson, Andy Dolak, and Gene Barrett.

Some of the amateur boxers in this part of the country have been attracting more attention than the professionals. As this goes to press Detroit has four boxers left in the Tournament of Champions at Chicago. Al Nettlow, classy featherweight from the Naval Armory; Dave Clark, hard-hitting middleweight from Mt. Olive; Edgar Waling, speedy bantam from Highland Park A.A.; and Patsy Urso, rugged flyweight from ExCello Aircraft, are the Detroiters with chances of winning the tournament.

The state tournament, conducted by the Grand Rapids Press was run off last month, and although there were a number of decisions which caused comment, a bunch of good boys were returned winners. The system of giving decisions was pretty dumb, but at that it took a good bunch of boys to get titles. Among the champions crowned were Corky McCorquodale, Detroit; Tommy Orr, Battle Creek; Bill Starkel, Flint; Curtice Secord, Michigan Center; George Buckle, Jackson; Ed Heinz, Bay City, James Taylor, Pontiac, and James Wallace, Pontiac, in the novice class, and Jimmy Urso, Detroit; Dorsey Sage, Otsego; Tommy Morris, Detroit; Joe Curry, Kalamazoo; Lloyd Patterson, Muskegon; Ernie Horn, Grand Rapids; William Fish, Battle Creek; and Lou Bellinger, Flint, were champions in the open class.

The I.M.A. in Flint conducted a tournament in which Eastern Michigan champions were crowned. The tournament was open to boys in Detroit, Flint, Saginaw, Pontiac, Ann Arbor, and Bay City, but the strong Flint team walked off with major honors. Final results follow: 118—Gus DiMaria, Flint, won decision over Red Wood, Flint; 126—Bill Starkel, Flint, beat Sid Jacob, Flint; 135—Dick McClintick, Mt. Morris, beat Noah Jezak, Bay City; 147—Harold Pillen, Flint, stopped George Banyas, Flint; 160—Royal Gauthier, Flint, beat Ken McCann, Bay City; 175—Gene Leonard, Flint, stopped Ken Cowan, Bay City; and heavyweight Frank Boyce, Flint, beat Gene Leonard.

Here is my rating of the five best amateur boxers in each class as I see them. This is for eastern Michigan, and does not include Grand Rapids, or other western towns.

Heavyweight—Lorenzo Pack, Detroit; Lou Bellinger, Flint; Ferris Newman, Pontiac; Edwin Tank, Detroit; and Frank Boyce, Flint.

Light-heavyweight—Clinton Bridges, Detroit; Stan Evans, Detroit; John Baluck, Detroit; Joe Macjeiki, Detroit; and Gene Leonard, Flint.

Middleweight—Dave Clark, Detroit; Bill Bommer, Detroit; Frank Rickert, Detroit; Barney Gemelli, Detroit; and Royal Gauthier, Flint.

Welterweight—Al Strong, Detroit; Vic Zywicki, Detroit; Harold Pillen, Flint; Percy Jones, Detroit; and George Burnett, Detroit.

Lightweight—Eddie Futch, Detroit; Dick McClintick, Flint; Johnny Bommarito, Saginaw; Wesley Davis, Detroit; and Rene Denne, Detroit.

Featherweight—Al Nettlow, Detroit; Tom Morris, Detroit; Alex Kilpatrick, Detroit; Ed Haley, Flint; and Gerald Coon, Detroit.

Bantamweight—Edgar Waling, Detroit; Joe Sworek, Detroit; Red Wood, Flint; Stan Ceislik, Detroit; and Walter Smigel, Detroit.

Flyweight—Patsy Urso, Detroit; Jimmy Urso, Detroit; Gus DiMaria, Flint; Benny Goldberg, Detroit; and Charles Gomez, Detroit.

One of the main troubles with amateur boxing in this part of the country is decisions. It appears that a boy has to floor his opponent in every round to get a decision nowadays. Just a few of the bad decisions we have seen: Walter Smigel over Red Wood; Gus DiMaria over Red Wood; Jimmy Urso over DiMaria; Urso over Wood; Julie Griffen over Stan Ceislik; Edgar Waling over Joe Sworek; and Eddie Faler over Al Adams.

Some of the boys are quitting on account of bad decisions. Red Wood of Flint has lost four questionable decisions this year, and Ken Bellinger, also of Flint, is trying hard to catch up. He has been gypped just three times.

Gollob will be the first Montrealer imported by Maritime promoters since Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight king, flashed his dynamic wares there. His match with Allen is expected to attract keen speculation, as Allen insisted on meeting Lifford before squaring off with the "dark horse." Gollob has been priming for the chance to leap into the limelight by winning over Allen and has been training with two of his protégés, Joe Bold and Bill Rochon.

Bobby Allen, rugged Westville, N.S., miner, grabbed the spotlight in the Maritime ring picture when he regained his Maritime welter laurels from Bobby Orr in a ten-rounder at New Glasgow, N.S., before a capacity attendance. Promoter N. W. Mason has signed Allen for two more bouts, one with Johnny Lifford of Saint John, N.B., the other with Joe Gollob, flashy Montreal youngster.

BE TALL Your Height Increased in 14 days or money back! The amazing Stebbing System soon brings 3-5 Inches Increase, new "pep" and energy. A valuable Health Course and "Success and Popularity" Course included FREE with System, sent complete for $2.00. Send 3c stamps for convincing Free Book with testimonials and Guarantee in plain sealed envelope. WRITE NOW TO:

STEBBING SYSTEM

Dept. R7 FOREST HILLS NEW YORK

3 BOOKS WORTH HAVING

SPALDING'S JIU JITSU
25 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

SPALDING'S BOXING
50 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

SPALDING'S HOW TO WRESTLE
25 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

Get them from THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Ave. and 49th St. New York City

The Handy Book for Managers and Seconds

Now Ready

Revised Edition

"How to Second a Boxer"

and

"How to Manage a Fighter"

By Nat Fleischer

Two books combined into one for your convenience

The Revised "How to Second a Boxer" contains many new items, including new pictures, which bring this book up-to-the-minute.

The first three editions have all been sold. So popular has this book been with those who handle a fighter in the ring, in actual contests, that the demand has been exceptionally great.

Not only have professional seconds purchased the book, but those who have charge of amateurs and those who take care of the college and high school students in boxing matches, have been among the buyers.

With the supply of the third edition gone, it was decided to bring the book of four years ago up-to-date with the result that you will find in the

Revised "How to Second a Boxer"

things of interest in your work that you cannot possibly afford to miss.

And to add to the interest, following numerous requests for a special book on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

complete data on that all-important phase of the fight game has been incorporated in the newly revised,

"How to Manage a Fighter"

so that you Seconds and Managers will now get Two Books in one, Two Important Books for The Price of One. No increase in price, only an increase in the information furnished.

Included in this section are the rules of the boxing commissions and forms of contracts fighters, managers and seconds must sign.

FIGHTERS, MANAGERS and SECONDS

should have a copy of the Revised

"How to Second a Boxer"

with the additional information on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

even if you already have the original edition minus the portion on managerial duties.

You can't go wrong, boys

Never has a book of this type been printed

You'll benefit considerably and for the small sum of $1.00, you'll reap a thousand-fold in return for your investment.

The BOOK OF THE DAY in Boxing Circles

Send in your order Now. Don't be without this new book. Fill in the coupon below and mail with a money order for $1.00 to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. between 49th and 50th Streets
NEW YORK CITY

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Revised "How to Second"

For the High and Prep School Boy

If you want to know how to box, subscribe to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, the greatest ever written. Outclasses every other course on the market. Nine books sent to you in this course. See "Ad" in this issue. His course leads all others.

British readers of THE RING should get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course—9 booklets. Address Nat Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City.

Just what *you* are looking for!

Nothing like it ever placed in book form

Is it worth 75 cents to you to add from half an inch to two inches to your height?

If you are still capable of growing, that is, if you are less than twenty-six years of age—boy or girl—my system of physical training, specially devised for increasing your height, will turn the trick.

Four months of intensive, conscientious training will add to your stature and make you feel proud of your achievement. It also will add to your athletic appearance.

I have just completed two years of experimentation with a class of boys ranging in age from 17 to 26, and have proved to my satisfaction, and that of my special pupils, that my system is the finest ever placed before the public.

It is a system that not only adds strength to your body, develops all the muscles of every part of your body, brings you health through exercises and enables you to increase your height, but is a system so enjoyable that, once you get into the swing of it, you'll never quit your daily exercises.

And what is most important, you don't have to spend one penny for apparatus. All my exercises are based on the scientific study of the human structure and the only apparatus you need is your bed or the floor, two hard rubber balls or a one-pound pair of dumbbells—nothing more. Cheap. I'll say so.

If you are among those seeking a position and find it difficult to get the job because of your height, you should get started on my "Height Increase Course."

There are no phonies among my many instruction books. You who have purchased my other books know the truth of that statement. That's why you can feel assured that

Nat Fleischer's "Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

will meet with your approval and bring results. 48 pages and sixty illustrations

Even if you can no longer increase your height, the seventy-five exercises listed in my latest book, and the special chapters on "How to Increase Your Weight" and "How to Reduce Your Weight," are well worth the price I'm asking.

Seventy-five exercises that not only will increase your height but will increase your chest development, add to your biceps, develop the arms, legs and neck, and put your body in fit condition for the daily tasks it must perform.

Wouldn't you rather spend an extra few cents for information that will bring you results? Then you, Mr. Shorty, you, Mr. Shrimp. Get Busy Now.

Keep your Health by using these exercises.

"Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

By NAT FLEISCHER

Famous authority on Physical Education, Boxing and Wrestling

Only 75 cents Exactly one cent for each exercise

Fill in the enclosed and mail a money order—no cash—to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden, 825 Eighth Avenue
New York City

Please send me, as soon as off the press, a copy of your latest book, "Simple Exercises for Height Increase," for which I enclose a money order for the sum of 75 cents.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

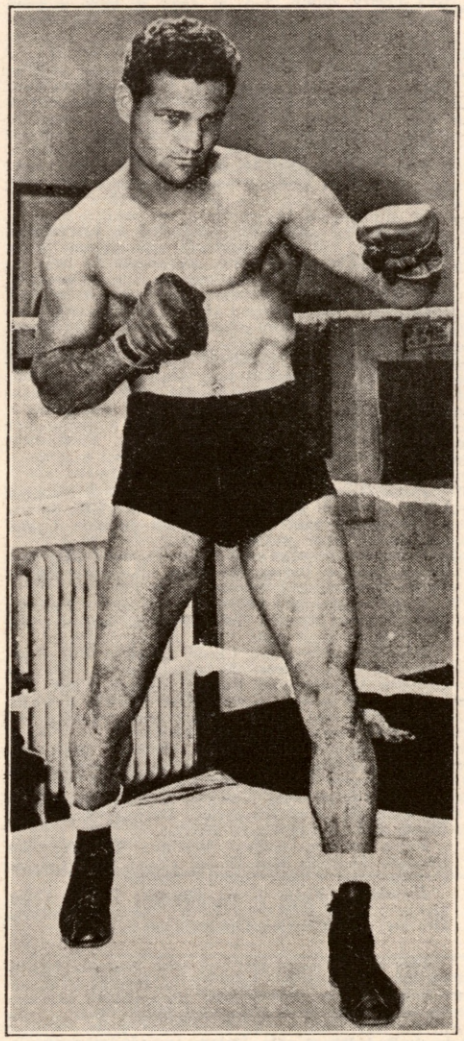
By GENE VINASSA

JOE LOUIS, Detroit Tiger, drew a gross gate of $16,148 at Wrigley Field when he scored a two-round knockout over Lee Ramage of San Diego.

One of these days the Los Angeles fight bugs will say of the colored panther: "I saw him when he was fighting his way to the top of the heavyweight heap." And they positively will be speaking words of truth.

I wonder what old Sam Langford, sitting in his little New York room, thinks when he reads of the sensational young Louis. He understands!

The pathway to the pot of gold at the top of the heavyweight division makes tough traveling for anybody. And it's derned tough for the colored fighters!



Babe Risko, Syracuse middleweight, who stepped into the limelight through his knockout over Teddy Yarosz. Although beaten by Vince Dundee, he redeemed himself immediately after by whipping Paul Pirrone in Philadelphia.

Louis showed in his Los Angeles fight that he has plenty of class. He is cool and has a short snap punch in either hand that can finish a fight instantaneously. In another year he will give Max Baer plenty of trouble. Right now, I think he is a good bet to beat Lasky, Hamas, Carnera, Schmeling and the others.

John Roxborough of Detroit and Julian Black of Chicago, the colored gentlemen who have Louis, are both regular fellows, and the whole Louis entourage made many friends while out here.

Suey Welch's big Swedish heavyweight, Hankus-Pankus Hankinson, challenged the winner. A few nights before, he belted out Fred Feary, a good heavy, in one round in Stockton, Calif. Welch will make some cocoanuts with the big guy if he keeps his chin out of the way.

Johnny Buckley had $50 riding on Azucar in the $100,000 Santa Anita classic and the portly Boston manager got "real well." Tony Palazolo had a double sawbuck on both Equipoise and Twenty Grand and the writer had to give "Boston Tony" a dose of smelling salts when Azucar came in the winner. Tony was out for ten minutes!

Young Corbett gave Bep Van Klaveren a neat pasting in their ten-rounder at Kezar Stadium in San Francisco and the Dutchman was on the verge of a kayo in the ninth and tenth rounds.

Davey Abad has hooked up with the Jimmy Murray stable. The latter, a short Jewish gent who is a real hustler, will get the veteran scrapper a lot of action on the Coast. If Murray is ever fortunate enough to land a young star, he will make a ton of dough as he is one of the most able managers out here. About five years ago, the dapper Murray booked Joe Lohman on the Coast for a dozen fights and Joe was at the end of his career at the time, but the pair made several thousand dollars together.

ODDS AND ENDS—Bob Levy is on the Coast with Eddie Houghton, young heavyweight . . . Mrs. Levy also made the trip to sunny California . . . . Mike Ferrozzo is in Los Angeles with Charles Retzlaff, Leonard, N. D., heavyweight . . . . Louis drew down 25 per cent and Ramage 22½ per cent for their outdoor bout . . . . Ramage may retire and go into the fruit produce game with his brother in San Diego . . . . Levy contradicts the report that Loughran is to turn to the priesthood, for which vocation he was educated by his parents, and adds that the Philly veteran wants to be a writer . . . . Man Mountain Dean has joined the Hollywood Post 43, American Legion . . . . Frisco gamblers took quite a lacing when Andy Callahan blew the duke to "Babe" Marino . . . . the New England southpaw was a three to one favorite . . . . Al Lang's Mexican bantam, Frankie Castillo, had a string of twenty-three straight victories up till the first of March . . . . Brouillard and Corbett would draw a lot of money in San Francisco, as it is a great French town . . . . Some years ago Leon See brought Lafineur, Blampain, and a couple of other fighters, to Frisco from France and they drew some good gates, and they were just fair boys . . . . Jerry Pelton was offered $1,000 in cash by Clark Gable the night his young star, Toby Vigil, knocked out George Garcia in one punch at Hollywood.

The former Cleveland boxer, Frankie Van, who is now a California referee, gets his share of main event assignments at Hollywood and the Olympic and handles himself in first-class manner.

Mickey Grealis, veteran boxing manager, says Jimmy Dunn of Cleveland is the outstanding fight trainer in the country. Frank Bachman, manager of Maxie Rosenbloom, casts his ballot for Ray Arcel. They're both ace handlers, for my money!

Betting was even money Ramage would not go the route in his Wrigley Field bout with Louis. A lot of money changed hands on the K.O., but very little cash was wagered on the decision.

Eddie Muller, young boxing critic of the San Francisco *Examiner*, was the first writer on the Coast to predict a rosy future for Joe Louis . . . he wrote a lengthy yarn on the Negro a few days after Louis won the amateur tourney in St. Louis. Muller haunts the gyms in San Francisco and gets more fight "info" than any other scribe in Frisco. And the young fellow seldom gets his hammer out!

Sam "Roxie" Eisen of Buffalo, N. Y., is training a promising bantam out here named Bobby Olivas. The kid is ready for fighters like Dado, Tommy, Salica, and Dano.

George Parnassas has taken over the management of "Swede" Berglund, San Bernardino middleweight, who licked Ben Jeby in Frisco about six months ago. The Greek is also handling Ceferino Garcia. The Filipino welter was out for several months due to injuries he received one night when robbers entered his cafe and attacked him, the fighter receiving several bad cuts about the head. He will be ready for action some time during May, according to Parnassas. The Filipino is one of the best cards on the Coast.

After being stopped by George Hansford, Tommy Paul came back to register four wins in a row in Oakland, Calif., and seems to be fighting in his old-time form. There was some talk of pairing Frankie Klick and Paul in San Francisco, Charley Martin, Paul's skipper, received several wires from the Frisco promoter regarding that match.

Midget Wolgast came through with a great win over Juan Zurita in a ten on the Louis-Ramage show and left immediately for Philadelphia with his uncle-manager, Frank Loscalzo, but they will return to California late in May as the flyweight king made some great fights in Los Angeles, Oakland, and Frisco.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who have no contracts with any managers, can get action in this section with Al Lang, c/o Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake, Los Angeles. Besides being well connected with all of the Coast clubs, Lang is one of the few good trainers out this way.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By HERB McHUGH

WHILE Tod Morgan has lost much of his skill as a boxer, he still retains his ways of showmanship, consequently when Referee Joe Wallis declared Willard Brown a points' winner over Tod at the completion of their battle at Sydney Stadium, most of the big crowd present just howled their heads off at what they considered a very bad decision. It was a hostile demonstration and must have sounded sweet music to Morgan, undoubtedly the most popular American to come to Australia in years.

As for Brown, who is quite a genial fellow, he seemed really distressed at the whole proceedings. He is reported to have expressed the opinion that he thought he was a little fortunate in getting the tap of victory. This may or may not be correct. Anyhow, he won, and Wallis is no fool when it comes to reckoning up points.

As a ring general, Morgan is in a class by himself. He let punches go when he thought they would look good and many other things that swayed the crowd to his way of thinking. At the long range stuff he realized he stood little chance against a boxer of Brown's technique, hence the adoption of tactics which stole the show from the public's point of view, but failed to influence the referee. The consistency of Morgan in Australia has made him, and deservedly so, the big man at the box-office. Despite the fact that Brown was a seven to two favorite, the ovation handed Morgan when he stepped into the ring prior to the commencement of hostilities was amazing.

The early rounds saw no cause for alarm for those who had laid the odds, but as the bout progressed, Brown, who before the fight started was forced to get medical treatment for a couple of bad boils high up on the right arm, commenced to crack up and allowed Morgan to steal the lead from him. This was just what Tod wanted, and he straightway started to throw punches from all angles. Having on many previous occasions traversed the marathon course of fifteen rounds, Morgan was very happy at the turn of events, and during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth rounds, he made the pace so hot that Brown must have thought that all his birthdays had arrived together. However, grandstand finishes should not be the deciding factor in winning fights, and making a determined stand over the concluding sessions saw Brown take the points and the decision.

Brown's next hurdle is likely to be against Jack Carroll. If he can't do better than he did against Morgan then he is in for a good canning, but having in mind that it was the first time that he contested fifteen rounds, as well as the severe handicap of savage boils on his arm, perhaps he can be expected to do better against our welter champion.

Claude Varner and Vernon Cormier are matched. Despite Cormier's draw with Blandon and a win over Llew Edwards, the general opinion seems to be that he will go under to Varner. Claude, by the way, tripped to Brisbane where he met Joe Hall in a return contest. He clinched proceedings with a knockout, a wallop to the solar putting Hall down for the full count in the fifth round.

Leichhardt Stadium is still doing good business with its wrestling. Tom Lurich, George Pencheff, Joe Dawson, Tex Bolt, Tommy Nylan (another Abie Coleman), Leon Labriola, Karl Stenning, and Alex Lundyn are holding the public's attention and each week sees them working to nice crowds, notwithstanding the hot weather.

Harry Mamos, Ali Bey and Jack Clarke are at present in Perth. Whether they intend returning to America following the season in the West is not known. It is possible that they might stay here until the N.B.C. gets under way with another wrestling season scheduled to start somewhere about May or June.

Ambrose Palmer and the N.B.C. are not yet playing speaks. This suits Leichhardt Stadium admirably and the suburban club has signed him to meet the American light-heavyweight, Pietro Georgi, who is trekking out this way. Palmer states that he will fight middleweight champion Fred Henneberry, but, according to reports, he is not enamored of the fight taking place at Sydney Stadium. On the other hand, Henneberry has the idea that a 7,500 dollar gate would result should the fight take place under the banner of the N.B.C. And there the matter rests at the moment. Both Palmer and Henneberry are great crowd pleasers and whichever stadium lands the fixture will have something to crow about.

Al Lippe's team, Phil Zwick, Vernon Cormier and Bob Wilson, have turned shark fishermen. They were responsible for catching a twelve-foot "tiger" the other day and in consequence broke the headlines in the press: pictures, write-ups an' all. Might be a good idea for some of the publicity lads on your side to grab as a neat piece of exploitation—but, of course, the catching must be done by the boys, and not the sharks.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

FRANK TENUTE staged an amateur show with outstanding American boys but failed to draw a worth-while crowd. The boxing game has slumped to its lowest level in years here and amateurs in some divisions have stayed amateurs too long, thereby spoiling the pro game where new blood is needed. Armanda Sicilla, Peoria, Ill., beat Jack Callura, Hamilton, on this card in Toronto. D. Yack won an unpopular decision over John Martin, Peoria, Ill., the other winners being Armstrong, Luftspring, Greb, A. Gallura, Babe Yack, Parasini, Rainbow, and Aaron Wade, Peoria, Ill.

One reason wrestling draws is because they bring the top-flight boys here and give action. World's Champion Jim Londos did what was expected in the main go by throwing Vic. Christy at the Queensberry A. C.'s. show in Toronto after a great series of slams and bangs. Would that the boxing promoters took a leaf from the wrestling impresarios, and lined up some talented cards and they would draw.

Toronto—Bid adieu to "Lefty" Gwynne—1932 bantam Olympic champion. His new manager, Jim Barry, steered him to five victories in Detroit. "Lefty" did well in leaving here for the U.S.A. It's a better field for Canadians right now.

The Victoria A.C. has folded up after losing money on its five shows.

The welter tournament went by the board when Frankie Genovese was not matched with "Irish" Jimmie Boyne, to determine a winner to meet Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, B.C., for Canadian title. There're very few want to meet the Irish Dornick. He carries a K.O. punch in either hand.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa boy, is doing well in Chicago and has to date five victories against one defeat. He's a good boy and did well to campaign across where they boost and recognize real talent.

Boxing seems to have slipped back again after a good start and both pro and amateur shows have drawn poor crowds. A new set of faces on the promotion end and better decisions by judges may be the answer for a new deal in Toronto for the good old game.

Lou Keiswetter, the great heavyweight prospect from Moose Jaw, fought well against the former experienced amateur champion, Bob Pastor, in New York, and, although beaten, showed class and future prospective ability.

The Elm Grove A. A. C. staged another American-Canadian amateur series, which produced some stirring bouts before a fair crowd. Baby Yack received his first K.O., which will either make or break him. The supporting bouts were good, but the crowd numbered only 2,700, getting smaller all the time.

IN THE POST BAG—*Mickey Donovan, Winnipeg, Man.:* Will file your letter and try to place you, but the game is slow here right now. Thanks. *Ken Ferguson, Hollywood, Florida:* Would not pay you to come here at present. Boxing at a low ebb during hockey season. Write again in April.

Danno O'Mahoney, with his "Irish whip," threw Rudy Dusek in his first Toronto appearance and the broth of a boy drew ten thousand fans. Color and action and topnotchers is the secret of "rassling" popularity in the Queen City, something boxing promoters should recognize for their shows.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

RELAMPAGO SAGUERO, Cuban welter champion, easily outpointed Kid Calixto in a ten-round non-titular bout.

Sixto Morales, Cuban lightweight champion, had no trouble in whiffing Valentin Miro from Spain in a ten-round battle.

Fillo Echevarria, Spanish featherweight, earned a ten-round decision over Baby Quintana, surprising the fans and critics by his meritorious work.

Joe Coego, local southpaw welter, scored a one-round knockout over Olayo Nebot. Kid Juancito, bantamweight of note, outpointed Mario Valdes in a six-rounder.

Ramon Molina outpointed Humberto Casala in ten rounds of hard fighting.

Andy Martin, of Boston, first defeated Fillo Echevarria, and then took the measure of Kid Sila of Cuba. Martin showed the Cuban fans what they probably haven't seen in years—some real classy boxing. Andy went over big, and he'll make a heap of money before he leaves Havana.

Joe Bello drew with Angel Valdes in four rounds, and Martin O'Grady drew with A. Delgado in six.

Lorenzo Gomez scored a three-round knockout over Kid Granados. Gomez, a light-heavyweight from Spain, under Pincho Gutierrez' guidance looks like a comer.

Kid Coffee, good looking prospect in the bantamweight division, is being groomed by Pincho Gutierrez.

Eddie Reilly, New York lightweight, is due to meet Baby Face Quintana here and a few other local fighters.

Aramis Del Pino is in charge of the Cuban Olympic athletes. He is leaving for San Salvador with 106 of them to win laurels for Cuba.

Young Herrera and his manager, Luis Adonis Firpo, are bound for Jamaica, where Cuba's double champion will meet some worthy contenders. Herrera holds the light-heavy and heavy title of Cuba.

Another Great Sports Book!

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds in addition to 70 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter, and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in cash or money order plus 10 cents extra for postage to:

THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE,
8th Avenue and 49th Street
New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," the world's greatest book on the mat sport.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED
Don't forget to add 10 cents for postage.

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box,"

And the Newly Revised Edition of

"HOW TO SECOND AND HOW TO MANAGE A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

When two or more of these books are ordered, add 10 cents extra for postage.

Here's a good recommendation:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Annapolis, Maryland

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books.

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Jorbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur or professional, and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.

He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

WESLEY FARRELL, smart Negro lightweight of New Orleans, La., cannot be denied national recognition any longer. Regardless of the caliber of his opposition, Farrell always clicks the turnstiles at never less than $1,200 and, acknowledging the fact that admissions are scaled at twenty-five and forty cents, this is a remarkable example of drawing power for New Orleans. The Crescent City star has yet to meet defeat and is recognized as the lightweight champion of the South, regardless of color.

In two encounters the past month, Farrell stopped Chocolate Bon Bon of Atlanta, Ga., in seven rounds and decisively trounced Calvin Reed, cagey Pennsylvanian, in ten heats. These two cards drew approximately $3,000.

With Wesley Farrell as his chief attraction, Lou Diamond, matchmaker for the Garden City A.C., has scored the first round in his favor in his joust with the opposition promotion. Promoter Ovalasiti has, to all indications, fallen by the wayside, being short of an attraction of worth, in addition to being without a suitable arena. However, Diamond's invasion into the wrestling sport so far has flopped and Promoter Schlesinger still has the upper hand.

In his first major bout in New Orleans, Tracy Cox, reputed knockerouter from Indianapolis, Ind., failed in expectations, being lambasted about for ten rounds by the veteran Eddie "Kid" Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn., Hebrew welterweight. However, Cox put the sleeper on Jumbo Rovira, a local lesser light, in the latter's first important bout after five years in preliminaries. It lasted but two rounds.

Two all-star cards were presented during the month, failing to produce anyone of much promise. Nick Camaratta, local featherweight, probably was the best, earning a draw with Dave Barry of Chicago, Ill. Eddie Flynn had little opposition in decisioning Ralph Sikes, Houston, Tex., middleweight, and scoring a T.K.O. over Battling Burroughs of Pascagoula, Miss. Lou Terry, St. Louis, Mo., lightweight, gave Augie Camaratta a sound beating, but in turn was whipped by "Toots" Bashara, Norfolk, Va. Camaratta, though, shaded Boomer Brooker of Fargo, N.D. Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans lightweight, won over Mike Battalino, San Antonio, Tex., and Joe White, local lightie, downed Red Wright of Houston.

Ralph Chong, young Chinese middleweight sensation, is in training again after nearly succumbing to blood poisoning in the throat. Chong will pick up where he left off with wins over Tommy Freeman, Ray Kiser, George Salvatore and others. Promoters desiring to negotiate for the services of the only Chinese prizefighter in America, can get in touch with his management through this writer.

Other bouts here and there in this vicinity ended in this fashion. Kid Glover kayoed Fred Root; Elmer Freas was beaten for the first time, going out in one round to Battling Burroughs, who also beat Wildcat Monte of Fort Worth, Tex., and Horace Burkel of Boston, Mass.; Artie Norwood decisioned Frankie Coburn of Waterloo, Ia.; Kid Stephanfis defeated "Popeye" Willet; Tommy Murphy beat Boswell Thompson, all middleweights. Irving Schaffer outpointed Terry Lohman; Red Wright won from Mike Battalino but lost to Mike Cusimano, all lightweights. Nick Camaratta punched out a win over Roberto Gomez of San Antonio, Tex.; Louis Vera of Los Angeles, Calif., kayoed Sidney Duncan and lost to Joe Passante of Houston, Tex., all featherweights.

In his initial appearance in New Orleans, Calvin Reed, Eastern colored lightweight, won easily over K. O. White of New Orleans. A capacity crowd saw this performance as well.

Performances of other Negro scrappers wound up like this: Levi Young, Houston, Tex., beat Battling Puggy of Savannah, Ga., but lost to Bob Manual; John Thompson beat Ray Ganier and drew with Mike Doyle; Roy Finn and Al Edwards drew, all middleweights. Kid Chink topped Kid Adams; K. O. Franks stopped George Lawson, all welterweights. Young Danno won over Kid Spibbens and lost to Newsboy Brown; Baby Jack kayoed Speedy Red, Jacksonville, Fla., all lightweights. Charley Hart stopped Jack Thompson but lost to Lucius Fleet, bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Bad matchmaking has practically ruined Mobile, Ala., as a fight town . . . . There is some activity at Biloxi and Gulfport, Miss. . . . Jimmy Perrin, bantam, will try a comeback . . . . Chuck Woods, conqueror of Tony Canzoneri at Detroit recently, was a preliminary fighter in New Orleans about a year ago, winning and losing . . . . Amateurs are busy now at the colleges and independent clubs . . . . Broadway Johnny Cox's tips on fight outcomes are used with reverse English down here . . . . It is said Battling Shaw, former junior welterweight titlist, is a hack driver in Mexico City . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

NOW that a new commission has taken over the reins of boxing in this state, the fight faithful are looking forward to a new deal. At present the game is in a sorry state of affairs here, with racketeers, chiselers, small time promoters and incompetent officials at the controls. Ft. Worth isn't running at all. Dallas has one club. San Antonio is strictly in the hands of racketeers. Beaumont is doing fairly well. Galveston has folded up. Houston will probably be good during the summer, as the popular promoter, Jimmie Guest, plans to re-open his big outdoor arena soon. The new commission has at least made a good start by appointing some highly capable deputies. Here's hoping they are able to do something.

Babe Hunt, elongated Oklahoman, proved that he knows too much for the average run of heavies by flattening Ace Dodge in six rounds. Dodge is a youngster of rare promise and later took the measure of Jack Van Noy and Bob Williams.

Adolph Meave, Al Tremaine's Mexican welter, showed that he has definitely graduated from the prelim class by punching out a decisive ten-round victory over Ward Tyson. Al now has a real pair of battlers in Meave and Louis Arriola.

We tip our turban to George Brown, Jack Thurmond's young heavy. If determination and hard work ever gets a fellow to the top, then some of the boys up there had better move over and make room for George. After what he handed Manuel Luna and Rosy Rosales, most of the heavy boys are giving him the run-around.

The writer was a visitor in New Orleans during the month and was highly appreciative of the hospitality of the fellows running the game there. We can highly recommend Marty Burke, Lew Diamond and their associates as the "right" kind. More power to them. Personally we would like to see them try their hand in this state.

"Broadway" Johnny Cox has a stable of high-class fighters working out of New Orleans. Cox brought Toots Bashara to Texas and went back with the scalp of Carl Schaeffer on the old belt. How about bringing Toots back, Johnny, we need more fighters like him.

The writer's address is: Houston Press, Houston, Texas. All correspondence promptly answered.

Beaumont fans were treated to one of the best slugfests this section has seen in a long, long time when Mike Pereira and Earl Capps, a couple of featherweight gamecocks, went after each other. Pereira, a veritable little Dempsey, won the duke, but the rugged Capps made a whale of a fight of it. They had boxed a draw previously.

The game in San Antonio wasn't helped any by the importation of a couple of "hams" for build-up purposes for local fighters. Johnny Lacaille was brought in to oppose K. O. Castillo. Bang! Bang! Out went Johnny. A couple of weeks later Tuffy Barnett was thrown in with Pelon Lopez. A couple of more bangs and exit Mr. Barnett. However, one good match was held there during the month with Jimmie Wakefield beating Pelon Lopez. S. A. fans also saw a return match between Tracy Cox and Midget Mexico, Cox getting a T.K.O. in the tenth round at the expense of the Mexican.

Art (the great) Shires, forgot to duck one and was knocked out by one Sid Hunter, leaving the spectators with the opinion that, as a fighter, Shires was a great ball player. Art was said to have looked good flattening some fighter in Ft. Worth, though.

Other results over the state: Tony Herrera beat Chief Paris; Paris kayoed Jimmy Wickfield, Evan Ritter shellacked Red Wright; Tuffy Barnett and Johnny Lacaille put on "one of those things" in Beaumont, but was permitted to go the distance with Lacaille getting the nod; Tony Turano beat Dynamite Stitsel but lost to Sammy Alfano; Carl Schaeffer drew with Lou Beard; Jimmy Lacoume won over Dennt Britt; Charley Montgomery kayoed Sid Hunter but was stopped by Max Brown; Hunter was also beaten by Steve Roberts; Ernie Epps won from Frenchy LeFevre.

Chato Gonzales flattened Jimmy Maroof but dropped a decision to Jimmie Lacoume; Dick O'Connor beat Jack Kirkland; Bob Williams kayoed Steve Roberts; Choc Stewart stopped Fred McWilliams; Henry Brown beat Theo Norris but lost to Tiger Carter; Ellis Gallier, promising Beaumont lightweight, stopped Scott Thomas and Tony Turano; Joe Mitchell, the one-eyed wonder, trounced Theo Norris; Leroy Bradley kayoed Billy Jones.

Dick Griffin is trying to land a return match between Lou Ambers and Tony Herrera for Fort Worth, which would just about fill any arena of good sized proportions. Ambers is recognized as lightweight contender No. 1 and that victory over Herrera last summer makes Ambers a well-known figure in these parts.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Walsenburg, Colo.—Lee Medina, fast-improving Walsenburg Mexican, scored a surprising victory over Pug Sutherland of Manassa. Medina cut the former state welter champ to ribbons but was unable to land the finisher. Both weighed 145 pounds.

At Sterling, Colo.—The veteran "Cowboy Eddie" Anderson continues his winning ways. Young Billy Reitz, a fellow Sterlingite, was the victim this time. Reitz's seconds tossed in the towel in the third round to save him from further punishment. Anderson had won the two first rounds by a wide margin. Reitz had a six-pound weight advantage, weighing 158 to 152 for Anderson.

At Grand Junction, Colo.—Henry Jackson, sterling little Fort Garland featherweight, scored an impressive victory over Chucker Hildebrand of Durango. Jackson won nine of the ten rounds, Hildebrand being awarded the fifth round when one of Jackson's body shots landed in foul territory.

Hildebrand, who is state bantam champion, spotted Jackson five pounds in weight, weighing 117 pounds, to Jackson's 122. Mose Baca and Mickey Martinez battled eight furious rounds to a draw, in a lightweight duel. Both are Denver battlers.

At Greeley, Colo.—George Manley, veteran Denver heavyweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Jimmy Lynx, of San Pedro, California. Manley, spotting the West Coast lad twenty-three pounds in weight, won every round decisively. Lynx weighed 198 pounds.

In the semi-final, Jimmy Cahill, of Denver, decisioned "Young" Cornett of Greeley in six torrid sessions.

The state Boxing Commission refused to renew Mickey Cohen's boxing license on the ground that the stout-hearted little Hebrew is physically unfit for further fighting. They should have done that a year ago. Cohen is definitely done for in a pugilistic sense.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—In one of the best fought battles staged in New Mexico in recent months, Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., middleweight, pounded out a well-deserved ten-round victory over Charley Tate, Albuquerque 150-pounder. Montoya, with a ten-pound weight advantage, floored the colored boy several times, but was unable to keep him down.

In the semi-final, Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas, kayoed Buddy Silvers of Walsenburg, Colo., in the first round of a scheduled eight-round go.

WHAT STARS OF FORMER DAYS ARE DOING—Pete Everett is a special policeman at the C.F. & I. Steel Works in Pueblo . . . . Jim Flynn is working as an "extra" in the films out on the Pacific Coast . . . . Stanley Yoakum is a trainer in a Detroit gym . . . . The old featherweight, Jack Dempsey, who stopped "Young" Corbett just before the Denverite kayoed Terry McGovern, is an inmate of the Pueblo county poor farm . . . . Abe Spitz is president of the American Iron Works in Denver . . . . Mike Mongone, "Dago Mike," is running a high-powered gaming place in Denver . . . . Heinie Schumann has a newsstand in Cheyenne, Wyo. . . . . Howard Baker is running a restaurant in Boulder . . . . Jimmy Hanlon is a motion-picture operator in Chicago . . . . Harry Bramer has a gasoline station in Phoenix, Ariz.

Denver is still afflicted with the "rasslin'" fever. It is billed as wrestling, but personally I can't see where the rough stuff they pull off even faintly resembles wrestling. If this array of former collegians are wrestlers, what with their assortment of "flying tackles," "drop kicks," etc., then guys like Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Hussane and Burns must have had another trade.

I'd like to lay a few bucks on the line that Frank Gotch, in his heyday, could have thrown the whole kaboodle of alleged wrestlers that have appeared in Denver this winter, within two hours' time. By this, I mean legitimate wrestling. Personally, I don't consider kicking a guy behind the ear as a legitimate hold. The same applies to a well-directed uppercut to the chin.

At Pueblo, Colo.—The writer has been knocking around in the fight game a good many years, but it remained for the Henry Jackson-Ernie Lara bout to give him his greatest thrill of disgust . . . . if there is any such thing as a thrill of disgust. The battle, the first fifteen-round affair in southern Colorado in years, in itself was a crackerjack. Lara, state featherweight champion, won only two of the entire fifteen, yet was awarded the decision. It was worse than rotten, it was downright putrid. Of all the "hometown" decisions I ever saw or heard about, this one takes the cake. Then we wonder why boxing is in the dumps. Both boys weighed 125 pounds.

In the semi-final, June Hack, Springfield, kayoed the veteran Mickey Flahive of La Junta, in the fourth round of a hammer-and-tongs battle.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—"Cowboy Eddie" Anderson, Colorado welterweight champion, scored a two-round kayo over Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia. Smith dropped Anderson for a short count in the opening round, but two terrific rights to the chin laid the easterner away in the second.

At Delta, Colo.—Chuck Reed, Sterling welterweight, won from Jimmy Carter veteran Chanute, Kansas, battler, by a technical kayo in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round fight. Reed had a wide margin when Carter broke his right hand, and the fight was stopped.

In the eight-round semi-final, Johnny Gardino, Denver, was awarded the decision over Raymond Garcia of Fort Morgan. They are featherweights.

Incidentally, the fight game here in Colorado is snapping out of its long sleep. More clubs are operating, and they are drawing better than any time since 1929.

The Jackson-Lara battle at Pueblo attracted nearly $1,500 worth of cash customers, for the biggest "gate" the Steeltown has attracted since the palmy days of Jim Flynn.

Places like Grand Junction, Antonito, Delta and Sterling are playing regularly to $500 to $1,000 houses. Denver, ordinarily the best fight town in the state, however, is in a state of coma as far as boxing is concerned.

At Ogden, Utah.—Jackie Burke, Ogden welterweight, scored a three-round technical kayo over Jerry Robertson of Santa Fe., N. Mex. Burke scored seven knockdowns before referee Vanderschuit halted the one-sided affair.

Burke continues to wreak havoc with the crop of inter-mountain scrappers. By winning a decisive ten-round go from Kid Barger, of Preston, Idaho, Burke proved he is one of the best men in the 147-pound class in this region. Gate receipts were $1,498. Not bad for a place of Ogden's size.

The writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game, in this part of the country. But don't forget to enclose reply postage. I also have a complete and up-to-date list of promoters here in Colorado that you can get for a thin dime. Address all letters to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

At Sterling, Colo.—Kenny Austin, veteran Nebraska battler, won a ten-round decision over "Cowboy Eddie" Anderson, of Sterling. Austin, at 155 pounds, had a five-pound weight advantage.

At Cripple Creek, Colo.—Chester Paasche, burly hard-rock miner, created quite a sensation in Colorado fight circles when he put the kayo over on "Blackie" Robertson, of Lamar, former state heavyweight king, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round affair.

Come to think of it, Colorado could certainly use a heavyweight who could really fight. It's been a long time since Jack Dempsey and Jim Flynn were around.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS

By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BILLINGS—What was scheduled to be a fine fight card ended in a disaster for both the fight fans and the Babcock Theater owners, when a fire broke out in the second round of the semifinal and demolished the theater. While there were 1,300 people at the fight, all were orderly and not a single accident was registered.

The semifinal was so hot that the fighters, Solly Strecker and K. O. Hendrix had to be pushed from the ring, and the smoke was so dense that the fighters could scarcely be seen from the orchestra seats. Benny Tripoli and Tiny Carvelli, a couple of 118-pounders, drew; while the bout between Sam Schillrof and Johnny Moran, 170 each, was a draw also. In the second preliminary, Evan Davis, Roundup, and K. O. Hindman, Cody, Wyo., put up a sweet fight in the first four-rounder, Davis winning by a nice margin. Kid Rippatoe, Fargo, N. D., and Jimmy Kreiner, Billings, were listed for the main event.

Butte—Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, 135 pounds, scored a T.K.O. in the sixth over Lloyd Smith, 135½, of Los Angeles. Ray Cotes, 142, Butte, won a six-round decision over Jimmy Kerwin, Miles City. Emmett Sullivan, 134, Butte, decisioned Hub Zempke, Missoula. Billy Sutton, 134, Butte, decisioned Bert Sommers, 135, Missoula, and Bobby McKay, 144, of Missoula, won in four rounds from Shorty Hughes, 144, of Bozeman.

Cody—Billy Hyde, Roundup, and Bud Logan, of Cheyenne, battled ten rounds to a draw at the Temple Theater. Billy Hardee, of Fromberg, provided the fans with the fight of the evening in the six-round semifinal. In the preliminaries Paul Hindman K.O.'ed Buddy Ramariez in the fourth. Ralph Green scored a T.K.O. over Young Hardin, both of Worland.

Crow Agency—Chief Giddion, Crow Agency, 155 pounds, drew with Johnny Moran in ten rounds.

2 More *New* Groups

A CHANCE to decorate your beer garden, den, club-house, or fraternity house with excellent fight and wrestling pictures—old timers and modern stars.

Owing to the splendid response to our previous advertisement, we have decided to add to the list of photographs previously listed and continue to sell these fine, glossy finished, 6- by 8-inch pictures in groups only, at 7 for $2.00.

Groups Nos. 17 and 18 have now been added to the collection and are now ready. More will follow.

No C.O.D. orders will be accepted. Send a money order—not cash—and mention the Group number. No individual photos this size, sold.

GROUP No. 1—
Tommy Loughran
Jack Sharkey
Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker
Benny Leonard
Jimmy McLarnin
Young Terry

GROUP No. 2—
Ben Jeby
Vince Dundee
Wesley Ramey
Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
Terry McGovern
Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

GROUP No. 5—
Frank Battaglia
Jose Santa
King Levinsky
Johnny Risko
Baby Arizmendi
Maxey Rosenbloom
Pancho Villa

GROUP No. 6—
Jess Willard
John L. Sullivan
Bob Fitzsimmons
Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Jack Dempsey
Tuffy Griffiths
Tom Heeney

GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinctzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP No. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

GROUP No. 14—
Freddy Welsh
Young Corbett
Lou Brouillard
Ad Wolgast
Kid McCoy
Teddy Yarosz
Jack Kid Berg

GROUP No. 15—
British Group:
Len Harvey
Tom Watson
Bomb. Billy Wells
Charley Mitchell
Owen Moran
Jem Driscoll
Pedlar Palmer

GROUP No. 16—
Young Jack Thompson
Sammy Mandell
Steve Hamas
Bob Godwin
Joe Knight
Johnny Kilbane
George Godfrey

GROUP No. 17—
G. Hackenschmidt
Frank Gotch
Roland Kirschmeyer
Joe Dusek
Sam Cordavano
Everett Marshall
Earl McCready

GROUP No. 18—
Art Lasky
Mike Belloise
Joey Coata
Lew Feldman
Lew Ambers
Sixto Escobar
Walter Neusel

HOTEL COLONIAL

51 West 81st St.

NEW YORK CITY

HOME OF THE SPORTS FRATERNITY IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK

"Surrounded by Fresh Air and Sunshine"

Central Park for Your Morning Workout Is a Stone's Throw from the Colonial Door

Away from the roaring forties, yet only ten minutes from Madison Square Garden, all theatrical and shopping centres, through Eighth Avenue subway, 6th and 9th Avenue "L" and crosstown bus stations, are all within a few steps from your hotel.
The Colonial faces a beautiful park and famous Museum of Natural History. Situated in a quiet residential section of the city, it invites comfortable rest and recreation in true home atmosphere.
Make The Colonial your home and headquarters by the day, week or month.

375 SPACIOUS ROOMS
ROOF GARDEN RESTAURANT

RATES:

Single room with bath at $2.00 Daily
Double room with bath at $3.00 Daily
Suites from $4.00 Daily
Special rates by week or month

Phone: TR. 7-2000

RALPH P. LOHAK, Manager

Seeking Strength?

If you are interested in Body Building and Muscle Building you should obtain

"Super Physique"

Body-Building Bar-Bell Course
By SIEGMUND KLEIN
(One of America's Foremost Weight-Lifting Champions)
Paper-Covered booklets—Price $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

The All-America Sports Magazine

A new 128-page book

A Sports Fiction Magazine

written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS

The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.

Price 15 cents

The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction
Another Nat Fleischer publication—That Means Class

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

FORT SCOTT, KANS.—Amateur boxing results: Jack Kraft knocked out Harry Towns in one. Bill Jacovitch shaded George Jackson. Dalton Burt beat John Kirk. Ralph McMurray beat LeRoy Bonner. Bill Saker beat Lennie Smith. Fred McKean knocked out Aaron Titus in one. Paul Nelson beat Buddie Jackson. Homer Kirk knocked out Howard Baker in three. Ernie Smith beat Jerry Williams.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Clare Patterson knocked out Al Locke in three. Lefty Honn beat Jess Brown. Frankie Schaeffer beat Marvin Brown. Bob Crow beat Amos Livers. Tom Marshall beat Lefty Erwin. Barney Joffrey knocked out Leo Nutter in three. Billy Moyer knocked out Red Young in two rounds. This was one of the best amateur fight shows staged in this city for some time.

Manhattan, Kans.—Manhattan Athletic Club team defeated Kansas City A. C. amateur team, four bouts to one. Kid Freeman beat Marvin Ross. Jack Running knocked out Mickey Kelly in two. Earl Hancock won from Johnny Estrada on a foul in the third round. Frank Massey beat Mike O'Rourke. Gene Leonard lost to Floyd (Red) Hall.

Arkansas City, Kans.—In a three-day amateur boxing tournament six of the divisions for championships were won by Indians from the Chilocco Agricultural School: Heavyweight, Tyrus Smith; light-heavyweight, Junior Munsell; middleweight, Clare Patterson; welterweight, Sweeney Byers; lightweight, Marvin Lidell; featherweight, Willard Sharp; bantamweight, Billy White; flyweight, Jeffy Vann.

Johnny Lockwood, promoter at Ft. Scott, who has been staging professional shows for some time, has switched over and is giving the amateurs a try. He is staging some excellent shows.

Atchison, Kans.—St. Benedict's College amateur team defeated Kansas State College team five bouts out of seven. Bill Hemphill knocked out Louis Mesh of Atchison in two. John Crawley beat Robert Heim. Russell Madison lost to Ed O'Rourke. George Garrison lost to Bob McGee. R. S. Pyles lost to Bucky O'Connor. Tom Thomas lost to Don Martin. Ray Lowry lost to Charles Briggs.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Gordon Smythe knocked out Pat Anderson in two. Amos Tiger beat Marcus McCool. Fred Hayes beat Howard Orndorff. Buzz Wood beat Clyde Greeson. Lovel Hosey beat Sonny Boy Michael. Jack Sykes knocked out Eddie Owens in one. Danny Truax beat Frank Sparger. Lewis Hosey beat Virgil Thompson. Paul Osborn beat Roy Nickles. Sam Logan beat Shidler Flash.

Blackwell, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Clare Patterson beat Leonard Noel. Amos Livers beat Ralph Ketchum. Al Coleman beat Tom Marshall. Red Young beat Kid Hardin. Red Nicewander beat Marvin Brown, Keith Parr beat Leo Nutter. Wilbur Cannon beat Pud Hubbard. Jess Brown beat Virgil Thompson. Walt Bringham beat Del Burrows. Red Adams knocked out Slim Johnson in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Wooten defeated Carl Lautenschlager in an eight-round feature event. Jimmy Garrison knocked out Mickey Nolan in six. Roy Donohue knocked out Bennie Hill in two. Harry Campbell beat Herman Hughes in six rounds.

Seminole, Okla.—Thirty seconds after the opening round of the fight between Eddie Murdock and George Williams, Murdock collapsed, and his handlers said it was an epileptic fit. Murdock was considered a threat to the welterweight championship two years ago. Jimmy Pelky substituted for Murdock and failed to answer the bell for the fourth round against Williams. Jess Willard, former heavyweight champion, refereed the bouts.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison trimmed Paul Hamilton, the Haskell Indian, in a ten-round feature bout. Karl Lautenschlager beat Frankie Lee in eight. Zeke Coleman knocked out Louis Gray in four. Royal Coffman beat Jack Rymer in four. Chuck Giloti knocked out Billy Emerson in two rounds.

The fight game is looking up in Kansas City and is healthier than in years. The promoters are giving the fight fans some young fighting talent that shows much promise, instead of broken-down, worn-out battlers that have seen their day. The newspapers must be credited with aiding the fight game here as they are giving the promoters more space and more favorable publicity than in years past. If all co-operate harmoniously Kansas City will be one of the greatest fight cities in the Middle West.

MINNESOTA FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

CHARLEY RETZLAFF, the Dynamiter, blasted out Al Ettore, promising young heavyweight from Philadelphia, in the second round of a billed ten-rounder at the St. Paul Auditorium. Ettore did not have a chance. In a fast sixer Jack Gibbons, son of the famous Mike, won every heat from Larry Udell, of Aberdeen, So. Dak. Everett Rightmire, of Sioux City, scored over Johnny Fitzpatrick, of Chicago, in six . . . . Caddy Casey of St. Paul won over Emmett Weller, also of St. Paul. Bud Gelding was knocked out by Stan Savoldi in two rounds. The card was staged by the Queensbury Club, managed by Harry Lennon.

The following is a list of the champions in the sectional Golden Gloves tournament staged at the Minneapolis Auditorium: Joey Galligure, flyweight; Carl Loverud, bantamweight; Carl Eckstrom, featherweight; Owen Trickey, lightweight; Tim Johnston, welterweight; Kenneth Brown, middleweight; Willis Hayes, light-heavyweight; Ben Blanchette, heavyweight. Two hundred boys were in the tournament.

Fargo, N. Dak.—Billy Norton and Stout Petrie fought six rounds to a draw. Harold Nelson won from Christ Rienhart; Bob Sullivan stopped Morris Hylden; Jackie O'Neil beat Billy Burns.

Leonard Dixon, giant colored heavyweight from New York, is on hand and ready for all comers . . . . He is twenty-five years old, weighs over 225 pounds, and is six feet eight. He is being managed by Frank Casey.

Grand Forks, N. Dak.—Babe Daniels, of Duluth, Minn., scored over Kid Rippatoe, of Sioux City, Ia., in six rounds. Louis Kid Fettig beat Stanley Dorgan.

Fargo, N. Dak.—Max Kalbrenner won a T.K.O. victory over Biff Baff in four rounds. Biff Baff received a broken jaw.

Frankie Battaglia, a middleweight who has a sock like three heavyweights, landed on Solly Dukelsky so often the referee had to step in to save the Chicagoan from the slaughter in the fifth round. The bout, held in the St. Paul Auditorium, drew a crowd close to 3,500. In the six-round semi-windup, Jack Gibbons fought a great fight when he won with ease over Jack Charvez of Kansas City. Russ Schultz, socking Minneapolis heavyweight, put Rene Barrett away in the third round. Caddy Casey won over Max Kalbrenner. In the opener Emmett Weller and Harold Siegal went a draw.

It was with deep regret and sorrow that we read of the death of Harry Jones, well-known Sioux City boxing promoter. Mr. Jones was a great fellow, and he will certainly be missed in his state.

Pinkie George, Waterloo, Iowa, boxing manager, has a fine prospect in Ronny Malcolm, a welterweight. The youngster looks like he will do big things.

Readers: Don't forget to mail me your notes by the second of each month, send same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Grand Forks, N. Dak.—Max Kalbrenner, of Moorhead, Minn., knocked out Danny Walsh, of Winnipeg, in the first round.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—Your scribe made a trip to Texas last month, and found things in a fistic way in pretty good shape . . . . Will return to the Lone Star State with Jack Gibbons and a number of other boys in the near future . . . . Down at Cleveland, Ohio, the promoters are ready to start with some big shows . . . Jerry Sacks has his boys in good trim at Geneva, Ohio, where he owns a 107-acre health farm . . . . Johnny Stanton is back in the lightweight race again . . . . Gene Connolly made a hop to Chicago . . . . Bud Glover has decided to hang up the gloves . . . . You know Al Neff, who was around here years ago, he is now promoting out in Seattle . . . . Ernie Lewis and his light-heavyweight ace, Dutch Weimer, will be in this section soon . . . . Johnny Datto is one of the most popular fellows in Minneapolis . . . They are still talking about the great fights between Mike Gibbons and Mike O'Dowd around here, no one can forget their battles . . . . Mickey "Babyface" Slater, Sioux City featherweight, will come to St. Paul soon. George A. Barton, sports editor of *The Minneapolis Tribune*, and connected with the boxing game for thirty years, and Billy B. Hoke, veteran ring figure, were presented with wrist-watches by a group of Minneapolis sportsmen, at the recent Golden Gloves tournament . . . . Al Cavalieri of Bridgeport, Conn., has a real battler in Carmen Cook, a lightweight. From accounts of his press clippings, this boy can toss plenty of leather . . . . we would like to see him in this section, as boys of his type are needed . . . . Mr. Cavalieri can be reached at 270 Frank Street, Bridgeport, Conn. . . . Will see you next month.

Red-Blooded Fight Fans Enjoy Reading the EVERLAST Boxing Record Book!

Keep your collection of record books up to date—get the EVERLAST 1935 book!

Settles fight questions. Gives you the "dope" on coming fights. Gives you hours of entertainment!

Here's the book you'll want to own because it gives you all the information you want on fights, fighters, and fighting, in addition to photos, stories, articles, sidelights and news by America's foremost boxing writers.

Be sure to get the 1935 edition of the EVERLAST Boxing Record—the book writers have been using for 15 years—the book broadcasters use—the official guide of the boxing world!

NOW READY

On Newsstands 25c
By Mail 35c

Send This Coupon TODAY!

Order your copy TODAY

from your newsdealer, from The Ring Book Shop or direct→

The ONLY Record Book you need!

To THE EVERLAST SPORT PUBLISHING CO.,
37 Union Square, New York City

Here's my 35c for a copy of the 1935 book.
I want it in a hurry. Shoot it along.

NAME .....

STREET AND NUMBER .....

CITY AND STATE .....

"Give Me Your Measure and I'll Prove in the First 7 Days You Can Have a Body Like Mine!"

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 DAYS that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Just think of it! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display on the beach this summer. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you, absolutely free, a copy of my new book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*" It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an "Atlas Champion" the same way.

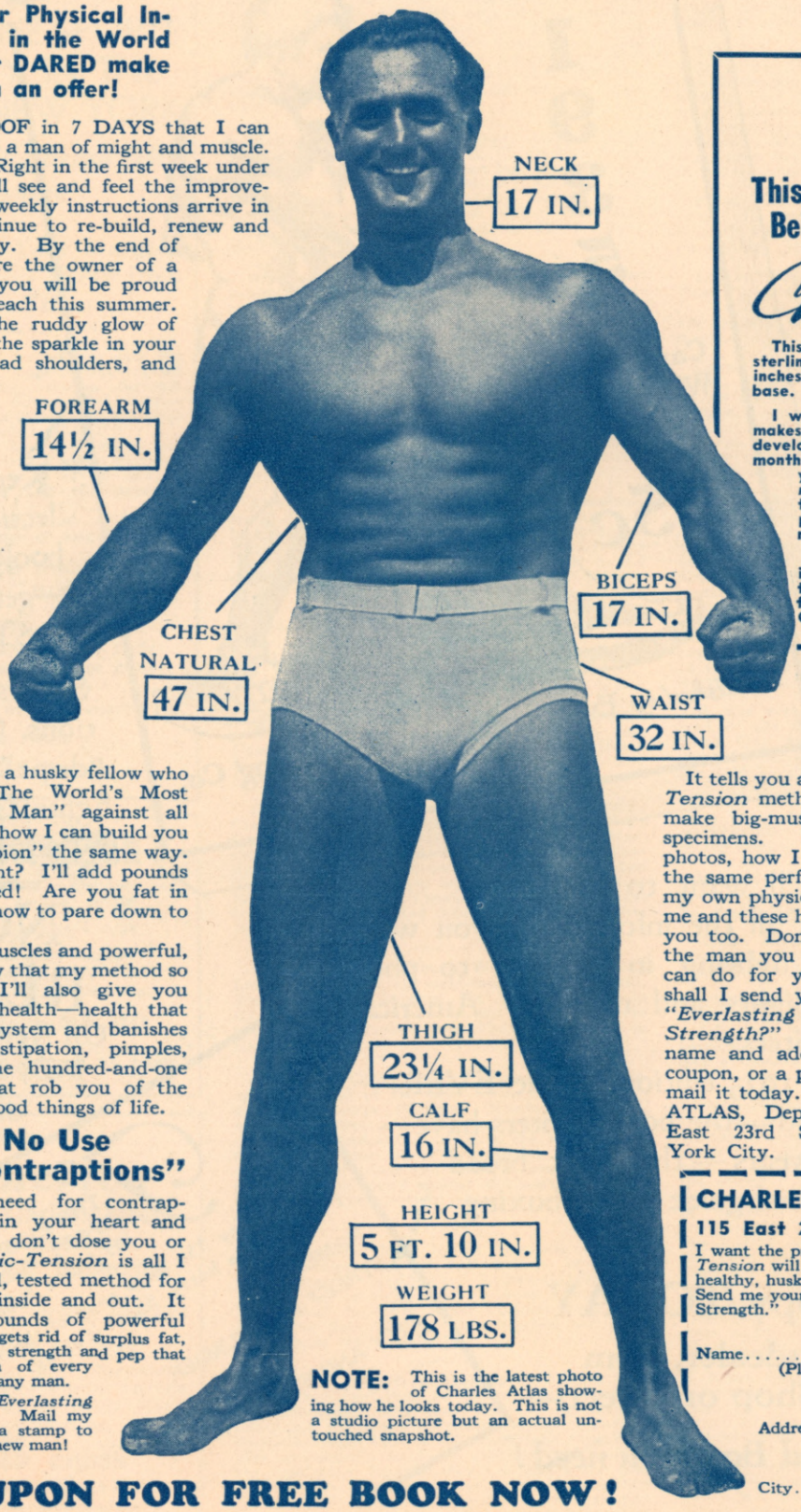
Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one similar conditions that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

I've Got No Use At all for "Contraptions"

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Get my free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*"! Mail my coupon today. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!



NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

This Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away by

Charles Atlas

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement on his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be *now*, you have an *equal chance* to win this cup for *permanent* possession—and with YOUR name engraved on it!

Get my free book by mailing coupon below, and WITH the book I'll send you full information about this "Atlas Championship TROPHY."

48-PAGE BOOK FREE

It tells you all about my special *Dynamic-Tension* method, and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. It shows you, from actual photos, how I have developed my pupils to the same perfectly balanced proportions of my own physique. What my system did for me and these hundreds of others it can do for you too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Find out what I can do for you. Where shall I send your copy of "*Everlasting Health and Strength?*" Put your name and address on the coupon, or a postcard, and mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 805, 115 East 23rd Street, New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 805
115 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK NOW!